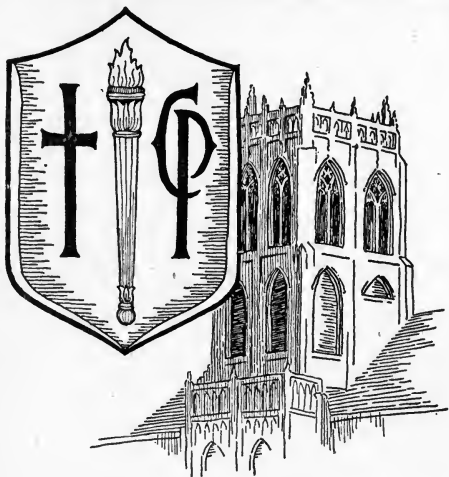


A GUIDE TO GREAT CITIES



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A GUIDE TO GREAT CITIES



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, LONDON

A GUIDE TO GREAT CITIES

FOR YOUNG TRAVELERS AND OTHERS

NORTHWESTERN EUROPE

BY

ESTHER SINGLETON

AUTHOR OF "ROME," "FLORENCE," ETC.

NEW YORK

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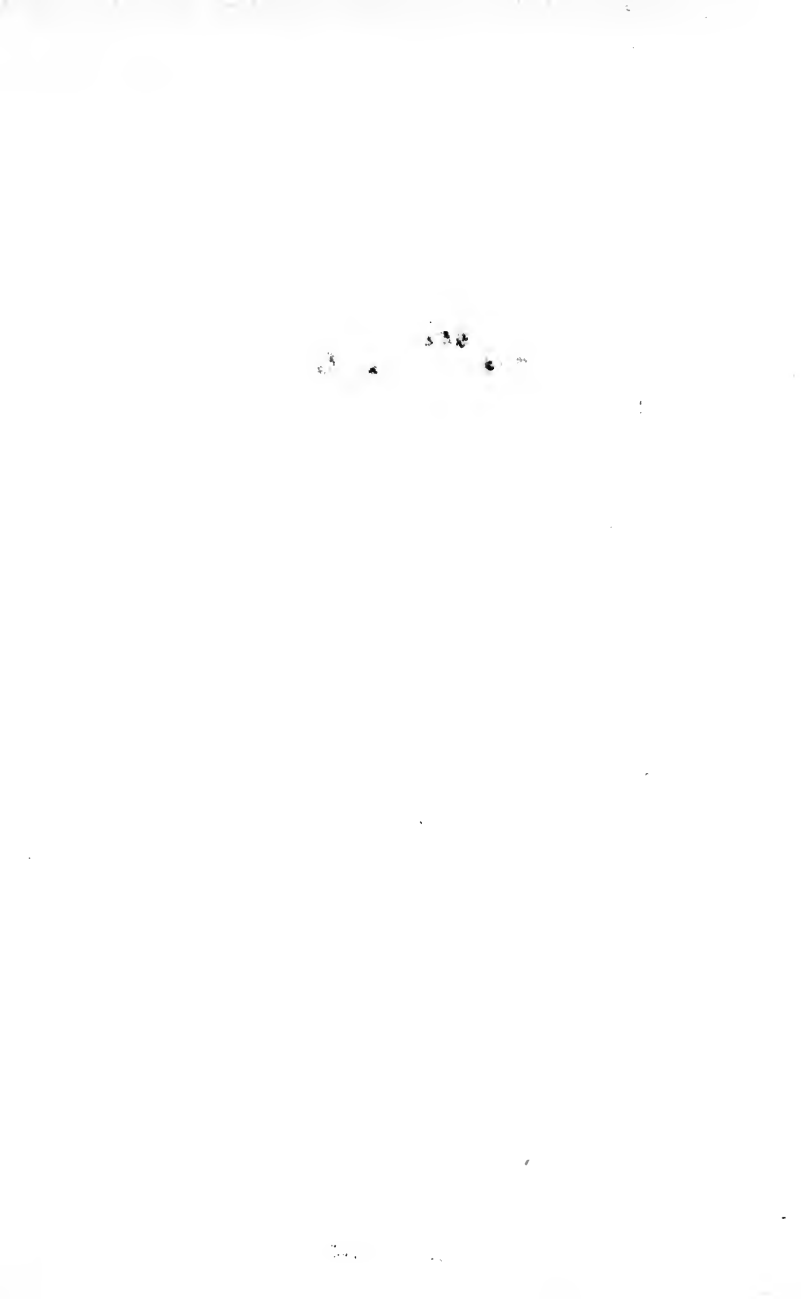
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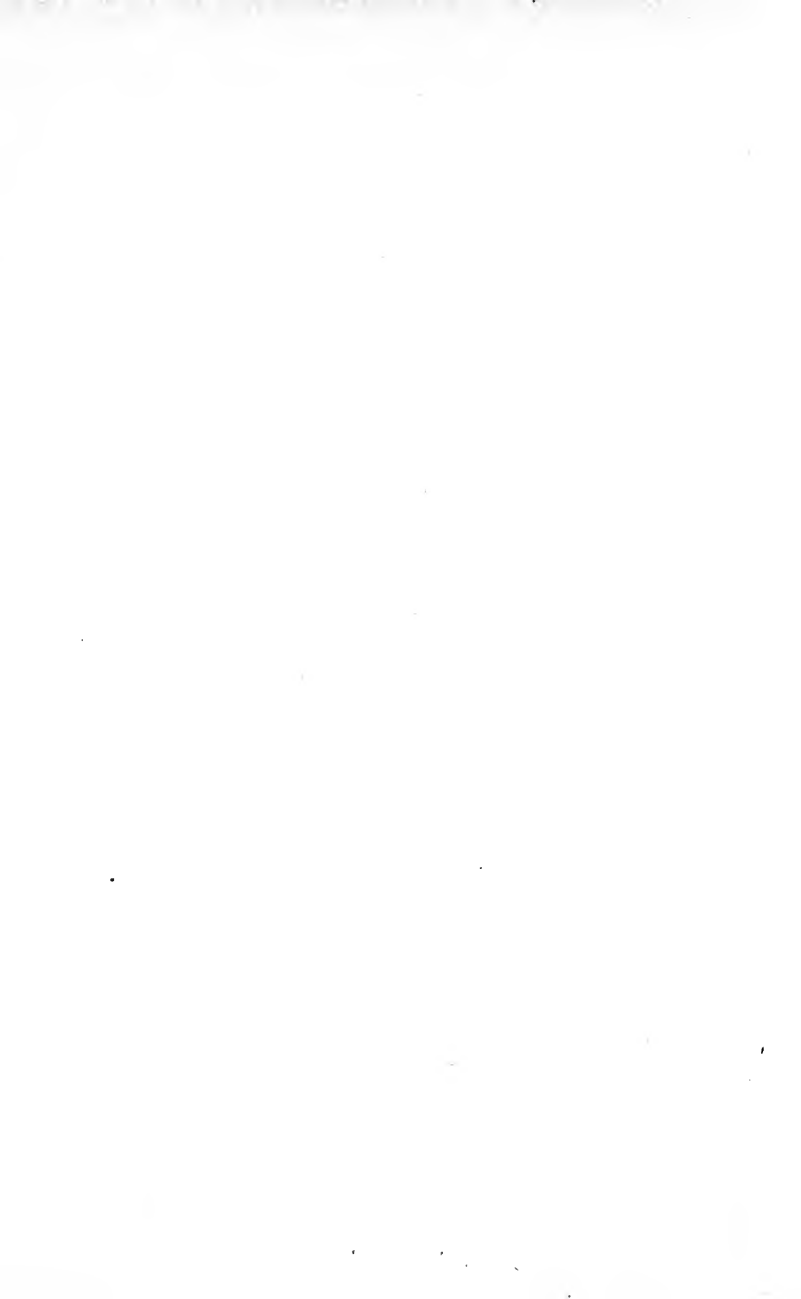
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NORTHWESTERN EUROPE

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THE CITY OF LONDON

THE GREAT METROPOLIS

THE capital of the British Empire, often called the "Modern Babylon," is the greatest city in the world. Its population equals that of Ireland or Scotland. Its immensity has long been the theme of native and foreign writers; and the life of its swarming millions always produces a strong impression on the visitor.

"I have seen the greatest wonder which the world can show to the astonished spirit," the poet Heine wrote. "I have seen it and am still astonished—forever will there remain fixed indelibly on my memory the stone forest of houses amid which flows the rushing stream of faces of living men with all their varied passions and all their terrible impulses of love, of hunger and of hatred—I mean London."

So vast is London that people who live in one part of London know little or nothing about another; and can easily lose their way in the labyrinth of unfamiliar streets. In 1881 John Bright said: "I have spent six months there every year for forty years, and yet I know nothing about it. I do not believe

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that there is a man in it who is fairly acquainted with all the parts and districts of that vast city."

We know very little of the early history of London. It was a Celtic settlement when the Romans arrived. Aulus built a fort there in 43. Though a large place, it was of no strategical importance, and Suetonius abandoned it to the rebels under Boadicea in 61. Soon afterwards a bridge was built with a fort to protect the northern end. The western limit of this fort was probably where London Stone now stands in Cannon Street. The houses multiplied about the fort, but the settlement was not walled until 369. The enclosure was then an area of 380 acres. The Picts and Scots were unable to take it. The Romans having withdrawn in 410, the city was in the utmost disorder. When the Britons were defeated by the heathen Saxons in 457, they retreated to London. We hear nothing more of the city until 604, when it is an unimportant place with ruined walls held by the King of the East Saxons. It was open to all invaders, until it was finally burned and deserted by the Danes in 839. Fifty years later, Alfred saw the great military value of the place. In 886 he repaired the wall and founded the present city of London. For citizens he chose English, Danes, and French and German settlers indifferently; so that very early the population was mixed. In Alfred's laws, a man who had crossed the sea thrice in his own boat was worthy of citizenship (thane-right). Later kings encouraged the commerce of the port and the fortifications were not neglected, so that

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London was the only place in England that could withstand the Danes. In 982, the city suffered from a terrible fire, but the walls and gates were not injured. The Southwark end of the bridge must have been well fortified; because, in order to get above the bridge, Canute had to dig a canal around Southwark for his boats. When Canute became king, London's tribute was one-seventh of the entire sum contributed by the country. Edward the Confessor held his parliaments in this city and built Westminster Abbey, which was consecrated in 1065.

After the battle of Hastings, the Londoners at first successfully resisted William the Conqueror, but soon thought it wise to submit. William needed a stronghold to overawe the citizens; and the White Tower was commenced in 1078. In 1083 St. Paul's was also begun on the site of the old church founded by Ethelbert in 610. The City was now swarming with Norman settlers. It suffered many calamities. In 1077 occurred such a fire "as never was before since London was founded." Ten years later, another fire consumed "the greatest and fairest part of the whole City." In 1090, also, a hurricane destroyed many churches and six hundred houses.

London rapidly became rich and powerful. It was the support of the City that enabled Stephen to hold his own against Matilda. In 1176, London Bridge was rebuilt with stone. In 1189, the first mayor was elected.

Henry II. with heavy taxes made the City pay dearly for its hostility to his mother; but his son

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Richard granted many privileges. John also granted several charters. London always knew how to increase its power and privileges by giving monetary aid to necessitous princes.

London was always a turbulent city, jealous of its rights, antagonistic to the King's ministers, sympathetic towards rebels and pretenders, and favorable to claimants to the Crown. It sided with De Montfort against Henry III. and attacked the Queen's barge at London Bridge. Bolingbroke was the idol of the Londoners, who gladly helped to make him king and depose Richard II. Edward IV. found similar favor and assistance in deposing Henry VI. His brother, Richard III., also found favor in the City, where he lived at Crosby Hall. Charles I. had to abandon his hated ministers Laud and Strafford to the vengeance of the Londoners, and later flee from his rebellious capital, returning to it only to lose his own head.

When discontent and misery in the counties broke out into open rebellion, there was always a strong faction in the City ready to welcome and assist the movement. In 1381, Wat Tyler and his followers could not have gained the City if the draw of London Bridge had not been lowered by an Alderman and his party. It was only when the mob began to plunder that the City became alarmed. The murder of the Archbishop, the Chancellor and the Treasurer in the Tower and the sack of John of Gaunt's palace were popular acts; but when the City seemed to be at the mercy of the rabble, the Lord Mayor killed the leader in the presence of the King at Smithfield.

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The next popular rising in which London was interested was Jack Cade's Rebellion (1450). The Kentish men encamped first at Blackheath and then at Southwark. After a Royal force was defeated the Court agreed to remedy some of the abuses complained of and Jack Cade was admitted into the City where he kept his followers under strict discipline for two days. However, he induced the mayor and judges to condemn Lord Say, one of the most hated of the King's ministers, whose head was immediately cut off in Cheapside by the insurgents. The next day Cade set the example of plundering some houses; and on his return to Southwark, London Bridge was closed against him and successfully resisted a night attack. Cade's army soon dispersed, and he was killed shortly afterwards by an esquire named Iden, who received a rich reward.

In 1554, after beating the Royal forces Sir Thomas Wyatt tried to take the City, but the Londoners successfully defended Ludgate, and captured Wyatt and promptly executed him.

London was always fond of pageantry. One of the most magnificent processions the city ever saw was in 1356 when the Black Prince escorted his prisoner, King John of France, through the streets after his victory at Poitiers. John was lodged at the Savoy, John of Gaunt's great palace in the Strand, which was sacked thirty-five years later by the rebels under Wat Tyler. Many a brilliant cavalcade of knights and ladies passed from the Tower to the tournaments held in Smithfield; and splendid were the processions

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of the City Companies, and Watch, which Royalty often graced with its presence.

London was frequently scourged with dreadful pestilences, the Black Death, the English Sweat, and the Plague carried off thousands of victims in the crowded and unsanitary dwellings in the narrow lanes of the City. The worst visitation of this nature was the Plague of 1665, when 50,000 deaths occurred between June and December. All business was suspended, and all who could left the City. Great fires were kindled in the streets to purify the air, and little was heard but the rumble of the death-cart and the cry: "Bring out your Dead!"

In the following year, Old London was practically wiped out by the Great Fire, which was a blessing in disguise, since it destroyed most of the plague-infected dwellings. It broke out on September 2, 1666. Fanned by a high wind it raged for nearly a week and consumed eighty-nine churches, four city gates, the Guildhall (all but the walls) and many other public buildings, 13,200 houses and 460 streets. People fled to Hampstead, Highgate, Moorfields and Smithfield; and the Thames was crowded with boats filled with people and their possessions. Everybody bore his trials heroically; and when the fire stopped "the citizens, instead of complaining, discoursed almost of nothing but of a survey for rebuilding the city with bricks and large streets." Most of the task was given to Christopher Wren and Robert Hooke. Wren's great work was the rebuilding of St. Paul's and more than fifty parish churches.

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What was left of the City standing within the walls covered only seventy-five acres! Strange to say, only six or eight persons perished! To commemorate the Great Fire, the Monument was erected on the site of St. Margaret's Church on Fish Street Hill. It was designed by Sir Christopher Wren and consists of a tall fluted column 202 feet high, surmounted by a gilt bronze ornament resembling flames. Originally the Monument had an inscription attributing the conflagration to the malice of Papists. This fact accounts for Pope's couplet:

"Where London's column pointing to the skies
Like a tall bully lifts its head and lies."

The City was soon rebuilt.

In 1685, Louis XIV. revoked the Edict of Nantes, thus banishing thousands of the best craftsmen in France. These Huguenots came to London in large numbers and settled in Spitalfields. Being mostly engaged in silk-weaving, they were the founders of the Spitalfields silk industry.

The City extended rapidly during the eighteenth century. In 1710, Parliament enacted that fifty new churches should be built to supply the spiritual needs of the suburbs. Many of the fashionable streets and squares of the West End were laid out in the days of the Georges.

The only serious damage inflicted by mob violence at this period was in the "No Popery," or "Gordon Riots" of 1780. Lord George Gordon was elected

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president of the Protestant Association of London and headed a mob of about 100,000 people to present a petition to Parliament against the removal of certain penalties and disabilities to which Roman Catholics were subject. In a fiery speech, he excited his followers, who immediately began to riot, pillage and destroy. During the disorders which lasted for several days, Newgate prison was destroyed and the prisoners set free. The mansion of Lord Mansfield, the Chief Justice, and other private dwellings as well as many Roman Catholic chapels were also destroyed.

Since that date, London has been comparatively free from mob excesses, though in 1848 defensive measures were taken against a threatened attack by the Chartists. The mob met south of the river, however; and was prevented from returning to London by strong guards at the bridges; so nothing came of it.

The city of London ruled by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen covers an area of a little more than one square mile: its resident population is about 25,000. The County of London, administered by the London County Council, constituted by Act of Parliament in 1888, has an area of 74,839 acres with a population of more than four and a half millions. This does not include any part of Essex, into which London now extends for many miles. The population of Greater London approaches seven millions, dwelling in about nine hundred thousand houses. It is said that in London there are more Irish than in Dublin,

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more Scotch than in Aberdeen, more Jews than in Palestine and more Roman Catholics than in Rome.

The best way to get an idea of the extent of London is to go up the Thames. The river flows through the heart of the great city, and from it we can see many of the buildings and sites of historic interest.

Starting therefore at Woolwich, the north shore is chiefly important for the extensive Victoria and Albert Docks. South Woolwich contains the Royal Arsenal and the Royal Military Academy for the training of cadets for the Artillery and Engineers.

Next comes Greenwich, with the Hospital, Park and Observatory.

If we had time, we could stroll through Greenwich Park and see its superb old trees and beautiful flower-gardens; but we must hasten on our way. The Hospital that we pass was built by William III. for the care of the sailors wounded at the battle of La Hogue; and stands on the site of Greenwich Palace, where Henry VIII. and his daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, were born; and which was the scene of many brilliant entertainments and historical events. There is a Naval Museum here in which many interesting relics are preserved. The "Whitebait Dinners," for which Greenwich used to be famous, took place at the Ship. Close by the Ship is the entrance to Greenwich Tunnel, opened for foot-passengers in 1892. This, with Blackwell Tunnel and Thames Tunnel, is the only means of crossing the river except by boat till we reach the Tower Bridge.

What strikes us about this part of the river is its

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commercial activity, and the banks we notice, too, are lined with wharves and warehouses. At Limehouse, our boat enters the Pool, where it has to pick its way among boats of all shapes and sizes, and which have come from every port in the world. We are now in the very heart of the wonderful commerce of the British Empire, and realize that the old nickname "City of Masts" was most truthfully given to London. All along our way, too, we have been passing the great docks, catching glimpses of huge warehouses and masts of shipping. These, however, by no means constitute the whole of the docks of the Port of London. The lowest down the river are the Tilbury Docks.

The only features of the banks for some distance are docks and warehouses. Along the north shore from the West India Dock Pier to St. Katharine's Docks is the riverside district of East London. The whole district is very squalid but very cosmopolitan. Men of all nations are seen in the streets, and Limehouse Causeway is the centre of the Chinese settlement.

Soon after leaving Limehouse Pier, we pass the entrance to Limehouse Dock, and the Regent's Canal, which, with its connections, extends to Liverpool.

Shadwell Church marks the eastern entrance to the London Docks, begun in 1800.

Rotherhithe now lines the south bank for some distance. Swift makes it the home of his famous Gulliver. Here is the Thames Tunnel. It never paid as a footway, and is now used exclusively by trains.

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The Tunnel Pier is in Wapping, where are also the London Docks. Behind the latter is the notorious Ratcliffe Highway (now St. George Street), with its innumerable rum shops. Next comes the old Execution Dock where pirates were executed—Captain Kidd, among others, in 1701. They were hanged at low tide, and left there until three tides had washed over them.

The district on the south side is Bermondsey, famous in olden times for its abbey and its market-garden and mill-streams; but the gardens have disappeared under the buildings and the streams are now sewers. Bermondsey is a very busy place now; and is the centre of the leather trade. The western portion of Bermondsey fronting the river was formerly a very squalid place, and the many ditches there formed what was called Jacob's Island. Dickens describes it in "Oliver Twist" and makes it the scene of Sikes's death.

Behind the tall warehouses on the north bank just before we reach the Tower Bridge are St. Katharine's Docks. It was a mean and dirty district; and a church, hospital and 1,250 houses were demolished to provide the twenty-three acres now occupied by the docks.

The Tower Bridge was begun in 1886. The central span consists of drawbridges that can be raised to allow big ships to pass. Immediately to the west on the north bank is the Tower of London, with its Traitors' Gate.

"As to length of days, the Tower has no rival

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among palaces and prisons. Old writers date it from the days of Cæsar; a legend taken up by Shakespeare and the poets, in favor of which the name of Cæsar's Tower remains in popular use to this very day. A Roman wall can even yet be traced near some parts of the ditch. The buildings as we have them now in block and plan were commenced by William the Conqueror; and the series of apartments in Cæsar's Tower,—hall, gallery, council-chamber, chapel—were built in the early Norman reigns, and used as a royal residence by all our Norman kings.

“From the reign of Stephen down to that of Henry of Richmond, Cæsar's Tower (the great Norman keep, now called the White Tower) was a main part of the royal palace. Here were kept the royal wardrobe and the royal jewels; and hither came with their goodly wares the tiremen, the goldsmiths, the chasers, and embroiderers from Flanders, Italy and Almaine. Close by were the Mint, the lions' dens, the old archery-grounds, the Court of King's Bench, the Court of Common Pleas, the Queen's Gardens, the royal banqueting-hall; so that art and trade, science and manners, literature and law, sport and politics find themselves equally at home.”¹

The Tower, which is now a government arsenal and fortress, occupies thirteen acres, surrounded by a double line of walls strengthened with towers. These are called the Outer Ward and the Inner Ward; and in the centre stands conspicuously the great White Tower. The Inner Ward was the royal quarter, to

¹ William Hepworth Dixon.

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which the people had no right of entry ; to the Outer Ward the people had free access. There are four entrances : the Lions' Gate on the west near the old menagerie ; the Iron Gate ; the Water Gate ; and the Traitors' Gate on the Thames.

" All personages coming to the Tower in honor were landed at the Queen's Stair ; all personages coming in disgrace were pushed through the Traitors' Gate. Now a royal barge, with a queen on board, was going forth in her bravery of gold and pennons ; now a lieutenant's boat, returning with a culprit in the stern, a headsman standing at his side, holding in his hand the fatal axe. Beneath this arch has moved a long procession of our proudest poets, our fairest women, our bravest soldiers, our wittiest poets—Buckingham and Strafford, Lady Jane Grey, the Princess Elizabeth, William Wallace, David Bruce, Surrey, Raleigh—names in which the splendor, poetry and sentiment of our national story are embalmed. Most of them left it high in rank and rich in life, to return by the same dark passage in a few hours, poorer than the beggars who stood shivering on the bank ; in the eyes of the law, and in the words of their fellows, already *dead*." ¹

Amid the old gray-turreted walls, black gates and emerald green of the grass and leafy trees, the picturesque scarlet and black costumes of the Yeomen of the Guard or Beef-eaters (a costume dating from the institution of these Warders by Henry VII.) appear to great advantage.

¹ William Hepworth Dixon.

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Entering by the Lions' Gate, we pass over by means of a bridge the Moat that is now dry and turned into a garden, to the Byeward Tower, and hasten to the famous White Tower, the most ancient part of the fortress. The walls which are surmounted with turrets at each corner are from thirteen to fifteen feet thick, and beneath a staircase in the wall, which we ascend, were found the bones of the two young princes murdered by their uncle Richard III. In the dungeons among others Guy Fawkes was confined. On the first floor, Sir Walter Raleigh was imprisoned for twelve years; and here he wrote his "History of the World"; above, on the next floor, is the Chapel of St. John, one of the finest specimens of early Norman architecture in England. On the next floor is the Council Room where Richard II. abdicated; and the Banqueting Hall where the Kings of England used to hold their Court. Here at the present time is exhibited the wonderful collection of armor, including equestrian figures and foot soldiers placed in chronological order from the time of Edward I. (1272) to that of James II. (1688). There are also numerous weapons, saddles and helmets; and the walls and ceilings are covered with trophies of weapons marvelously arranged in the form of stars, coats-of-arms, and flowers. Among the latter is a large passion flower, the petals of which are formed by sabres and the centre by pistols.

The Armories and the Crown Jewels are the only sights, as a rule, shown to visitors. The latter are now in the Record or Wakefield Tower.

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The twelve towers of the Inner Ward have all been used as prisons; and every stone has a dark story to tell. The sons of Edward IV. are said to have been murdered in the Bloody Tower; Elizabeth is said to have been imprisoned in the Bell Tower; and Lady Jane Grey in the Brick Tower. Henry VI. is thought to have been murdered in the Record or Wakefield Tower. The Beef-eater who accompanies us will tell us all the legends and haunted spots; but let us stop at the northwest corner of the parade at the Chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula, dating from 1305-6, in whose little churchyard many notable personages were buried and in front of which persons of rank were beheaded. Upon a stone here we read: "Site of the ancient scaffold. On this spot Queen Anne Boleyn was beheaded, May 19, 1536."

No monuments mark the graves of the illustrious victims buried within the church, which include Anne Boleyn, Katherine Howard, Lady Jane Grey, Guildford Dudley, the Duke of Suffolk, the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Essex, the Countess of Salisbury and many others.

Tower Hill skirts the Tower. A plate in Trinity Square Gardens now marks the place of the scaffold on which so much of the best blood in England was shed. Among the political offenders who lost their heads here may be mentioned Sir Simon Burley, Knight of the Garter, Sir Thomas More, the Protector Somerset, the Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Strafford, Archbishop Laud, Algernon Sidney, and the Duke of Monmouth. The last execution was that of Lord

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Lovat, in 1747, for his part in the second Jacobite Rebellion.

On Tower Hill, also, William Penn was born, and the poet Otway died. On the western side of the Hill is a fragment of the old Roman wall. Here also is situated the Royal Mint.

Beneath the river, from Tower Hill to Tooley Street, runs the Tower Subway, a tunnel, sixty feet deep, constructed in 1869–70 for foot passengers only.

The large building with a broad quay in front that we next reach is the Custom House, built in 1814–17, the fourth Custom House erected on or near this site. The first of which there is any record dates from 1385. The building to the west of the Custom House is Billingsgate Market, the great Fish Market. It opens at four o'clock in the morning and is most interesting and characteristic in the early hours.

Warehouses and wharves fill the bank from here to London Bridge: over them peep the spire of St. Mary Magnus and the tall Monument.

Opposite St. Botolph's wharf, a bridge has always existed since the first record of wooden piles being driven there in 994. During the next two centuries the wooden bridge was thrice renewed. The first "stone bridge with buildings on it" was constructed in 1209. There were nineteen arches in old London Bridge. The seventeenth towards the Surrey shore had a drawbridge, a chapel and a gateway, over which traitors' heads were impaled.

London Bridge has been the scene of many stirring events. In 1212, three thousand people were im-

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prisoned on it by flames and burnt to death. Fifty years later, De Montfort repulsed Henry III. here, and the Londoners attacked the Queen's barge as she was trying to get through one of the arches. It was traitorously opened to Wat Tyler's rabble in 1381. A few years later, a Scotch and an English knight tilted on the bridge before the King and Court.

In the days of Queen Elizabeth, fine houses and other buildings adorned with gardens and arbors on their flat roofs lined it on both sides. Near the draw-bridge stood "Nonsuch House," four stories high, built of wood, "made in Holland, marvellously carved and gilt." "As fine as London Bridge" passed into a proverb.

The northern bank from London Bridge to Blackfriars is picturesque and full of historic associations. St. Paul's towers above the buildings that occupy the sites of old castles, palaces and inns.

Until the middle of the eighteenth century, London Bridge was the only means of crossing the river except by boat: therefore the Thames was London's great highway. There was no footway on the bridge, and only space enough for two vehicles to pass one another, so that pedestrians had to dodge in and out of the shop entrances on either side. A narrow thoroughfare between two lines of houses was small accommodation for traffic; and so, the Thames waterman early thrived and multiplied. The city streets also were narrow, and often no better than quagmires, so that the most convenient and pleasant way to get from the Tower, say to Charing Cross, or Westminster

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ster, was by water. Bad roads and bad characters infesting them rendered the river far more safe and desirable as a route to more remote places, whenever available.

The numerous landing-places made it easy to take a boat for pleasure or business: there were over a hundred of these "stairs," as they were called, at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Even in Elizabethan days, the watermen were more numerous than those engaged in any other calling. In the reign of Queen Anne, also, Strype says: "There be 40,000 watermen upon the rolls of the Watermen's Company."

The Thames from Greenwich to Westminster was used greatly for pleasure and pageantry. Picnics and water parties were every-day enjoyments of the London citizen. By boat also he visited the Bear Gardens, Vauxhall and other places of entertainment on the Surrey bank. The river was therefore a scene of busy life and animation. Along the north bank were the palaces of royalty and the nobility, each with its wharf or water gate. The royal residences in Tudor times were more numerous than at present, consisting of Greenwich, the Tower, Bridewell, Whitehall, Westminster, Chelsea, Hampton Court and Windsor. The magnificent royal barges going from one to another, and the splendid barges of the visiting nobles with their gorgeous retinues, were common sights on the river, which was thus enlivened with color and parade.

Great pageants and ceremonies were also held on

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the water. Up till 1857, the Lord Mayor's Show went to Westminster by water. Ambassadors and royal princes were received and escorted by the stately barges of the Lord Mayor and Companies with various "inventions, music and peals of ordnance." The splendor of some of these was by some writers considered to exceed the Venetian pageants on the annual occasion of the espousal of the Adriatic. The last pageant of this nature took place in 1849, when the Prince Consort went down the river in state to open the Coal Exchange.

In the old days sports of all kinds were held on the water. There were jousts and tiltings on boats with spear and shield, or staff and buckler, as the boats were rowed swiftly past one another. Boat racing among the watermen was very common, one survival of the contests being Doggett's coat-and-badge, still rowed for. One of the favorite jaunts of the citizens was a visit to the "Folly on the Thames," which is described as a floating summer-house with music situated near where Waterloo Bridge now crosses.

"Even when a hard winter came, our ancestors were not to be denied their fun upon the Thames. For on January 24th, which lasted from the beginning of December until well into February, Evelyn says that he saw on the frozen river 'bull-baiting, horse and coach races, puppet plays and interludes, cookes and tippling places, so that it seemed a bacchanalian triumph.'"

On the south bank, London Bridge opens into

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Southwark, popularly known as the Borough. "In the Borough there still remain some half dozen old inns which have preserved their external features unchanged. Great rambling, queer old places, with galleries and passages and staircases wide enough and antiquated enough to furnish materials for a hundred ghost stories." When Dickens wrote these words, the old Tabard Inn from which Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims started on their journey through Kent on that lovely April morning was still standing. The White Hart, a similar inn, also in High Street, mentioned by Shakespeare in Henry VI. and where Mr. Pickwick found Sam Weller engaged as "boots" was not pulled down until 1889. The Marshalsea Gaol, familiar to readers of "Little Dorrit," stood near St. George's Church at the corner of Great Dover and High Streets.

Behind the warehouses, and almost directly opposite Old Swan Pier, we see the square tower of St. Saviour's, since 1905 Southwark Cathedral. It is one of the finest mediæval buildings in London.

The church was entirely rebuilt in the thirteenth century largely by private contribution. The poet Gower, who lies in a fine Gothic tomb within the Church, gave largely to the cause. The Choir and Lady Chapel belong to the early thirteenth century, but the nave has been recently rebuilt. In this church, James I. of Scotland, the Royal poet, was married to Jane Beaufort, whom he saw in the garden from his prison window at Windsor, as he describes in the "King's Quhair." In St. Saviour's, heretics were

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condemned to the fires of Smithfield during the reign of Bloody Mary; here John Harvard, the founder of Harvard University, was baptized in 1607; and here are buried John Gower, Philip Massinger, John Fletcher, Edmond Shakespeare and Alexander Cruden, of Concordance fame.

From this point as far as Blackfriars Bridge stretches the district known as Bankside, celebrated for its theatres and other places of amusement, and rich in associations with Shakespeare and other Elizabethan dramatists and actors. The old Globe Theatre, in which so many of Shakespeare's plays were produced, is supposed to have stood on the site now occupied by a large brewery. Not far away stood the Rose Theatre, the Hope Theatre, the Swan Theatre, and the Paris Garden Theatre. The latter stood in a garden, "so dark with trees that one man could not see another unless they had lynxes or cats' eyes," Mr. Fleetwood wrote to Lord Burghley in 1578 regarding the secret meetings held here by the French Ambassador and his agents. The Paris Garden Theatre was used almost entirely for bear-and-bull baiting. Bear-and-bull baiting also took place in the Bear Gardens here until the reign of William III.

Westward of Bankside as far as Westminster Bridge, the south side of the river was originally a low swampy tract called Lambeth Marsh which the water covered at every tide. Until about a century ago, it was a district of open fields and deep ditches where a few unsavory places of amusement stood. Since, however, the three bridges—Blackfriars, Wa-

terloo and Westminster—were built, the whole bank has been lined with wharves. The only object of interest here is the old shot tower built soon after 1782.

Leaving London Bridge, the iron bridge of three spans that we next pass under leads into Cannon Street Station. This was the site of the old Steel-yard, the headquarters in London of the Hanseatic League. Then we come to two old wharves, Dowgate and Walbrook, which are situated at the mouth of the Walbrook, a small stream that formerly flowed through the city and fell into the Thames at this point.

Next comes Southwark Bridge of three spans, which Robert Stevenson described as an "example of arch construction confessedly unrivalled as regards its colossal proportions, its architectural effect, and the general simplicity and massive character of its details."

At this place, in old days, the Fleet, which gave its name to Fleet Street and the old Fleet Prison, fell into the Thames. It was variously called the Fleet River and the Hole-burn (the stream in the hollow) whence the name Holborn. In early days this spot was lined with busy quays, and thronged with boats, but gradually it became a foul ditch, and silted up, and at last had to be covered over. Now it exists only as a sewer.

Between Blackfriars and Westminster, the northern bank is not only rich in historical associations, but is pictorially fine and imposing. The long, broad

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stone Victoria Embankment is fringed with trees and backed with splendid buildings and occasionally an ornamental garden where the public can enjoy the trees and flowers and music in the summer.

The old Strand palaces of the nobility that stood here have been demolished from time to time, and the ground is now occupied by public gardens, government offices and other institutions. The great building adjoining Waterloo Bridge is Somerset House. It was first built in the reign of Edward VI. by the Protector Somerset. When the Stuarts came to the throne, Somerset House was made a royal residence, especially for the queens. Catherine of Braganza was the last royal personage to live in it. Somerset House was pulled down in 1775 when Buckingham House (now Palace) was given to Queen Charlotte, and the present edifice, designed by Sir William Chambers, was erected. In 1828–31 the east wing, King's College—was added; and in 1853 the west wing.

Waterloo Bridge, of nine elliptical granite spans, was opened in 1817; it is considered one of the finest stone bridges in the world. Canova declared "it was worthy of the Romans." The Duke of Wellington was the first passenger to cross it.

The Savoy and Cecil hotels occupy the sites of old palaces; and so does the Adelphi, which comes next. On the edge of the Embankment here stands the famous Cleopatra's Needle, a companion to the one in New York.

In the Victoria Embankment Gardens, in front of the Adelphi, a band plays on summer evenings; and

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the gardens are illuminated after dark. The London County Council appoints a committee to raise the musical taste of the million by selecting the programmes from the best composers.

The buildings between this and Charing Cross Railway Station are on the grounds of a palace that once belonged to the powerful favorite of James I. George Street, Villiers Street, Duke Street, and Buckingham Street keep alive his memory. The old Water Gate is in its original position on the north side of the ornamental gardens.

The river takes a sharp turn at Charing Cross. The railway bridge was built in 1860-64 to replace the Hungerford Suspension Bridge; and the Charing Cross Railway Station occupies the site of old Hungerford Market. We are now approaching Westminster, anciently Thorney (the isle of brambles). In the earliest times a ferry existed between this spot and Lambeth, and thus it formed a link in the old route from the interior of England to the Continent, for people crossed the ferry and passed over the Lambeth marshes to Blackheath.

The present bridge, which has seven spans, is the widest of the Thames bridges, and seen from the Surrey side it forms a fine foreground for the Houses of Parliament.

The buildings group beautifully at this point. The Houses of Parliament have a magnificent river front, 940 feet long, embellished with statues of the kings and queens of England, and three great towers, the Clock Tower (318 feet), the Middle Tower (300



THE CLOCK TOWER, HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, LONDON



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feet) and the Victoria Tower (340 feet). In the Clock Tower is hung the famous bell called "Big Ben," named for Sir Benjamin Hall, Commissioner of Works. It weighs thirteen tons and booms out the hours, although it has long been cracked. The first stone of the Houses of Parliament, for which the architects were Pugin and Sir Charles Barry, was laid in 1840. The building covers eight acres, contains 1,100 apartments, and stands on the site of the old Royal Palace. The public entrance to the buildings is on the west side, from the Old Palace yard, one of the original court-yards. The long, low structure is finally relieved by the towers. Behind the Houses of Parliament rise the two towers of Westminster Abbey, which comes into full view as we glide along the river.

We have seen nothing on the opposite bank for a long time but warehouses, etc.; but at Westminster Bridge begins the Albert Embankment which reaches to Vauxhall Bridge. The red brick building, with white stone facings near Westminster Bridge, is St. Thomas's Hospital, built in 1868-71, but which was founded by the Prior of Bermondsey as an almonry in 1213. Adjoining it is the venerable Lambeth Palace, the London residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury.

The ancient gray and white building, in its beautiful park of eighteen acres, has a picturesque appearance. Although much of it has been restored and altered, and the residential portions only date from 1830-40, much of the Palace is of great antiquity

and architectural interest. Lambeth Palace was built by the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1189 and rebuilt in 1262. Among the noteworthy features that remain are the Great Gateway, or Morton's Tower, built by Archbishop Morton in 1486-1502 and one of the finest Early Tudor gatehouses in existence; the Water Tower built in 1434-35, also called the Lollards' Tower because some of the Lollards are supposed to have been imprisoned in it, and which contained the water gate through which the Palace was entered from the river; the Chapel, built in 1244-70; Great Hall, or Juxon's Hall, built in 1663; and the Guard Room, or Dining Hall, rebuilt in 1833, but still preserving its original open roof. Many historical associations cluster around Lambeth Palace. Here Wycliff was examined by bishops regarding his religious opinions; here Anne Boleyn learned by decree that her marriage was annulled; here came Wat Tyler and his rabble to behead the Archbishop and plunder and burn the treasures of the Palace; and here came the mob during the uprisings of the Puritans to attack Archbishop Laud, who, having fortified the keep, defended his castle nobly. After the death of Charles I., one of the regicides, Colonel Scott, bought it and made many changes. The Library contains many books and *MSS.* of great historical interest.

Close by Lambeth Palace stands the Church of St. Mary, containing tombs of several Archbishops of Canterbury. We now pass under Lambeth Bridge, a suspension bridge built in 1862-63. Formerly there was a ferry here, which was used by the fleeing Queen

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of James II. with her infant son in 1688, on a stormy night. They took refuge under the tower of St. Mary, Lambeth.

Returning to the other bank, Grosvenor Embankment now begins. In this district was situated Tot-hill Fields, "the Smithfield of western London," where in Queen Elizabeth's time archery, wrestling and other sports were indulged in by the Yeomen class. Bull and bear-baiting and cock-fighting also took place here.

Near Vauxhall Bridge, and occupying part of the site of old Millbank prison, is the Tate Gallery, founded by Sir Henry Tate and opened in 1897. It is devoted to modern British art.

Almost directly opposite, on the south bank, just before we come to Vauxhall Bridge, were situated the old Vauxhall Gardens, opened in 1660, celebrated for their fêtes, masquerades, fireworks, musical and dramatic entertainments; and so often alluded to by Pepys, Evelyn, Horace Walpole, and other contemporary writers. They were not finally closed until 1859.

The next bridges that we pass are the Pimlico Railway Bridge and the Chelsea or Victoria Bridge. Chelsea Bridge marks the beginning of Chelsea which, until the beginning of the last century, was a country village, but which is now a part of London. The Chelsea Embankment, extending from the Chelsea Bridge to Battersea Bridge, was built in 1871-74. The large building that stands in extensive grounds is Chelsea Hospital for old and invalid soldiers. The

building was designed by Sir Christopher Wren. Next comes Cheyne Walk, a row of red brick houses famous for their associations. George Eliot lived and died in No. 4; Rossetti, the poet and painter, and Swinburne lived in No. 16, called the Queen's House, because it was the residence of Catherine of Braganza, the neglected wife of Charles II.; the famous dandy Count D'Orsay lived in No. 19; and No. 18 was Don Saltero's Museum and Coffee House, often alluded to by Steele, Swift and others. From No. 18 to Oakley Street marks the space occupied by Henry VIII.'s Manor House, built in 1536. Here Queen Elizabeth spent much of her girlhood. Thomas Carlyle also lived in Cheyne Walk, the house being now a Carlyle museum.

Battersea Bridge is the second of the name. The first Battersea Bridge was a picturesque old timber bridge of nineteen spans. Cheyne Walk still continues along the north bank and includes old Lindsay Row where Whistler once lived; and below these five houses the painter Turner resided. Here, too, was situated Chelsea Farm, the home of the religious Lady Huntingdon, which subsequently became Cremorne House and later Cremorne Gardens, a well-known place of amusement. Nothing has attracted our attention on the south side of the river since we left Lambeth, but now Battersea Park comes into view. This was formerly Battersea Fields, where the Duke of Wellington, when Prime Minister, fought a duel with the Earl of Winchelsea in 1829.

Battersea, Wandsworth and Putney (also on the

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south bank), were once separate rural villages; but are now absorbed into London. The monotony of the other side of the river beyond Wandsworth Bridge, opened in 1873, is occasionally broken by handsome houses and grounds, one of which is Hurlingham House, built in 1760, now the headquarters of a club devoted to polo, tennis, archery, etc. Farther along comes Mulgrave House, built in the middle of the eighteenth century and resided in by various notable tenants; and then comes Fulham, famous for its literary associations. The old Gothic Tower of All Saints Church (96 feet high), immediately west of Putney (or Fulham) Bridge, dates from 1440; but the church has been rebuilt.

Behind Fulham Park stands Fulham Palace, the official residence of the Bishops of London, an old Tudor building of red and black bricks, the best portions of which are the Gothic Tower, the Great Hall, Bishop Tait's Chapel (modern), and the Porteous Library. The old barn is nearly four centuries old, and the gardens are notable.

Piers and wharves now mark the site of villas with gardens that once lined the bank until we reach busy Hammersmith, once famous for its market-gardens, dairy-farms, orchards and fine residences. Beyond Hammersmith Bridge and Pier appears the first of the small islands that mark the upper Thames, Chiswick Eyot. We will now return and land at Westminster.

The first Palace of Westminster was built by King Canute, and was burned down in the reign of Edward

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the Confessor, who erected another in which he died. Here the Kings of England resided until Henry VIII. removed to Whitehall. The Palace was burned in 1834. The only portions that escaped the flames were Westminster Hall and St. Stephen's Crypt.

Westminster Hall is one of the oldest and most interesting buildings in London. The first hall was built by William Rufus in 1097, and was almost entirely destroyed by fire in 1291. It was restored in 1398, by Richard II., who gave it the fine oak roof. The hall is 290 feet long, 68 feet broad and 92 feet high, and is said to be the largest room in the world unsupported by pillars. From the days of William Rufus, Coronation banquets were always held in this Hall, which has witnessed so many great scenes. Some of the earliest councils and parliaments were held here, and also royal courts of justice. In Westminster Hall, Edward III. received the Black Prince after the Battle of Poitiers; here Richard II. was deposed; here Oliver Cromwell was inaugurated Lord Protector; here were held the Trial of the Seven Bishops, and the trial of Warren Hastings; and here Sir Thomas More, Sir Thomas Wyatt, the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Essex, the Protector Somerset, Charles I., Guy Fawkes and the Earl of Strafford were condemned to death.

From 1547 to 1834, the House of Commons used St. Stephen's Chapel, which was built by King Stephen, and rebuilt by Edward I. and Edward II. The Crypt only remains. The name, however, survives,

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in St. Stephen's Porch and St. Stephen's Hall, through which we pass to enter the Octagon Hall. On the right of the latter is the House of Lords, and on the left the House of Commons.

Westminster Abbey is built in the form of a Latin cross with twelve chapels beyond the arms or transept. It is one of the most beautiful churches in the world. Columns and arches of noble proportions, marvellous carvings, shadowy aisles, and the soft light from old stained-glass windows give an impression of solemn beauty that is never forgotten.

According to tradition, Sebert, King of the East Saxons, who died in 616, erected a church here that was dedicated to St. Peter. This, having fallen into ruin, was rebuilt and restored by King Edgar, who also founded here a Benedictine monastery. The present Westminster Abbey had its origin with Edward the Confessor. The church was consecrated on December 28, 1065, a week before the King's death.

Nothing remains of it but the Chapel of the Pyx. Near the South Transept, the lower walls of the South Cloister, and part of the Refectory. Henry III. built the Confessor's Chapel, the side aisles and their chapels, and the choir and transepts. Edward I. made other additions; in the reign of Edward III. the Jerusalem Chamber was added; and Henry VII. pulled down the Lady Chapel and built his own beautiful addition.

Westminster Abbey has been the burial-place of England's great dead for more than eight centuries. Kings, queens and other members of royal families

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lie in what Macaulay calls "this great temple of silence and reconciliation." The famous Poet's Corner, containing tombs and monuments to many of England's great men of letters, is situated in the South Transept. It is crowded with busts, monuments and tablets on the walls and floor.

To see the tombs of Chaucer and Edmund Spenser is an experience that is not soon forgotten. Many tombs and monuments to warriors and statesmen are to be seen in the North Transept; and all the chapels contain a goodly stone population:

"I wandered among what once were chapels, but which are now occupied by the tombs and monuments of the great. At every turn, I met with some illustrious name, or the cognizance of some powerful house renowned in history. As the eye darts into these dusky chambers of death, it catches glimpses of quaint effigies: some kneeling in niches as if in devotion; others stretched upon the tombs, with hands piously pressed together; warriors in armour, as if reposing after battle; prelates, with croziers and mitres; and nobles in robes and coronets, lying as it were in State. In glancing over this scene, so strangely populous, yet where every form is so still and silent, it seems almost as if we were treading a mansion of that fabled city, where every being had been suddenly transmuted into stone."¹

The tomb of Sebert, King of the East Saxons, 616, and his Queen Ethelgoda, is the oldest in the Abbey. In Edward the Confessor's Chapel, behind

¹ Washington Irving.

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the High Altar, is his shrine, which was erected in 1269 by Henry III.; also the tombs of Edward I.; Queen Eleanor; Henry III.; Edward III.; Queen Philippa; and Richard III. Here too are preserved the two Coronation Chairs, one of which contains the Stone of Scone, brought from Scone Abbey by Edward I. This stone was reputed to be the one on which Jacob laid his head at Bethel, and it served as a seat for the Kings of Scotland at their coronation. Since Edward I. brought it to England, every English monarch sat above it during his coronation. Every English sovereign from Harold the Dane to King Edward VII. has been crowned in Westminster Abbey.

Of all the chapels, that of Henry VII. is the most beautiful. It is practically a church, consisting of a nave, two aisles and five chapels at the east end. In the nave are the marvellously carved stalls of the Knights of the Bath, above which droop their faded and dusty banners. The whole chapel, which has been described as "the miracle of the world," is a mass of wonderful carving, and the pillars that support the roof are the best examples of what is called "fan-shaped tracery," while the roof itself is fretted with all the delicacy and skill of a spider's web. Here stand the tombs of the founder, Henry VII. and his wife, Elizabeth of York; and here lie Queen Elizabeth and her victim, Mary, Queen of Scots. Queen Anne also sleeps here.

On the east side of Westminster are St. Stephen's Cloisters, built by Henry VIII.; and on the west

side is St. Margaret's, the parish church of Westminster, and the especial church of the House of Commons. It was founded by Edward the Confessor; and contains some beautiful carvings, and one of the most wonderful old windows in England, ordered by Ferdinand and Isabella in Gouda as a gift to the new chapel that Henry VII. was building in honor of the marriage of his son with their daughter Katherine. The beautiful west window was presented in 1882 by Americans as a memorial to Sir Walter Raleigh, who was beheaded in front of Westminster Palace and buried under the altar of St. Margaret's. On the window is an inscription by James Russell Lowell.

St. Margaret's contains many fine tombs of personages connected with Elizabethan and Jacobean history.

From Westminster by way of Parliament Street and Whitehall we reach Charing Cross. This district is now occupied by Government Offices. In old days, the road now called Whitehall was bordered by the buildings and grounds of the Palace of Whitehall, which was originally the town residence of the Archbishop of York, and therefore called York House. When Henry VIII. obtained possession of it, the name was changed to Whitehall.

Here many interesting events took place. Henry VIII. died in Whitehall; from Whitehall, Elizabeth was carried as prisoner to the Tower; and to Whitehall she returned as Queen of England; at Whitehall Charles I. was beheaded; here Cromwell lived with his secretary, John Milton, and here Cromwell died;

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here also Charles II. held his court; and here he died in 1685. After Whitehall was burned, in 1697, St. James's Palace became the royal residence. At present, only the Banqueting Hall, built by James I., remains; and it was from an opening made in the wall between the central windows that Charles I. stepped on to the scaffold that had been specially erected in the street below.

Here stands the Horse-Guards, the office of the commander-in-chief of the army, originally the guard-house of the Palace.

Behind the Horse-Guards lies St. James's Park, bounded by the Mall and Birdcage Walk, leading to Buckingham Palace.

It contains ninety-one acres and is a beautiful spot with its green grass, fine trees, winding walks and silvery lake, the home of many aquatic birds of lovely plumage.

The grounds and buildings of Buckingham Palace occupy about forty-three acres. At the back of the Palace lie the gardens, which are separated by a road, called Constitution Hill, from Green Park, which contains sixty acres. Hyde Park, being the central point of the district in which royalty and the nobility and gentry reside, is the haunt of wealth and fashion. Park Lane skirts the east end, and Mayfair and Clubdom are at hand. Hyde Park Corner, therefore, is the entrance the visitor always seeks in order to see swell London, on parade.

On entering the Park, two roads on the left lead to Kensington Gardens. One is the Carriage Road

and the other Rotten Row (probably *Route du Roi*, the King's Road), London's fashionable ride, a mile and a half long. Early in the morning people ride there for exercise; at one o'clock, chiefly for parade; but after luncheon, the Row is deserted. North of Rotten Row lies the Serpentine, a pretty lake made at the instance and cost of Queen Caroline, wife of George II. The Serpentine is a famous racing place for model yachts, and occasionally in the winter affords good skating. Beyond the Serpentine is a road called the Ring and the Ladies' Mile. A bridge separates the Serpentine from the Long Water in Kensington Gardens; and beyond the bridge is the Powder Magazine, the starting place for London's Four-in-Hand and Coaching Clubs during the season. Kensington Gardens (210 acres) adjoins Hyde Park. Here stands Kensington Palace, brought by William III. from the Earl of Nottingham. Queen Anne died here and here Queen Victoria was born. To the south of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens is South Kensington, with its famous Institutes and Museums.

Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park are bounded on the north by the Bayswater Road. At the Marble Arch, Edgeware Road, and Park Lane, Oxford Street begins; and, with its continuations—Holborn and Newgate Street—runs eastwards to the general Post Office, at the top of Cheapside.

On the way down Oxford Street we turn down Duke Street, which takes us into Manchester Square, where stands Hertford House, the present home of

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the famous Wallace Collection of pictures, furniture, etc. Farther on we come to Great Russell Street, which will take us to the British Museum, with its great library and its collections of Greek, Roman, Egyptian and Assyrian sculptures and Greek and Etruscan vases.

Oxford and Holborn Streets form an important shopping thoroughfare. The only important relics of the past are St. Sepulchre's Church and the remains of Christ's Hospital (Bluecoat School) in Newgate Street.

The bells of St. Sepulchre's always used to toll during a public hanging. This church was injured, but not destroyed, by the Great Fire; and, consequently, some of the old building is left. In St. Sepulchre's, Captain John Smith, once Governor of Virginia, is buried. It used to be the custom to present criminals on their way to execution with a nosegay from the steps of St. Sepulchre's; for the church had for its neighbour the old Newgate Prison.

Near St. Sepulchre's Church, up Giltspur Street, is Pye Corner, where the Great Fire ended. Beyond it is Cock Lane, the scene of the Cock Lane Ghost that excited all London in 1762. Beyond Giltspur Street lies Smithfield, just beyond the City wall, the scene of tournaments, fairs and recreations. Here, too, during the reign of Bloody Mary, the Protestant martyrs were burned. The stake was placed opposite the gate of St. Bartholomew's Priory; and many charred human bones were dug up at this spot during

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some excavations in 1849. Here, too, was the scene of the famous Bartholomew Fair, dating from the reign of Henry I., which used to last for a fortnight, with its shows of dancing dogs and bears, morris-dancers, wild beasts, monstrosities, etc. Smithfield Market for the sale of cattle once included nearly all of Smithfield; but now two smaller markets for fruit and fish extend to Farringdon Street. The fine old church of St. Bartholomew the Great is part of the old priory of St. Bartholomew, founded in 1102 by Rahere, the King's minstrel, who became a monk, and was its first prior. St. Bartholomew's Hospital, originally a part of the Priory, was also spared by the Great Fire, but was rebuilt by Gibbs in 1730. It is now one of England's most important schools of medicine and surgery. Near the Priory of St. Bartholomew, Wat Tyler, at the head of the rebels, was slain by the Mayor of London.

Returning now to Hyde Park Corner, Piccadilly, which runs from this point to Regent Street, is one of the finest streets in London, devoted to splendid residences and shops that cater to a wealthy class of customers. It is always gay with private equipages, cabs, omnibuses and streams of fashionably dressed people.

Parallel with Piccadilly is Pall Mall, another street of clubs and brilliant shops and shoppers. Pall Mall brings us back to Trafalgar Square, at which we arrived by way of Whitehall.

At the north end of Whitehall a very attractive scene is presented. On our left is Pall Mall; on our

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right, the Strand; while directly in front of us lies Trafalgar Square. In 1840-49, Nelson's column was erected; and many years afterwards Landseer's four lions were placed here. In 1832, the National Gallery was begun on the north side of the square; and, in 1874, Northumberland House, the last of the Strand palaces, was pulled down, and Northumberland Avenue cut through to the river. One old landmark remains on the east side of the square, the Church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, erected by Gibbs in 1721-26.

In the Charing Cross Station yard stands a modern copy of Queen Eleanor's Cross, the last of the nine crosses erected in 1291 by Edward I. to mark every spot on which her coffin rested on the funeral procession from Lincoln to Westminster Abbey, whence the name, Charing, i.e. *La Chère reine* (the dear queen) is said to be derived. The original cross, octagonal and decorated with paintings and gilt metal figures, was removed by the Long Parliament in 1647, because it was deemed "superstitious and idolatrous." For twenty-seven years its site was unoccupied; and in the railed-off space the regicides met their fate. On October 13, 1660, Pepys describes Harrison's death:

"I went out to Charing Cross to see Major-General Harrison hanged, drawn and quartered; which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition. He was presently cut down, and his head and heart shown to the people, at which there were great shouts of joy . . . Thus it

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was my chance to see the King beheaded at Whitehall, and to see the first blood shed in revenge for the King at Charing Cross."

The Strand is a part of one highway that connects the City of London with the West End. There is little in it to remind us that it follows the strand, or shore, of the Thames. It is lined with theatres, shops and restaurants; and crowded with cabs, omnibuses, carriages and foot passengers; and long lines of persons waiting at the theatre doors, are a characteristic feature. On our way towards the City we pass two churches—St. Mary-le-Strand, built by James Gibbs in 1714–17, on the site where the old May-pole used to stand before the days of the Puritans; and St. Clement's Danes, an ancient church rebuilt in 1680. Each stands on an island in the great highway.

Fleet Street is a continuation of the Strand. In the middle of the road is the monument marking the site of Temple Bar, now removed to Theobald's Park, Waltham Cross, Herts. Here are the Law Courts, an extensive structure of the Gothic style of architecture. The Law Courts were removed from Westminster in 1882.

South of Fleet Street lie the Temple buildings, consisting of the Inner Temple Hall and Library, and the Middle Temple Hall and Library. These two Temples constitute two of the four Inns of Court. The Temple was originally a lodge of the Knights Templar, a religious and military Order founded in Jerusalem in the Twelfth Century to protect the

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Holy Sepulchre. When the order was abolished in 1313, its possessions became Crown property. The division into two Halls dates from the time of Henry VI.; and, ever since that date, the Inner and Middle Temple have been perfectly distinct, although their gateways are close to one another, and their courts and passages join.

Middle Temple Hall, with its splendid Elizabethan roof, was built in 1572. "Twelfth Night" was first played here on February 2, 1601-2. Middle Temple was famous for its feasts and entertainments.

Temple Church, a circular church built by the Knights Templar in 1185, on their return from the Second Crusade, is shared by both the Middle and Inner Temple. The interior is divided into two parts—the Round Church and the Choir. The Round Church is the most ancient part; and here are nine monuments of Templars of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

Oliver Goldsmith, who lived and died in Middle Temple Lane, is buried in the churchyard.

In order to become a barrister in England the student has to pass through one of the four Inns of Court, which possess the exclusive right of "calling to the bar." The Inns are governed by older members called Benchers; and are Lincoln's Inn, Gray's Inn, and the Inner and Middle Temple.

Lincoln's Inn (off Chancery Lane) derives its name from the Earl of Lincoln, who took the old Blackfriars monastery on this site for his town house.

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At his death in 1512, it became an Inn of Court. Some of the buildings date from the time of James I. The splendid library, founded in 1497, is the oldest in London. The fine gateway is one of the four oldest standing in London: it dates from 1518.

Gray's Inn is not far away, in Holborn; and takes its name from Lord Gray de Wilton of Henry VII.'s time. It has existed as a law school since 1371. The beautiful Elizabethan Hall was built in 1560; and contains fine wainscots, carvings and stained-glass windows of the Tudor period. In this hall Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors" was acted in 1594. The fine garden was laid out by Sir Francis Bacon, who studied here; and died here in his old chambers. Gray's Inn Walks was a fashionable promenade in the seventeenth century. Returning now to Temple Bar:

Fleet Street, famous for its newspaper offices, was the very cradle of printing. Wynkyn de Worde, an assistant of Caxton, printed books "at the Signe of the Swane in Fletestre" before 1500; and Richard Pynson printed a book at the "temple barre of London in 1493." Fleet Street was also a great street for shows and waxworks, also for taverns such as the Mitre, the Cock, the old Cheshire Cheese and the Rainbow. Milton, Izaak Walton, Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith and many other literary lights, haunt Fleet Street. Milton once lived near St. Bride's, adjoining the old office of *Punch*.

Ludgate Hill! The very name takes us back to legendary London, for it is the site of one of the

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ancient gates of the City. King Lud is said to have built one here sixty-six years before the birth of Christ. The old gate familiar to the Londoners of the Middle Ages, stood where Ludgate Hill Viaduct crosses the street; and above this looms the noble dome of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Passing under the viaduct, we pause a moment to look at the yard of a famous old inn, *La Belle Sauvage*. The inn is supposed to have been named in honor of Pocahontas, who became the rage in London when she went there as the bride of John Rolfe in 1616. She was presented at Court, and called "*La Belle Sauvage*." Every novelty bore her name, and many taverns had the beautiful Indian for a sign.

We now mount the steep Ludgate Hill to St. Paul's Churchyard, and pass the Statue of Queen Anne which fronts us. Old St. Paul's was larger than the present Cathedral. It was one of the most magnificent churches in Europe, of Gothic architecture, like Westminster Abbey, with noble aisles, glowing windows, shrines glittering with jewels, and was adorned with rich carvings, and filled with treasures. In the course of time, it had also become a favourite meeting place for Londoners in the daytime: here merchants transacted their business; here lawyers received their clients; here servants came to apply for service; and here the fops and gallants came to display their fine costumes. The middle aisle was called "Paul's Walk" and also "Duke Humphrey's Walk," from a mistaken idea that the tomb of the

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Earl of Warwick was that of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester. Anyone who was forced to go dinnerless for lack of means or invitations used to say that he had "dined with Duke Humphrey." During the Puritan rule, the Parliamentary soldiers played nine-pins in the churchyard, and stabled their horses in the building.

In the north-east corner of the churchyard stood Paul's Cross, a wooden pulpit covered with lead standing on stone steps and surmounted by a cross, from which sermons were preached, Papal Bulls issued, excommunications announced and heretics carried off to Smithfield. Here Jane Shore did penance in a white sheet with a taper in her hand in the fifteenth century; and here Queen Elizabeth listened to the thanksgiving sermon for the defeat of the Spanish Armada (November 24, 1588). Parliament had "Paules Cross" destroyed in 1643.

Eight years elapsed after the Great Fire before the site was cleared for the present St. Paul's, the building of which was entrusted to Sir Christopher Wren. The first stone was laid on June 21, 1675, and the last stone on the lantern of the dome was placed in 1710.

When Sir Christopher was laying the foundations, he came across relics of three different ages: first, Saxon coffins and tombs; next, Roman lamps and arms; and, deeper still, British graves and ornaments.

The interior is vast and noble. The nave, formed by an arcade resting on massive pillars dividing the

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church into a body and two aisles, is separated from the choir by a space over which the cupola rises, and from which the north and south transepts diverge. Under the cupola is the famous Whispering Gallery.

The exquisite carvings of the choir-stalls are the work of Grinling Gibbons. The rich marble reredos was put up in 1888 at a cost of nearly £30,000 (\$150,000). How impressive are the columns, the arches, the lights and shadows, the lamps, the tombs and the rich carvings of the choir! The service is not yet ended; and tones from one of the best organs in England flood the whole cathedral with music. The choir-boys are singing an anthem; and, owing to a peculiar echo, their clear bird-like voices seem to float downward from the dome.

St. Paul's ranks next to Westminster Abbey with regard to its tombs and monuments to honored dead.

In the Crypt are the graves of Sir Christopher Wren, Sir Joshua Reynolds, J. M. W. Turner, Benjamin West (the American painter), Lawrence, Opie, Sir Edward Landseer, Lord Leighton, Sir John Millais, George Cruikshank, and the two great heroes, Nelson and Wellington. The sarcophagus of the former is said to have been made for Henry VIII. at Cardinal Wolsey's expense. The Duke of Wellington's tomb is in the east crypt, a huge block of porphyry on a granite base. His monument is in a chapel in the north transept.

In the crypt are also preserved the four monuments from Old St. Paul's that were spared by the fire: to Sir Christopher Hatton, Queen Elizabeth's

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Lord Chancellor; Sir Nicholas Bacon; Dean Colet, founder of St. Paul's School; and Dr. Donne, the poet, who was dean of St. Paul's from 1621 to 1631.

There are also many statues and monuments, including those to Howard the philanthropist, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lord Cornwallis, Sir Astley Cooper, Admiral Napier, General Gordon, the Crimean Memorial; and tablets to heroes of the Boer War.

We pass on to the south aisle containing the stairway that leads to the upper parts of the church. We have to climb more than a hundred steps before we reach the Library, a splendid room with a noteworthy inlaid floor of oak, and marvellously carved brackets supporting the gallery, said to be the work of Grinling Gibbons, or one of his pupils. Wren's original model for St. Paul's is here; and also his portrait. A flight of steps from the Library leads to the Whispering Gallery around the dome. This takes its name from its peculiar acoustics.

We can see the decorations on the dome and look down upon the small figures below, at their devotions, or walking about admiring the Cathedral. From this point, we ascend 118 more steps, some of which are very steep, and wind up the wall in odd and unexpected nooks and corners, to the Stone Gallery. If you like, you can ascend to the outer Golden Gallery at the summit of the dome, and from that steep ladders will take you up to the lantern, ball and cross, altogether 616 steps from the pavement of the church!

The best view of the city, however, is to be had

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from the Stone Gallery. We can see as far as Harrow, twelve miles away on the northwest; the Alexandra Palace on the north; Richmond Hill near the Thames, twelve miles on the southwest; and the Crystal Palace, Shooter's Hill and Greenwich Observatory Hill on the southeast, in Kent. What a great mass of roofs from which the smoke curls gracefully into the air and over which the golden, blue and rose-colored mists come and go, and through which the steeples appear and disappear! And what a forest of steeples there is!

What strikes us most as we look at the great panorama below us is the great number of steeples. Most of these were erected after the Great Fire, and designed by Sir Christopher Wren.

The most famous is St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside, the famous old Bow Church. You can always remember its tall steeple (225 feet high) with the dragon ten feet long for a weather vane. Stow tells us that "for divers accidents happening hath been more famous than any other parish church of the whole city or suburbs."

Bow Bells have long been famous in London history and legend. They used to ring the Curfew at sunset for the gates to be shut. They play an important part in the story of Dick Whittington, who was Lord Mayor of London four times. After a long silence they were rehung in 1905.

St. Paul's also has its bells. In the Campanile Tower there is a peal of twelve; and in the southwest tower hangs "Great Paul," the largest bell in

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England, thirty feet in circumference, ten inches thick in metal, and weighing sixteen tons.

The bells of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, whose chimes faintly reach us as we stand here, used to toll day and night during the Great Plague. St. Giles's escaped the Great Fire. It was built in 1100, and rebuilt in 1545. In St. Giles's Oliver Cromwell was married; and in it John Milton is buried.

Cheapside (from Chepe, meaning market) extends from Newgate Street to the Poultry, and is famous for its shops. Cheapside Cross, one of the nine crosses erected to Queen Eleanor (see page 49) stood at the corner of Wood Street until demolished by Parliament in 1643. Wood Street is now a great district for wholesale millinery. The neighboring Friday Street commemorates a Friday fish market. Bread Street was the birthplace of John Milton. Between Friday and Bread Streets, on the south side of Cheapside, stood the "Mermaid Tavern," where Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and other wits and poets congregated. King Street leads out of Cheapside to the Guildhall. Above the porch, where the pigeons are circling, and nesting, we see the arms of the City.

All that remains of the old Guildhall, built in the reign of Henry IV. (1411) are the old walls, and the Crypt; for it was burned in the Great Fire. The fine Gothic roof was built, and the present front erected, in 1865-68. The great Hall with its open timber roof is very handsome. It is 153 feet long, 48 feet broad and 55 feet high, with stained-glass win-

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dows at each end. This Hall is used for municipal meetings, the election of the Lord Mayor and members of Parliament, and great civic entertainments; and here, every ninth of November, the new Lord Mayor gives a great banquet, which is generally attended by a thousand guests. On such occasions, the Hall is made magnificent with its hangings of ancient tapestry and its splendid gold service.

Many historical events have taken place in the Guildhall. Here Richard III. endeavored to make the citizens accept him as King; here Anne Askew, subsequently burnt at Smithfield, was tried for heresy; here the Earl of Surrey was tried for high treason; and here Lady Jane Grey and her husband were also tried. The old Crypt, divided by three aisles and clusters of columns, dates from 1417. The Alderman's Court, a beautiful room with rich carvings and allegorical paintings, was rebuilt by Wren after the Great Fire. In the Library there is a valuable collection of 70,000 books, plays and pamphlets relating to the history of London; and the City Museum, in a vaulted chamber below, contains London relics of all kinds, including Roman antiquities and old shop and tavern signs.

The lower end of Cheapside, known as the Poultry, opens into a broad space where seven other streets converge. There are Prince's Street, Threadneedle Street, Cornhill, Lombard Street, King William Street, Walbrook and Queen Victoria Street. The Bank of England is on the left; the Royal Exchange in front; and the Mansion House on the

right. On this spot the multitude of vehicles and pedestrians moving in all directions affords a vivid impression of the business of the City. Between this and Bishopsgate and the Tower to the east are situated the great banks and insurance offices and wholesale houses. In no other part of the City is it so busy during the day and so still and desolate at night.

On the point between Cornhill and Threadneedle Street stands the Royal Exchange with the equestrian statue of Wellington in front. In the upper floor are Lloyd's Subscription Rooms, where all the shipping is classified and insured.

The Mansion House, which is the residence of the Lord Mayor, dates from 1739. In this building the Lord Mayor, or one of the Aldermen, sits daily holding the City Police Court; and here the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress entertain in magnificent style. The principal part of the building is called Egyptian Hall.

Nearly opposite the Mansion House is the Bank of England, covering three acres of ground. Threadneedle Street, which gives the bank its popular name, the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," takes us into Bishopsgate Street where are a famous old church, St. Helen's, and the palace of Richard III. —Crosby Hall.

St. Helen's is the survival of the Priory of the Nuns of St. Helen's founded in 1216. The double grille of stone near Gresham's tomb is called the "Nun's Grate"; and in the "Nun's Aisle" every

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Sunday morning "good sweet wheaten bread" awaits the poor on a clean white cloth, bequeathed by a donor of the seventeenth century, who lies in this church! Over the tomb of Sir Thomas Gresham, founder of the Royal Exchange, hangs his helmet, carried at his funeral on December 15, 1579. On account of its many tombs and monuments, St. Helen's is sometimes called the "Westminster Abbey of the City." It is interesting, too, for its splendid brasses, particularly in the Chapel of the Virgin, and its carved choir stalls, which are the original seats of the nuns. Shakespeare was a parishioner in 1598, which explains why a stained-glass window was erected to his memory in 1884.

Among the tombs is that of Sir John Crosby (1475), and his wife, Anneys, he wearing an Alderman's mantle over his armor and the badge of the House of York around his neck,—a collar of suns and roses. In 1461 he built Crosby Hall—"a house of stone and timber," says Stow, "very large and beautiful, and the highest that time in London," on land that he leased from the Prioress of St. Helen's.

Crosby Hall is one of the few houses of the fifteenth century left standing. The Banqueting Hall has a splendid timber roof and is a stately room. The great window is filled with the arms in stained glass of the various owners; and there is a very beautiful window in the so-called Throne Room.

Here Richard, Duke of Gloucester, lived and here he held his court. Shakespeare, who knew Crosby Hall very well, since he lived in St. Helen's Parish,

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makes it the scene in which Lady Anne awaits Richard's return from the funeral of Henry VI., in his play of "Richard III." Sir Thomas More lived here for several years, and probably wrote here his "Life of Richard III." After his execution, his son-in-law, William Roper, leased it. Sir Philip Sidney's sister, the Countess of Pembroke, also lived here. In 1672, Crosby Hall became a Presbyterian Meeting house; and, in 1831, a warehouse. Of late years it has been restored, and converted into a restaurant.

Bishopsgate Street ends at Cornhill, its continuation to London Bridge being called Gracechurch Street. Cornhill also ends at this point, Leadenhall Street being the name that continues eastwards to Aldgate. The latter was the gate in the old City wall midway between the Tower and Bishopsgate. Here lies the notorious Whitechapel, the beginning of the enormous East London, which has swallowed up all the old villages, Bethnal Green, Old Ford, Bow, Hackney, Stratford, etc., and all the land between the Thames and Epping Forest, which is the general playground of the working-classes.

THE CITY OF ANTWERP

THE CITY OF RUBENS

ANTWERP is one of the most important cities of Northern Europe. It is a great commercial port; a great fortress; and a great centre of industry; as well as a great storehouse of Mediæval and Renaissance Art and Architecture.

Antwerp was a morass on the edge of a forest full of game when it was first settled by a Germanic tribe. Its first industry was salting and smoking fish, which it bartered in English ports for wool, which was woven into cloth that was soon in demand throughout Northern Europe. The town progressed with astonishing rapidity, as is noted by contemporary writers. In 837, Fulda calls Antwerp *a great city*; Heda says it is *an old and celebrated city*; and, at the end of the eleventh century, Sigisbert of Gembloux proclaims it *a noble metropolis*. At this period its present name first appears.

During the seventh century, the people were converted to Christianity by St. Amand. In the ninth century, the place was overrun by the Normans, who fortified it, and made it the headquarters of a dominion bounded by Ghent, Courtrai, Louvain and Antwerp. They built the *Borgt*, the ruins of which

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are still visible, in 885; but abandoned it when Rollo made peace with Charles the Simple, King of France.

Antwerp flourished again under various Counts of the Empire, the most famous of whom was Godfrey de Bouillon, leader of the First Crusade, and first King of Jerusalem. About this time Tankelm, a predecessor of Wycliff and Luther, preached reform doctrines and gained a great following in Antwerp. He was finally assassinated in a boat in the middle of the Scheldt. His heresy is a favorite subject for pictures by Flemish artists.

Trade and municipal privileges were constantly extended by the Dukes of Brabant during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. When Edward III. of England resided there with his court in 1340, its commerce was very important, and he made it his principal wool mart.

When the Brabant Dukes became extinct, the province fell to Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy. It was then so flourishing that the historian De Commines designated it "The Garden of the Land of Promise."

The decline of Bruges, by the shoaling of its river, benefited Antwerp. By 1515, the principal traders had all emigrated thither,—first the Portuguese Jews, then the Hanseatic firms, and lastly the English. In the day of her highest prosperity, during the reign of Charles V., Antwerp's commercial prosperity was based on banking and manufacture.

The day of Reformation and Persecution had now

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arrived. In the public squares of the city there were daily scenes of horror on the scaffold and at the stake. Finally, the nobles banded together; and the "Compromise" gave the signal for resistance, of which the preachers took advantage to excite the rabble. The result was that the Cathedral and churches were pillaged.

On August 18, 1566, there was the annual procession through the city of the great image of the Virgin, gorgeously arrayed, and accompanied by civil, military and ecclesiastical pomp and music. As the procession passed, disturbances arose in the streets, fomented by fanatical sectaries. When the image reached the Cathedral and was placed behind the grille for safety, it was followed by a howling mob that constantly increased in numbers and turbulence. The spirit of riot soon led to the work of destruction. The abolition of all imagery and carving as works of idolatry was urged. Hammers, axes and crow-bars were procured, the monuments were defaced, statues overthrown, painted windows smashed, pictures mutilated and torn to tatters, and delicate carvings demolished. The beautiful handiwork of the pious devotion of centuries was destroyed in a few hours of mob violence. The rage of iconoclasm immediately spread, and the other churches in Antwerp and neighboring cities were sacked by bands of fanatical puritans. Strange to say, however, there was no looting. In none of the works of desecration was there recorded a single act of personal violence, or appropriation of the treasures scat-

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tered by the rabble. The scarcity of Mediæval remains in Belgian churches is to be attributed to this St. Bartholomew massacre of Christian art.

The administration of the cruel Duke of Alva added to Antwerp's woe; but worse was to follow. In 1576, the city was sacked by the Spanish soldiery, under secret orders, it is said, of Philip II. This disaster, called the "Spanish Fury" cost seven thousand lives, and ruined the city for the time. The pillage lasted for eight days; and the loss of property was estimated at what would amount to more than two hundred million dollars to-day. The result was that the surviving merchants and bankers decided to emigrate.

The Spanish Fury is best described in some vivid passages from Mr. Motley's work on the Dutch Republics:

"Cowardice on the part of the Walloon defenders enabled the Spaniards, who had vowed 'to dine in Paradise or sup in Antwerp,' to pass the barriers and force their way with little opposition through the streets crying 'St. James, Spain, blood, flesh, fire, sack!'

"In front of the graceful Exchange, where, in peaceful hours, five thousand merchants met daily to arrange the commercial affairs of Christendom, there was a determined rally, a savage slaughter. The citizens and faithful Germans, in this broader space, made a stand against their pursuers. The tessellated marble pavement, the graceful cloister-like arcades ran red with blood. The ill-armed burghers

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faced their enemies clad in complete panoply, but they could only die for their homes. The massacre at this point was enormous, the resistance at last overcome.

“Meantime, while the short November day was fast declining, the combat still raged in the heart of the city. Various currents of conflict had at last mingled in the *Grand' Place*. Around this irregular, not very spacious square, stood the gorgeous *Hôtel de Ville*, and the tall, many storied, fantastically gabled, richly-decorated palaces of the guilds. Here a long struggle took place. It was terminated for a time by the cavalry who charged decisively into the *mêlée*. The masses were broken, but multitudes of armed men found refuge in the buildings, and every house became a fortress. It was difficult to carry the houses by storm, but they were soon set on fire. In a brief interval, the City-hall and other edifices on the square were in flames. The conflagration spread with rapidity, house after house, street after street taking fire. Nearly a thousand buildings, in the most splendid and wealthy quarter of the city, were soon in a blaze, and multitudes of human beings were burned with them. The many tortuous streets which led down to the quays were all one vast conflagration. On the other side, the magnificent cathedral, separated from the *Grand' Place* by a single row of buildings, was lighted up but not attacked by the flames. The tall spire cast its gigantic shadow across the last desperate conflict. In the Street called *Canal au Sucre* there was a fierce strug-

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gle, a horrible massacre. The heroic margrave of the city fought with the energy of hatred and despair. The burgomaster lay dead at his feet; senators, soldiers, citizens, fell fast around him, and he sank at last upon a heap of slain. With him, effectual resistance ended. The remaining combatants were butchered, or were slowly forced downward to perish in the Scheldt. Women, children, old men were killed in countless numbers. Never was there a more monstrous massacre, even in the blood-stained history of the Netherlands. It was estimated that in this and the two following days, not less than eight thousand human beings were massacred. The Spaniards seemed to cast off even the vizard of humanity. Hell seemed emptied of its fiends. Night fell upon the scene before the soldiers were masters of the city; but worse horrors began after the contest was ended. This army of brigands had come thither with a definite practical purpose; it was avarice, greediness for gold. They had conquered their India at last; its golden mines lay all before them, and every sword should open a shaft. For gold, infants were dashed out of existence in their mothers' arms; parents were tortured in their children's presence; brides were scourged to death before their husbands' eyes. Wherever treasure was suspected, every expedient which ingenuity, sharpened by greediness, could suggest, was employed to extort it from its possessors. The fire had devoured a vast amount of property; there was, however, much left. The strong boxes of the merchants, the gold, silver, and precious jewelry, the

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velvets, satins, brocades, laces and similar portable plunder were rapidly appropriated. In private houses it was more difficult. The cash, plate, and other valuables of individuals were not so easily discovered. Torture was, therefore, at once employed to discover the hidden treasures. After all had been given, if the sum seemed too little, the proprietors were brutally punished for their poverty, or their supposed dissimulation.

“On the morning of November 5th Antwerp presented a ghastly sight. The more splendid portion of the city had been consumed; at least five hundred palaces, mostly of marble or hammered stone, being a smouldering mass of destruction. The dead bodies were on every side. Two days longer the havoc lasted in the city. Of all the crimes which men can commit, hardly one was omitted. Eight thousand persons were undoubtedly put to death. Marvellously few Spaniards were slain. Two hundred killed is the largest number stated.”

Antwerp's sufferings were not yet at an end. In order to deliver the provinces from Spanish tyranny, William the Silent persuaded the States of Brabant to offer the sovereignty to the Duke of Alençon, brother of Henry III. of France. The offer was accepted; the Duke arrived with an army, but he wanted to dispense with the tutelage of the States and reign as absolute master. The first step was to seize Antwerp by force. Therefore, on January 16, 1583, he made a pretence of reviewing his troops outside the Borgerhout gate. He went out, and immedi-

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ately returned at the head of his troops; and massacred the city guard, and all who offered any resistance. The citizens though momentarily surprised, quickly recovered and assumed the offensive. Catholics and Protestants alike combined against the treacherous enemy, and soon drove the French out of the city, leaving four thousand dead behind, and with a loss to themselves of only eighty.

Farnese, Duke of Parma, came to re-establish the Spanish authority. Antwerp was the last refuge of the defeated confederates, and was blockaded for a year. Finally (1585), it capitulated on honorable conditions. In 1589, the population had fallen to 55,000, a loss of 75,000 in about a century.

With commerce destroyed and energies exhausted, Antwerp now entered upon two centuries of torpor, but the once flourishing metropolis shone gloriously in the Arts, under the encouragement of Albert and Isabella. Rubens, whose memory haunts every church and square, conferred a more glorious renown upon his adopted city than she had ever yet attained. Many great masters made his School famous.

The Dutch, who had long been jealous of the commercial supremacy of Antwerp, dreaded a renewal of her activities; and at the close of the Thirty Years' War (1648) they achieved their aim by the Peace of Münster, which consummated the ruin of the commerce of Antwerp by closing the Scheldt to navigation, thus diverting shipping to Rotterdam and Amsterdam.

Antwerp was wakened from her lethargy by the

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French Revolution, being captured by Labourdonnaye in 1792, and again by Pichegru in 1794.

Under the Empire, it became the capital of the Department of the Two Netherlands; and then recovered part of its former splendor. Napoleon had great works constructed there that were to make it one of the great dockyards of the Empire. In 1815 Antwerp was constituted a part of the Kingdom of the Netherlands. A statue of General Carnot evinces the gratitude of the inhabitants of Borgerhout for having spared their suburb from demolition in the interest of military defence.

The Revolution of 1830 brought separation from Holland. Leopold, first King of the Belgians, made his inaugural entry on July 28, 1831. The next year, the Dutch, under General Chassé, who had shut themselves up in the citadel, were besieged by a French army under Marshal Gérard and forced to capitulate. Since then, Antwerp has steadily increased in size and prosperity.

The best way to enter Antwerp is by water. It is a pleasant experience to make the winding journey up the Scheldt between the low-lying meadows for a couple of hours till the Cathedral spire comes in sight. "It has a strange charm, that snowy needle, for no town is visible; the plains and the spire have it all to themselves. It grows and grows, and at last we have a glimpse of a town at the corner, as it were; another turn brings us suddenly into the fine old port. Presently we are gliding past Napoleon's Docks and the jetties, alas! now made hideous by

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modern commercial improvements! Not so many years since, there was the old Flemish wharf, lined with its old green trees, behind which rose a long row of antique houses, with their red-tiled roofs, while over all bectled the exquisite Cathedral spire, at which the passengers gazed with astonishment and pleasure. Now this pleasing vision has been ruthlessly swept away. An interminable row of hideous iron sheds has been interposed, a new wharf has been thrown far out into the river, the quaint old houses and the trees have been levelled, and the old picturesque charm has been abolished." Thus writes an appreciative traveller.

As a matter of fact, Antwerp has had to sacrifice the picturesqueness of her river front to her commercial prosperity. The Scheldt is nearly fifty feet deep there; and the largest ships can dock.

It is one of the largest ports in Europe, and constantly growing. In 1899, 5,613 ships entered; and the imports were valued at \$326,000,000; the exports at \$160,000,000. The total population was 338,800.

The quays now extend along the river front for nearly three miles. Behind them are fine roomy warehouses fitted with all modern appliances; and over these is a fine promenade much frequented by the citizens for the view it affords of the shipping and the river. Behind all this on the north and south of the city are the docks, consisting of thirteen large basins of different sizes.

Antwerp has fifteen gates and about nine hundred

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streets and public squares. All the gates are modern, except the Gate of the Scheldt, which was built in 1624, in honor of Philip IV. Rubens drew the plans, and Artus Quellin did the carving. The Latin inscription is prophetic of the continued greatness of the city. It reads: "The Scheldt delights in rolling its obedient waves for him who rules over the Tagus, the Ganges, the Rhine and the Indus. Under thy auspices, great Philip, it will bear the same vessels it formerly bore under the Emperor, thy grandfather."

At Antwerp, the channel of the Scheldt has an average breadth of 1,000 feet, varying from 900 to 2,000 feet, and a mean depth of five fathoms at low tide. This, of course, enables all but the very largest ships to dock. The wharves on the left bank that made Antwerp so prosperous in olden times no longer exist. None of the existing docks dates earlier than the days of Napoleon; and nearly all the warehouses over them are modern. The *Maison Hanseatique*, which was built by the Hanseatic League in 1564, was the last. It was destroyed by fire in 1893.

The dock system is one of the most complete and extensive in the world. It covers an area of eight hundred acres. The oldest docks are the *Grand* and *Petit Bassin*, constructed by Napoleon for a great naval dockyard. The modern docks are entered by a broad canal running from the river to the *Bassin du Kattendyk*, connecting with the *Bassin Mexico*, *Bassin au Bois* and *Bassin de Batelage Nord*. A

little farther west are the African and American basins.

The busy wharves afford many interesting types of humanity, for Antwerp is a cosmopolitan port. Sailors from all parts of the world, including Lascars and Chinese, are visible. Dock porters in distinctive blouses, with great cloths over their heads and shoulders, are carrying big bales of goods, sometimes weighing more than 400 pounds.

We will now land at the Steen Dock and take a stroll eastwards through the old town, where the principal ancient buildings are found. This picturesque neighborhood still retains some flavor of a Mediæval town. We immediately come face to face with a monument of human cruelty, the very aspect of which gives rise to a vague terror. It is the Steen, or *Borgt*, the oldest building in the city. It has been partially restored; and fragmentary as it is, it still bears the traces of a terrible epoch in which so many martyrs suffered torments of which we can scarcely form any idea to-day.

In all probability, it was rebuilt in 885 by the Normans on the site originally fortified in the eighth century. Later, it was repaired by Louis de Male. The work was well done, as is evident from the remaining masonry, the stones of which are joined with an extremely hard cement. Above the door is a carved figure with uplifted arms of a Scandinavian divinity. The upper part of the edifice dates from 1520, when the building was reconstructed and transformed into a State prison.

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There are several chambers with vaulted and smoothed masonry, water-tight and almost air-tight at need. The Torture-Chamber is the largest. In the middle of the night the prisoner would be suddenly awakened and taken to that terrible place. There he was solidly fixed against the wall by the iron clamps still there, by the neck, arms and legs, and the torture began. And what an infernal variety of torment was provided! Steel, fire, water, all afforded means of torture. One chamber served as a cistern, with water up to a man's lips, constantly flowing. A pump handle was within reach: he could keep from drowning as long as his strength held out.

A man once brought into this prison might as well be regarded as dead. He was only a shadow of his former self, even if acquitted after the examination, under torture. One Antwerp merchant named Van Brenseghem, unjustly put to the torture, was afterwards escorted home in pomp with white wax *flambeaux*. The magistracy asked what amends could be made for the injustice he had suffered. He replied that he was rich, and needed no money, but that he had been deprived of repose and health, two things that could not be restored; but he requested that the instrument of his torture might be attached in perpetuity to his cell as a moral punishment for those who had so unjustly condemned him.

The cells for the women have no communicating passages with those for the men; and there are not such ferocious implements for the indulgence of "Man's inhumanity to man." No effusion of blood

was resorted to; only drowning, suffocation and starvation.

The instruments of torture were still intact in 1794, when they were burned or destroyed during the French invasion. Those now exhibited were collected from other prisons. The collection of old furniture here strikes a lighter note—one of elegance and comfort and luxury in the olden days. Moreover, there is a collection of local antiquities here, consisting of relics of the old city and neighborhood turned up by pick and spade during excavations for improvements. These consist of Roman and Mediæval curiosities, coins, weapons, jewelry, carvings in stone, wood and ivory. There are specimens of glassware made here after Venetian patterns, porcelain, costumes of other days, and engravings and other old prints of the city. A morning spent in the Steen will be richly repaid with vivid impressions of the life, culture and past prosperity of this busy port. Two objects of special interest are the head of the giant Antigonous, which has been an important feature in every civic procession since the sixteenth century; and the head of the giantess, which is not so old by a couple of centuries.

Antigonous is a mythical personage who is honored by the native Antwerper as Gog and Magog are by the Cockney in London. The citizens used to derive the very name Antwerp from *Hand*, hand; *werpen*, to throw. This was because Antigonous was said to have demanded heavy tribute from the captain of every vessel that passed his castle, under pen-

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alty of having his right hand cut off and thrown into the Scheldt. Finally, a hero, called Salvius Brabo, challenged and overcame the tyrant; and treated him as he treated his victims. In the *Grand' Place*, there is a modern bronze fountain surmounted by a statue of Salvius, in commemoration of his noble deed. A more famous old well, surmounted by a figure of Salvius holding a severed hand, is in the *Marché aux Gants* opposite the entrance of the Cathedral tower. It is open, wrought ironwork of vine trellis design; and of late fifteenth century workmanship. It is generally attributed to Quentin Massys, who died in 1530. He was originally a blacksmith, according to his epitaph, which is now in the museum; but, for love of a painter's daughter, he gave up his craft, and himself became a famous painter—more famous than his master. He was the founder of the Antwerp School of Painting, his masterpiece, the "Entombment," and other pictures with devout figures full of beauty and expression, may be studied in the museum.

The colossal figure of Antigonous was the work of the city architect, Peter Coeck of Alost. It first appeared at the solemn entry of Charles V. and his son Philip II. in 1549. The giant is seated and costumed as a Roman general. It is nine feet high; and an internal mechanism allows it to roll its eyes savagely at the spectators. In the eighteenth century, a companion female figure was provided by the municipality. It was designed by the sculptor Herryns. She is costumed like an antique Minerva;

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and she used to bow graciously to the admiring multitude; but lately, it is said, she has developed a stiff neck. Other cars in the processions represent a whale straddled by a Cupid; dolphins and Cupids; boats; and a Seventeenth Century Spanish galley, with a full crew at work.

The *Grande Kermesse* is held annually in mid-August and lasts for several days. Not so long ago, each parish in the city had its own Kermesse; but now they are all merged in the great communal festival. This would not be complete without the *Ommeganck*, which is common to every large Flemish town. This is a historical cavalcade and procession of allegorical cars illustrating the legendary lore of the district. It is very popular with the Flemings, and attracts throngs of foreigners also, for the gaities of Antwerp are widely celebrated.

The triumphal car now used in processions conforms closely to the original design by Rubens that hangs in the picture gallery; where are also two sketches of triumphal arches erected in 1635, on the entry into Antwerp of Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria.

By the way of the quaint old *Rue des Orfèvres*, we next reach the *Hôtel de Ville*, a beautiful building on the Grand' Place, built after the designs of C. de Vriendt in 1561-65. It suffered terribly, as we have seen, during the "Spanish Fury." In 1581, however, the exterior was restored as we see it to-day. The interior received a further restoration about twenty years ago. The rooms and staircases are rich-

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ly embellished with paintings and carvings, old and new.

In the *Salle des Mariages*, there is one of those immense chimney-pieces which sculptors of old delighted to adorn with capricious statuettes, ingenious medallions and elegant bas-reliefs. The principal subject is the "Marriage of Cana," appropriately enough for a hall in which civil marriages are celebrated. There are three smaller panels in which the carver has represented the "Crucifixion," the "Raising of the Brazen Serpent," and "Abraham's Sacrifice." The ornaments of the rest of the room are in harmony with this charming work.

Another fine carved chimney-piece, by the original architect, in the ante-room of the Council Chambers, has for subject the "Judgment of Solomon."

Before proceeding to the Cathedral, we turn aside slightly to the north, to look at another imposing building—the *Boucherie*, or old Meat Market. This is a big handsome edifice dating from 1501. It is built of red brick and white stone; and has four six-sided turrets. It is a fine example of late Gothic work.

The Grand' Place is full of old memories, and is bordered by several tall houses belonging to the ancient guilds, built during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The most interesting are those of the Archers, the Carpenters, the Clothiers and the Coopers. In one of the houses on this square (No. 4) the artist, Van Dyck, was born in 1599. From the Grand' Place we gain a fine view of the

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mighty Cathedral to which we next proceed. Passing through the *Marché aux Gants*, we reach the tower door, pausing on the way to admire a famous old well of the fifteenth century said to have been made by Quentin Massys.

Like several other great cathedrals, Notre Dame has only one spire; lack of money and enterprise having prevented the completion of the south-western tower, which is carried to only one-third of the height designed originally; and so it sits like a great prize rabbit with only one long ear erect. Long it is; but if we make the weary climb of 616 steps to the top (402 feet up) we shall be well repaid by a beautiful view of the city and surrounding country. On a clear day, by the aid of glasses, we can trace the windings of the Scheldt to its mouth, and pick out many famous distant towers. Directly across the river is the *Vlaamisch Hoofd* (Flemish Head), a great fort on an eminence, from which also a fine view of the city may be obtained. At our feet lies the old city with its circling ramparts, now transformed into a ring of broad and beautiful boulevards called the Avenues. Within this circuit are most of the old buildings that we shall examine later. Beyond the Avenues, lie the suburbs; and then, encircling all, comes the line of fortifications that renders Antwerp one of the strongest fortresses in Europe.

The river is crowded with shipping; and the smiling meadows beyond are dotted with farms and villages. Across the flat lands they can hear the bells that are pealing beside us—ninety-nine in all,—bells

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that chime, and play hymn-tunes, and operatic and popular airs at different hours in the day; for an ingenious mechanism allows the execution of quite complicated musical compositions.

Their joyous, warning and solemn tones have been familiar to many generations. The biggest weighs eight tons, and was cast only fifteen years after America was discovered. When it was baptized *Carolus* and consecrated to the Glory of God, the great Emperor Charles V. stood godfather to it. It must be remembered that in the Middle Ages, bells were cast with religious ceremonies; and, when hung, were baptized with the names of their sponsors, sprinkled with holy water, anointed, and covered with the white chrisom, like infants. They were engraved with pious texts, or with inscriptions recording their virtues. Their music was supposed to have as varied efficacy as the lute of Orpheus, the most common inscription stating: "I bewail funerals, break lightnings, call to worship, dissipate tempests," etc.

The church tower was often the municipal watch-tower; and, in turbulent times, the beacon-tower, whose blaze called the dwellers in the neighborhood within the walls for safety and defence against attack. The individual voices of the bells were known; and the citizens could tell whether a storm was approaching, or a fire had broken out, or the town guard was to assemble for pressing duty. Thus the most ancient bell here, cast in the *Place Verte* below, by Gerard de Liège in 1310, proclaims its duties by its name,—the *Orrida* (Dreadful)—it was the muni-

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cipal tocsin, the herald of calamity, that called the town guard to rally. The *Marie* has other functions: She was first rung at the solemn entry of Charles the Bold into his good city in 1467.

The great clock dates from 1457: the dial plate was restored in 1869.

Before going down, we must examine the wonderful stone carving of the exterior of the tower, which Charles V. said ought to be put in a cabinet, and only exhibited on special occasions. Napoleon likened it to the beautiful lacework of Mechlin. It is indeed a marvel of lightness and delicacy.

It is said that this enormous stone needle sways noticeably under the blast of the tempests that are so frequent around the North Sea at the equinoxes; and that this movement is a proof of its solidity. From the top gallery, the view embraces a vast stretch of country, including Northern Brabant, the entire course of the Scheldt down to the sea, the endless polders of the Flemish coast, and the Campine plains. The view is more limited in the direction of Brussels. The landscape is more broken, more cut up into enclosures, and dotted with villages; and seems to rise above that uniform level which in all other directions sweeps away till it is confounded with the sea.

On entering the Cathedral, the visitor is impressed by its noble dimensions. For those who take interest in figures, the following may be given. The floor space measures seventy thousand square feet, being exceeded by only three other cathedrals in Eu-



PLACE VERTE AND CATHEDRAL, ANTWERP

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rope: St. Peter's, Rome; St. Paul's, London, and the Duomo, Milan. It is 384 feet long and 130 feet high. The transept measures 212 feet across; and the nave, 171 feet. The effect produced by its six columned aisles is very striking; there are 125 pillars that produce an air of severity by their lack of capitals. It was begun in 1352, when Gothic architecture was still in full vigor; but it progressed slowly, and took more than two centuries and a half to reach completion in its present condition. Nearly every European cathedral has been partially or wholly destroyed by fire, or earthquake, during its existence, and has had its embellishments defaced and smashed by fanatical image-breakers. Antwerp Cathedral has not escaped these calamities. In 1533, fire destroyed everything inflammable that it contained. During the religious dissensions a generation later, it was sacked by Protestant iconoclasts; and it suffered a similar experience when the Goddess of Reason was set up for worship by the haters of religion on the outbreak of the French Revolution.

Some of the old glass still adorns the window tracery; the restorations are not too gaudy in color, so that a rich, mellow glow floods the carvings in wood and stone, and illumines the vaultings. The lights on the altars, the haze of incense, the chant of the priests and choristers, the faint tinkle of the mass bell, and the devout immobility of the scattered kneeling figures (mostly female), combine to produce a striking effect of grandeur and solemnity.

Formerly there were thirty-two side chapels: these

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were terribly mutilated during the French Revolution, and the majority were demolished later; but, in addition to the Lady Chapel, twelve still remain.

The richly-carved marble high-altar is adorned by the famous "Assumption of the Virgin," which is regarded as one of the finest religious subjects painted by Rubens.

The "Assumption" is said to have been painted in sixteen days. The Virgin is represented in the clouds surrounded by adoring angels. On the earth below is a throng of worshipping saints. The color is not so brilliant as is usual with this master; but this is probably the best of the thirteen pictures of this subject which he painted.

Beautiful as Notre Dame is architecturally, its chief fame rests on two masterpieces by Rubens that adorn the transepts:—The "Descent from the Cross," and the "Elevation of the Cross." The former is the more popular, though the latter is preferred by some critics. They were painted within two years of one another—the "Elevation" in 1610, and the "Descent" in 1612.

Among other works of art is a beautiful old organ case, with a statue of St. Cecilia, which was carved by P. Verbruggen. It is supported by eight marble columns. The mechanism of the great organ of ninety stops is entirely new, having been built in 1891. Organ recitals from the works of the best composers are given at high mass on Sundays and holidays.

The elaborately-carved pulpit is also the work of

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Verbruggen. It is supported by four figures emblematic of the Four Quarters of the World; and is enriched with a multitude of birds and a mass of foliage.

The choir stalls, although modern, also display great richness and delicacy of ornamentation, with finish and lightness of execution.

The treasury of Notre-Dame contains very rich examples of early goldsmiths' work, precious both for material and workmanship. The diamonds and ornaments of the Virgin are of considerable value. The banners also of the guilds, richly embroidered and set with precious stones, are of unusual magnificence.

There is annual procession of Notre Dame in mid-August which is noted throughout the Catholic world for its splendour. It attracts thousands of visitors.

Antwerp is a city of statues: her famous sons live in bronze or stone in every square and open space in which the city abounds. The most celebrated is the statue of Rubens in the centre of the Place Verte which we enter on leaving the Cathedral by the south door. Peter Paul Rubens was not a native of Antwerp: he was born in Westphalia in 1577. Till ten years of age, he lived in Cologne, whence, on the death of his father, his accomplished and devoted mother moved to Antwerp. There he studied under Van Noort and Otho Venius; and in 1600, at the age of 23, went to Italy, where he stayed eight years. His great talents won recognition from the great there; and on his return, the Archduke Albert and

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his wife Isabella employed him both on diplomatic missions and in art work of all kinds. He visited England and Spain in their service, and was also called by Marie de Medici to Paris, where he executed a wonderful series of decorative works. He married his first wife, Isabella Brandt, soon after his return from Italy, when he settled in Antwerp. His studio soon became famous; and he gathered around him as pupils, or as assistants who were glad to work under his eye, the most able painters of his generation. The most famous of these was Van Dyck. The personality of Rubens overshadows that of all the other masters of the Flemish school of painting. He was great in all branches of his art—portraits, landscapes, animals, historical, religious, allegorical and mythological subjects. He also designed triumphal arches, cars, etc., for great State and civic processions and celebrations. Some of these are still used, for the Antwerp citizens are very fond of historical processions and pageantry of all kinds. Rubens died in 1640. The three-hundredth anniversary of his birth was celebrated at Antwerp in 1877 with great enthusiasm and with elaborate and splendid festivities. Of the house in which he lived, No. 7 *Rue Rubens*, nothing remains but the elaborate Renaissance portico and a garden pavilion. Close by (52 *Place de Meir*) is the so-called House of Rubens's Parents, which was built in 1557. It has a richly-decorated façade; and was restored in 1854. The statue in the Place Verte, close to the south porch of the Cathedral, represents him in the robes of an ambassador;

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at his feet lie the scrolls and artists' materials of his double calling.

Besides Rubens, the city has honored other great Flemish artists with statues: Quentin Massys, at the entrance to the Park; Van Dyck, in front of the *Musée*; David Teniers, in the *Place Teniers*; and Henri Leys, on the *Boulevard des Arts*. Many other monuments adorn the parks and squares.

The *Place Verte* was the old Cathedral burying-ground, but is now a pretty little park with hotels and shops on either side. Opposite the farther end is the Post Office. Every evening in fine weather a municipal band plays compositions by the best composers to an interested audience of park loungers and people sitting at little tables before the neighboring *cafés* and hotels, smoking and drinking. Each of the many guilds and trades-unions of the city has a band made up from its own members; and musical competitions among these are often held in the *Place Verte* on Sundays and holidays. They take the stand for an hour and the verdict as to superiority is given by the majority of the assembled music enthusiasts.

Passing now along the *Marché aux Souliers* we come to the *Place de Meir*, which is the finest thoroughfare in the old town. It was formed by arching over an old canal. The *Place de Meir* is lined with fine shops, hotels, *cafés* and restaurants frequented by the well-to-do. On the south side is the *Palais du Roi*, or *Palais Royal*, built by the architect Baur-scheidt in 1745. It is one of the finest types of the "Pompadour Style" still standing in the country.

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It was built to the order of the Lord of S' Gravenwezel. Under the French Republic it was sequestered. Napoleon I. next took possession of it; and since then it has served as a royal residence. Some of the rooms are decorated with beautiful paintings by Vervoort the Younger.

This neighborhood is the great business centre of the city. Leading out of the beginning of the Place de Meir is the very short *Rue des Douze Mois* (Twelve Months' Street), which brings us directly to the Exchange (*Bourse*). The original of this is said to have been the first building of its kind in Europe. It certainly was the first establishment in Antwerp for foreign and native merchants to meet and transact banking and commercial business of all kinds. In Elizabethan days, Sir Thomas Gresham saw it, and admired it so much that he recommended it as a model for the London Exchange. It was built in 1531 in the late Gothic style of architecture, but was ruined by fire fifty years later. Rebuilt in the same style, fire again destroyed it in 1858. The present edifice is considerably larger than the old one; but is restored in the same style. There are entrances on all four sides, and the arcades on the ground floor are used by the public as thoroughfares. It is still regarded as the handsomest Exchange in Europe.

In the immediate neighborhood is the famous *Eglise St. Jacques* (Church of St. James).

At the close of the fifteenth century, Antwerp was so rich and populous that the authorities decided

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that the existing churches did not suffice for the spiritual needs of all, and therefore determined to build another church as large as Notre Dame: the tower was to be even higher. The site chosen was the old place of public execution. The work was begun in 1491, and carried on till interrupted by the troubles of the Reformation, when pious zeal cooled. The bells rang in the tower of St. James's for the first time on June 8th, 1528. In 1566, it suffered from the depredations of the rabble that devastated the Cathedral; and was partly occupied by the Calvinists till 1585. They held their conferences in the great unfinished nave.

St. James's is far richer in its monuments and other art treasures than the Cathedral is, owing to the fact that it escaped spoliation during the French Revolution, when Notre Dame suffered so cruelly.

The pulpit is a wonderful piece of carving by L. Willemsens. The great altar of white marble is the work of G. Kerriex and L. Willemsens. The statue of St. James in the middle is by Artus Quellin the Younger. The statues in the choir, as well as the beautiful stalls, were carved in part by the two Artus Quellins, uncle and nephew.

On the choir-stalls are emblazoned the arms of the nobles who originally occupied them. The one that belonged to Rubens is the twelfth to the left from the entrance.

The names of the chapels are as follows:

Presentation of Our Lady, St. Anthony, St. Roch, St. Job, St. Anne, St. John the Baptist, Holy Sacra-

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ment, Trinity, St. Yves, Resurrection, Rubens (behind the High Altar), St. Charles, Sts. Peter and Paul, Visitation, Virgin, Cross, St. Hubert, St. Dymphne, Three Kings, Holy Name of Jesus and St. Gertrude.

Of all these, the visitor is most interested in the Rubens chapel. In the vault beneath lie the remains of himself, his second wife Helen Fourment, and his descendants. An altar in the grand style of the Renaissance is crowned by a life-size "Mater Dolorosa" in white marble, a lovely work by Luc Faydherbe, left by Rubens himself. The picture above the altar represents the Virgin under a leafy canopy presenting the Child Jesus to St. Jerome accompanied by Martha and Magdalen.

In the background, St. George displays a banner, at his feet is the dragon that he has just slain. In the foreground St. Jerome leans upon his lion and a child stands with its back to the spectator.

In this picture Rubens has immortalized the faces of his family: the Virgin is the portrait of Isabella Brandt, his first wife; Mary Magdalen has the features of Helen Fourment; the artist himself is St. George; and St. Jerome is the portrait of his father, Johannes Rubens.

In two arched spaces in the thickness of the wall on either side of the altar, are two beautiful marble statues by W. Geefs representing the "Dying Christian" and "Eternity." These are monuments of two baronesses, who were descendants of Rubens. Through the various chapels a "Road to Calvary"

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has been made. This consists of a series of marble bas-reliefs of scenes from the Passion, by J. Geefs and the De Cuyper brothers.

If we now return to the Place de Meir by the short *Rue du Chêne* and continue our way through the *Rue Leys* and the *Place Teniers* with its statue of Teniers the Younger, we arrive at the Avenues, having crossed through the heart of the old city,—a distance of about a mile.

The ramparts enclosing the old town were constructed in 1540–43. In 1859, they were transformed into a belt of fine boulevards, known as the Avenues. Though continuous, they are successively named—South, Industry, Arts and Commerce; beginning at the Southern Railway Station and ending close to the *Grand' Bassin*, and the other landlocked docks at the north of the city.

After the levelling of the ground along the old ramparts, rendered necessary by the alignment of the Avenues, the city authorities transformed the old Herenthals fort into a Park. This is a favorite resort of nurses and children and people of leisure. The northern end formed part of the old promenade of the ramparts. Landscape gardening—making the best use of winding paths, trees, flower-beds, bridges, fountains and statues—has made a delightful haunt of this Park. Seats are plentiful and music is provided by the City in fine weather.

Not far off is another little park called the *Pepinière*. It occupies the site of the old place of execution. People frequent this also in fine weather to

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listen to the birds and the band. We are now in the suburbs of the wealthy classes.

Berchem shares with St. Laurent the privilege of being the aristocratic suburb of Antwerp. The district is calm and tranquil; and is a great contrast to the noisy and populous suburb of Borgerhout. It is entirely modern in building. On a stone at the border is a carved hand indicating the limit of the old jurisdiction of Antwerp. When the sovereign made his "Joyous Entry," he always halted here and took an oath in the presence of the Antwerp magistracy to respect the privileges of the City.

Another favorite resort is the Zoological Gardens, which is one of the finest collections of animals in Europe. It includes two of the biggest elephants in captivity. The grounds are beautifully laid out; there is a fine *café-restaurant*: and band concerts are given twice a week. The Museum containing natural history specimens is large and amply stocked for purposes of study. The big Asiatic quadrupeds are housed in a building representing an Egyptian temple, imitated from the ruins of the Isle of Philæ. An Oriental palace shelters the larger pachyderms; and every building is in keeping with the habits and homes of its occupants. Rubens used to go here frequently to study the lions for his great animal pictures.

In the south of the old city close to the *Avenue du Sud* is situated the *Musée Royal des Beaux-Arts*, a handsome modern building with an impressive portico resting on four large Corinthian columns. This

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Museum contains the picture-gallery of old masters collected from the old monasteries and churches of Antwerp, the Hôtel de Ville, and the Steen, and enriched by private bequests. On the ground floor, we find the Sculpture Gallery, and the Rubens Collection, consisting of reproductions in black and white of his works, and which occupies nine rooms and two side halls. The Vestibule de Keyser, in which a large staircase leads to the picture-gallery above, is decorated with paintings by Nicaise de Keyser, an Antwerp painter (1813-1887), and deal with the history of the Antwerp School of Art. Conspicuous among the painters are Quentin Massys, Frans Floris, Rubens, Van Dyck, David Teniers, Jan Brueghel and Jordaens. Here again we are reminded that Antwerp is the city of Rubens, who is so splendidly represented in this gallery by works of every period. His most famous paintings are the gorgeous "Adoration of the Magi," the "Holy Family," also called the "Virgin of the Parrot"; "Christ and the Two Thieves," an "Entombment," "St. Theresa," the "Prodigal Son," the "Communion of St. Francis" and the portraits of "Rockox" and his wife on the wings of the St. Thomas altar-piece. Van Dyck also has a famous "Pieta" here and a fine portrait of a child with two dogs by Jan Fyt; and there is a remarkable "Crucifixion" by Antonello da Messina.

The great masters who founded the Flemish School of Painting are also well represented. Van Eyck's "St. Barbara" seated by her tower, Roger van der Weyden's "Seven Sacraments," Quentin Massys's

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“Entombment,” and Memling’s “Christ as King of Heaven” are the most famous. The latter, a large picture twenty-three feet long and five and a half feet high, represents Christ with six singing angels around him, and on each wing are five angels playing musical instruments. The gallery also contains fine works by Jordaens, Jan Fyt and Snyders. Seven rooms are devoted to modern masters. Here are fully displayed the qualities that have made Belgian art famous again in the last generation. The collection of old masters numbers about eight hundred works and the gallery of modern paintings about three hundred.

There are other old churches with artistic treasures that demand a visit. The oldest of these is St. Paul’s, not far from the old Boucherie.

St. Paul’s was begun by the Dominicans in 1248 on low ground that was frequently overflowed by the river. In 1540, it was rebuilt on its present site, being completed in 1571. In 1797, the agents of the French Republic seized and sold it. In 1845, it became a parish church. It is still an edifice of great veneration.

The great choir is lighted by beautiful lancet windows, and up to a certain height its walls as well as those of the nave are covered with fine carved woodwork of the Renaissance style. The choir stalls and confessionals also are richly carved; and are regarded by many people as the finest in the country.

Above the woodwork on the side walls are fifteen

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paintings, the majority of which are signed by great masters.

The high altar of the choir is approached by fifteen steps: it is adorned with a fine statue of St. Paul, and a "Descent from the Cross" by Cels. The choir also is ornamented with some fine monuments and statues of saints.

Many fine pictures decorate the other altars and walls. Among them, the "Adoration of the Kings" and the "Flagellation" by Rubens, are particularly noticeable. The color of the latter is wonderfully fresh and vivid. Very beautiful also are the pictures by Gaspard de Craeyer and Artus Quellin.

The organ is said to be one of the finest in the country.

In the enclosure that was formerly the cemetery of the church is a curious construction called The Calvary. It is a sort of mount and grotto, built up of rocks, clinkers, and broken glass and adorned with a number of life-size figures of angels, saints, and martyrs. The top of the slope is as high as the roof of the church, and represents the place of crucifixion. Various groups represent scenes from the Passion. In the cavern at the base is Christ in the sepulchre, an object of great veneration among the faithful. Another cavern represents Purgatory, in which wooden images of human figures are writhing in the flames. At the entrance are statues of two Dominican monks who went to Jerusalem to get the plans of the Holy Sepulchre.

There is no more interesting relic of Renaissance

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days in Antwerp than the buildings in the *Marché du Vendredi* that was once the home and workshop of Christopher Plantin, the "Prince of Publishers." To the antiquarian and art-student it is interesting as a decorative monument of a most interesting period, for it is a treasure house of painting, sculpture, carved wood-work, wrought metal, porcelain, glass and tapestry. To those who are interested in the "noble art of printing" it affords an unusual opportunity of studying everything connected with book-making in the days of the Revival of Learning.

Christopher Plantin was born at St. Avertin near Tours (France) between 1514 and 1520. He went to Paris very young and learned bookbinding. He next worked with a printer at Caen, and after a series of more or less lengthy stays in the principal French workshops, particularly Lyons, he went to the Low Countries, and about 1555, founded in Antwerp a printing-house that later became the most important one in the world. There, twenty presses were often in full operation at once; and the workmen's wages amounted to one hundred ducats, or about two hundred dollars a day in present money. His works, like those of Aldus in Venice, were distinguished for their elegance and correctness of printing. Although largely self-taught, Plantin was a man of learning, as well as taste. He was well acquainted with foreign languages, as well as Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. He was thus well qualified to print all kinds of works, especially as he had acquired the richest collection of type that could be got. More-

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over, he tried to attain perfection in correctness, even exposing all his proofs at his house-door and offering a reward to anybody who would point out an error. His choice of subjects was admirable: he printed works of Classics, mathematics, Church history and liturgy, science, art, law and philology. A complete collection of his publications may be examined in the Plantin Museum. His house became the centre of intellectual and artistic life. He employed the most famous artists and scholars as illustrators, writers, engravers and proof-readers. The principal of these were Rubens, Van Dyck, Martin de Vos, Van der Broeck, Guicciardini, Dodonaens, Ortelius, Clusins and de Lobel. The chief copper engravers were the Galles, Van de Passes and Wierixes; and the wood engravers, A. Van Leest, A. Nicolai, Geernart and Van Kampen.

Christopher went to Leyden for a time on account of religious disturbance in Antwerp, and founded another house. He returned, however, and left the Leyden business to a son-in-law. He left the Antwerp business to another son-in-law, Johannes Moretus, when he died in 1589. In 1875, E. F. Moretus, a lineal descendant, sold the whole property to the city for \$240,000. The buildings surround a courtyard. The part that was used as a dwelling has not been changed since the printer bought it from a certain Martin Lopez.

To the book-maker, the industrial parts of the old establishment with the old presses, proofs, type, etc., will prove the most interesting. The Bibliophile

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will rather dwell on the *Salle des Bibles* and the Manuscript Room. The *Salle des Bibles* is, moreover, beautifully decorated with fine oak panelling, beautiful furniture of the period, porcelain from the Indies, and family portraits by Rubens and other painters. Similar treasures adorn the *Salle des Conferences*; and the family dwelling rooms form a valuable museum of domestic art treasures.

THE HAGUE

"THE LARGEST VILLAGE IN EUROPE"

THE HAGUE is first of all a city of fashion, and draws its very life-blood from the Court and the nobility. When the Queen of Holland is in residence, and Parliament is sitting, the stately town houses of the nobility, ambassadors, and fashionable people open, and the *Lange Voorhout* and the *Vyver* become gay with equipages, liveried footmen, soldiers, sentries, officers, and ladies and gentlemen in rich attire.

It is a town of extreme beauty: it is well cared for; and has been called "the cleanest capital in Europe." It is charming in the spring, when the pink and white horsechestnuts are in bloom along the *Vyver* and the lime trees bordering the canals drop their sweet scented petals in the quiet waters; and it is hardly less attractive when the full leafage of summer turns the *Pleins*, the *Lange Voorhout*, the *Noordeinde*, and the *Koninginne Gracht*, and other streets and canals into bowers of shade and beauty.

The Hague is an ancient town. The Dutch call it *s'Gravenshage*, meaning the Count's Enclosure, or Hedge. It was originally a hunting-seat, or shooting-box, built as far back as 1250, by William, Duke

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of Holland and Emperor of Germany, on the site of an older residence of his predecessors. Under Count William II. it became the Court residence. It was plundered by the people of Guelderland in 1528; laid waste by the Spaniards in 1574; restored by William I. in 1576; and in 1584 was made the seat of the States-General of Holland. Not being represented in that assembly, it was regarded as "the largest village in Europe," which designation has clung to it. Nevertheless, it was in this village that alliances were concluded which exercised a decisive influence on the course of the history of the seventeenth century and the first third of the succeeding century. Moreover, at the present day, the most important conferences that affect the future peace and happiness of mankind are held in this "village" in the comparatively insignificant House in the Wood.

By the latter end of the sixteenth century, The Hague had become the political centre of the country; and, consequently, the scene of all that was bright and gay, and much that was turbulent.

The Hague was the scene of the tragic death of two Grand Pensionaries, Olden Barneveldt and John de Witt. Jan van Olden Barneveldt was born in Amersfoort in 1547, was a lawyer, a soldier and a diplomatist. He early sympathized with his countrymen to throw off the yoke of Spain and fought against the Spaniards at the sieges of Haarlem and Leyden. He headed an embassy to England to offer Queen Elizabeth the sovereignty of the United Provinces if she would aid them; and the Queen refusing

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the sovereignty sent an expedition under the Earl of Leicester. When the latter became too arrogant and dictatorial, Barneveldt persuaded the States-General to appoint young Maurice of Nassau Stadtholder and Captain-General; and Leicester was recalled. Barneveldt was sent on various important embassies, and, in 1607, began to negotiate with Spain for a truce, which was concluded in 1609. This excited the opposition of Prince Maurice and his party; and the two great men, once such firm friends, became the bitterest enemies. The flame was further fanned by the two religious parties, the Gomarites (the Calvinists) which Prince Maurice supported, and the Arminians which Barneveldt supported. Maurice, who wanted to be absolute sovereign, was determined to make his the state religion; Barneveldt, who endeavored to preserve the freedom of the republic, contended that every province should be free to worship as it pleased.

The great interview between Prince Maurice and Barneveldt on Aug. 17, 1618, led to no result. About ten days later, Barneveldt and his friends, Hugo Grotius and Hoogerbeets, were arrested and imprisoned. The trial was something of a farce; for although the accusations against Barneveldt were disproved, he was found guilty and condemned to death. He was beheaded on May 14, 1619, and faced death with the utmost courage.

Another terrible tragedy occurred in 1672. John de Witt had been Grand Pensionary of Holland for twenty years. He was head of the Republican

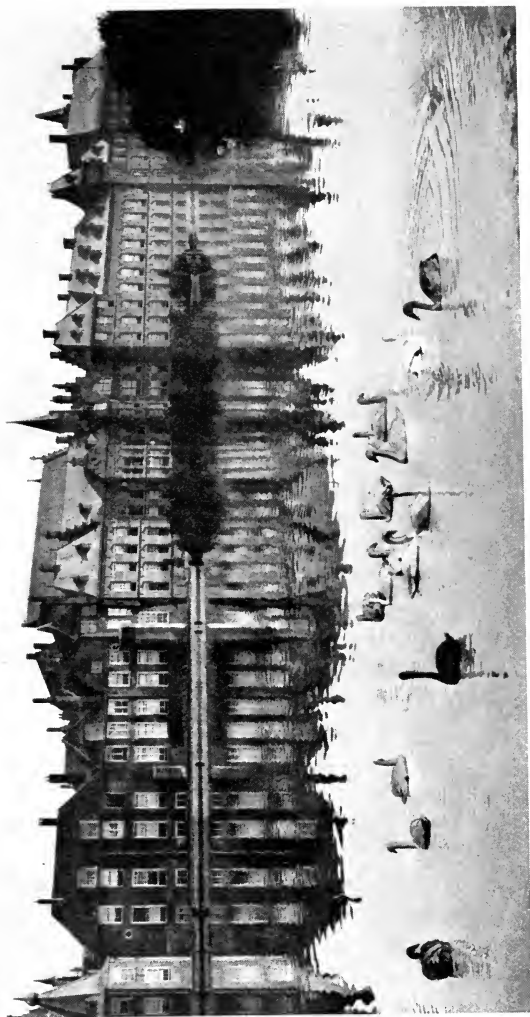
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party, which was opposed by the Orange party. The latter wanted a hereditary Stadtholder. National disasters at last infuriated the populace, who sought a victim. Cornelis de Witt was falsely accused of plotting the death of William III. the Stadtholder. He was tortured and condemned to banishment.

When his brother, John de Witt, hurried to the *Gevangenpoort* to give him protection, the infuriated mob, believing that both were guilty, forced their way into the prison and tore the brothers limb from limb. Their bodies were buried in the *Nieuwe Kerk*.

One of the charms of The Hague is the numbers of squares and parks it contains, not to speak of the beautiful *Bosch* that lies between it and Scheveningen, and the *Haagsche Bosch* in another direction, with its stately avenues of old trees, in which is situated the *Huis ten Bosch* (House in the Wood).

There are not as many canals in The Hague as there are in most cities of Holland; but it is distinguished by broad avenues and public squares on which front imposing palaces, dwelling-houses, theatres, libraries, churches, museums, hotels, restaurants, *cafés* (many surrounded by little gardens), and innumerable shops. The buildings are of gray stone, or red brick, with heavy white cornices and door and window frames; and they have a very picturesque, as well as homelike appearance under the green trees. In many of the dwelling-houses, the upper floors project beyond the lower ones, standing therefore out of plumb, and are supplied with cranes



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for hoisting articles,—a feature that we frequently see in Dutch buildings.

The two centres of interest are the Vyver and the Plein.

The Vyver, or Fish-Pond, is a lake bordered with trees and containing an island planted with rhododendrons, where the swans and other water birds that swim on the glassy surface in such numbers make their nests. The long quay on one side is a fashionable promenade called *The Vyverberg*. It is bordered with dwellings of wealthy citizens, among which is the house of Baron Steengracht, who has a noted picture-gallery there.

Looking across the Vyver, we see the back of the *Binnenhof* and the *Mauritshuis*, that seem to rise out of the lake itself, for the waters wash against their very foundations.

The Vyver has always been a subject of interest to Dutch painters; and you will notice in the galleries of Holland many representations of it at different periods. It is not only one of the most attractive spots in The Hague; but around it cluster much of the romance and tragedy the city has to tell.

Suppose we walk around and enter the Binnenhof, the old Palace of the Stadtholders. The name Binnenhof (Inner Court) is given both to the group of buildings that forms the Palace, and to the courtyard in which they stand. It is entered by several gates bearing the arms of Holland; but in former days it was surrounded by a moat and approached by drawbridges. Arcades run around the four sides

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of the courtyard. The oldest part, on the east side of the courtyard, that resembles in some degree a chapel, though it has turrets and a gable, is called the Hall of the Knights. It was built by William II. of Holland in 1249, and enlarged by his son, Floris V. In front of it, Olden Barneveldt was executed in 1619. In the Great Chamber, which is 130 feet long, 62 feet broad and 69 feet high, the States of the Netherlands abjured their allegiance to Philip II. of Spain.

Courts of justice are held in the Binnenhof; here the archives of the kingdom are preserved; and here the two Chambers of the States-General meet.

The legislative power of Holland is exercised by the Sovereign and the States-General, the latter composed of two Chambers: the first (*Eerste Kamer*) corresponds to the United States Senate; and the second (*Tweede Kamer*) to the House of Representatives. These two Chambers must always sit at The Hague in the legislative Palace, or Binnenhof.

The proceedings of Parliament will be interesting to the visitor because they resemble those of Washington rather than Paris. The Second Chamber is rectangular and unornamented. The seats are arranged in an amphitheatre. There is a throne for the Sovereign; and, facing it, the seat of the President of the Chamber. Above are public galleries. Every orator addresses the President from his seat. The President uses a gavel for keeping order; but, as a rule, the sittings are quiet, with few interruptions. A call to order is not frequent.

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According to law, Parliament meets annually on the third Tuesday in September. The members are not required to take an oath of fealty to the Sovereign; but one of public probity and fidelity to the Constitution. The Presidents of both Chambers are nominated by the Crown from a list of three selected by the members. No member can be prosecuted for his speech during debate; and half the members constitute a quorum. The Sovereign can dissolve both Chambers if he thinks the public or dynastic interest requires such action.

There are a hundred members in the Second Chamber, who are elected by direct vote. The First Chamber consists of fifty members elected by the Provincial Estates, for a term of nine years.

The members of the First Chamber are paid eight florins a day (\$3.20) during the sessions, and mileage; the members of the Second Chamber are paid \$850 a year, without travelling expenses.

The Hall used by the First Chamber, formerly used for the sittings of the States-General, contains two elaborately carved chimney-pieces: one, by Jan Lievens, representing "War"; and the other, by Adrian Hanneman, representing "Peace." The richly painted ceiling dates from about 1650.

The *Trêves Saloon*, built by William III. in 1697, a fine reception-room, with a peculiar echo, is one of the show places in The Hague.

The Binnenhof was the home of all the Stadtholders from the days of Maurice of Nassau, who died here in 1625. The Hague is so full of mem-

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ories of this great Prince of Orange that we may pause to speak briefly of his great career. He was only seventeen when his father William I., called William the Silent, was assassinated in Delft in 1584; and, notwithstanding his youth, he was elected Stadtholder. At this period the Spaniards had control of the greater part of the Netherlands; but Prince Maurice rapidly captured one city after another and one fortress after another, and in July, 1600, won the great victory of Nieuport. Prince Maurice of Nassau therefore was something of an idol with the people. It was against his advice that the States-General signed a twelve-years' treaty of peace with Spain in 1609; and quarrels ensued. Olden-Barneveldt, the Grand Pensionary, or Prime Minister, who had been a great friend of Prince Maurice, led the opposition; and the latter, who had ambitions of becoming sovereign, had the old man, then in his seventy-second year, arrested and condemned to death "for having conspired to dismember the States of the Netherlands and greatly troubled God's church." The Grand Pensionary was executed, on May 14, 1619, on a scaffold in front of the Binnenhof, as we have pointed out, and declared he "had ever acted from sincerely pious and patriotic motives." This execution is a stain on the Prince's memory.

Prince Maurice was succeeded by his brother, Frederick Henry, during whose rule the Dutch reached their height of prosperity, triumphing over the Spaniards by land and sea, extending their com-

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merce, especially in the East, and attaining their greatest achievements in painting.

Adjoining the Binnenhof is the Mauritshuis, the Palace of Prince John Maurice of Nassau-Siegen, the Dutch West India Company's Governor of Brazil. He spared no thought nor expense to make his house beautiful. The Court architect, Pieter Post, and Jacob van Campen, who built the Dam in Amsterdam, designed the house, which was begun in 1633 and finished in 1644, when Prince Maurice returned. The latter sent rare woods from Brazil to decorate the interior; Frans Post painted Brazilian scenes on the walls; and much heavy gilding made the rooms very brilliant. Sixty years after it was completed, a fire destroyed everything but the walls. The exterior was soon restored in the original style; but no attempt was made to repeat the splendor of the interior. In 1820, it was decided to make the Mauritshuis the home of the Royal Picture Gallery; and the fine collection that belonged to the Princes of the House of Orange, particularly to the Stadtholder William V. (1748-1800) and to Prince Frederick Henry and his wife, Amalia of Solms, were removed from the Binnenhof. Some of these had been carried away by the French army in 1795 and hung in the Louvre. They were returned, however, in 1815, amid the firing of cannon, ringing of bells and general rejoicing.

The Hague Gallery, containing five hundred pictures, is filled with gems by Dutch and Flemish masters. The most celebrated picture is "The Bull,"

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painted in 1647 by Paul Potter, who was then only twenty-two years of age. When this picture was in the Louvre, it was considered one of the four greatest pictures there, one of the others being Raphael's "Transfiguration."

The great black and white Bull, almost as large as life, stands on a hill beneath two trees, behind the trunks of which is seen the shepherd with a ram and under which lie a cow, a sheep and a lamb. A vast meadow stretches far in the distance.

The very hide of the Bull seems to twitch as you look at him, and his fiery eye to grow more savage; but a still more wonderful triumph of the painter's skill is the face of the cow. Her eyes and her wet, dripping nose and mouth are marvellously true to life.

There is another splendid picture here also by Paul Potter, called "The Mirrored Cow," which many critics prefer to the "Bull." The picture takes its name from a cow that is standing in the middle of a clear pool with her back to the spectator; and her reflected image is as vivid as herself. Other animals are scattered under the trees near the farmhouse. The beautiful landscape is flooded with sunshine.

Rembrandt's "Anatomy Lesson," representing Dr. Nicholas Tulp, who is lecturing to seven physicians on the arm of a dead man that has just been cut at the wrist, was painted for the Amsterdam Guild of Surgeons in 1632; it made Rembrandt the most popular portrait painter of his time. The work hung in the Surgeons' Hall at Amsterdam until 1828,

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when King William I. bought it for 32,000 florins (\$12,800).

Ruysdael's "View of Haarlem," from the dunes of Overveen, represents an immense stretch of country across the meadows all the way to Haarlem, the spires and towers of which appear on the horizon where the *Groote Kerk* is also conspicuous. In the foreground is a bleaching-ground, where women are spreading linen in front of their long-roofed houses. All these miles are represented on a little canvas about one foot, eight inches square!

There is also a celebrated work by Gerard Dow called "The Good Housekeeper," in which a lady is sitting in her hall sewing beside a cradle and about to superintend the dinner. All around her are birds, game, fish and vegetables. It is a marvel of delicate painting, even for Dow who once spent three days painting a broom the size of his finger-nail. The directors of the East India Company gave this picture to Charles II. when he left Holland, thinking it the best present they could offer him. William, Prince of Orange, who became King of England, brought it back to Holland and hung it in *Het Loo*, near Zwolle, and still the favorite royal residence.

Another masterpiece of the first rank is Rubens's Portrait of "Helena Fourment," one of the most beautiful of the many he painted of his second wife. Her complexion is lovely; her eyes bright; her mouth like a cherry; and her light hair, roped with pearls, silky and lustrous. The costume is fine—blue satin slashed with white, a black velvet cloak with a fur

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collar; a toque with plume; and splendid jewels. Filmy ruffs ornament her wrists, and in one hand she holds two pink roses.

Travellers, as a rule, spend so much time at the Mauritshuis that they go away without seeing much of The Hague.

On the other side of the Binnenhof is a large open space called the *Buitenhof* (Outer Court) in which is a statue of William II. The Buitenhof is bounded on the northwest side by the Vyver; and between the Buitenhof and the *Plaats* frowns the ancient tower, the *Gevangenpoort*, with its gateway that leads from one to the other.

The Gevangenpoort, in which a collection of instruments of torture is exhibited, was also the scene of a dark tragedy. Here the de Witt brothers were murdered by the populace.

From the Gevangenpoort, the *Kneuterdyk* leads into the Lange Voorhout, the most aristocratic quarter of the town, built up with fine residences and planted with beautiful trees. On the east side of the Lange Voorhout, we note the Palace of the Dowager Queen Emma; on the north side, the Royal Library; and on the *Kneuterdyk* and *Park-Straat*, the house of Olden-Barneveldt, now occupied by the Ministry of Finance.

A good idea of the royal and fashionable district is to be had by passing along the Vyverberg, the *Tournooiveld* (tilt-yard), and the Lange Voorhout into the wide *Noordeinde Straat*, past the Royal Palace, and around *Willems-Park* to *Java-Straat*;

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thence down the canal called *Kominginne Gracht*, to the *Korte Voorhout*; into the *Tournooiveld* again; and thence along the *Vyverberg* to the *Plaats* and returning to *Buitenhof*.

The Royal Palace on the *Noordeinde*, purchased by the States of the Netherlands in 1595 was rebuilt by Prince William III. and enlarged by King William I. The exterior is simple enough; but it is sumptuous within. A bronze equestrian statue of William I. of Orange, stands in front of the Palace. On the northeast, *Paleis-Straat* leads through what was once the Palace Garden. Beyond this is the *Mauritskade*, on the canal called *Singelsgracht*, beyond which is *Willems-Park*, in the centre of which is an open place called the *Plein, 1813*, with a National Monument commemorating the restoration of the Dutch independence in 1813. On the north of *Willems-Park* lies *Java-Straat*, which leads into the *Old Scheveningen Road*.

It is easy enough to recognize the *Plein*, a large square in which stands a statue of William I. Here the tramways and electric cars meet; and here we find hotels, business offices and shops. The *Plein* is the centre of life; and is generally thronged with people. From it lead the *Koorte Pooten*, the *Lange Pooten*, and *Spui-Straat*, the three making one continuous street. *Spui-Straat* is always gay with promenaders in the afternoon. From the middle of *Spui-Straat*, an arcade built in the Dutch Renaissance style and containing many attractive shops, runs north and into the *Buitenhof*. Again the *Buit-*

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enhof! Again the Binnenhof! You see we cannot escape these in our walks.

Spui-Straat and its continuation *Vlaming-Straat* will take us to the *Groenmarkt* and the *Vischmarkt*, the vegetable and fish markets, where we shall see much to interest us. Here are gathered the peasant women, with their quaint caps and short dresses, walking or standing by the side of their little carts piled mountain-high with vegetables and drawn by one, two, or three dogs; and here are the fish-women from Scheveningen with their bare arms that have turned purple from exposure to the weather,—a matter of pride with these hardy females.

In addition to the market women, the individual types seen in the streets are the orphans in their red and black costumes, the girls wearing also a white linen cap and long chamois skin gloves to the elbow; a group of men dressed in black with white cravats, crape on their hats and cigars in their mouths, carrying cards, letters and lists, on their way to invite guests to a funeral; policemen in dark tunics and helmets like Prussian soldiers; and a Roman Catholic priest, who, instead of a cassock, is dressed in a long redingote, short waistcoat, black stockings, and shoes with silver buckles. You will also see very frequently a woman who wears a kind of skull cap of gold or silver, beautifully polished, which fits the head very closely just above the ears, leaving the forehead bare. In the top there is a round hole for ventilation. This is called a *hoofdizer* (head-iron); and over it is often worn a lace hood, though sometimes a modern bon-

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net is perched upon it, which has a very comical effect. Sometimes at the sides of this metal cap and on a level with the eyes are spiral ornaments of gold. These *hoofdizers* are often handed down from one generation to another as heirlooms.

Housekeepers in Holland do not go as a rule to market: all the vendors come to the door with their carts. The bell is ringing from seven in the morning until ten o'clock at night. First comes the milk, carried around by means of a little wagon, generally drawn by a dog, with its brass or copper cans and measures shining brightly. By its side walks a man or a woman. Next comes the baker, then the grocer, and then the vegetable seller. At each ring the servant appears with a special basket—a long one for the bread; a round one for the vegetables, and a wooden dish painted green for the potatoes. Then comes the postman; then the ashman, and so on. Twice a week come the licensed organ-grinders; and collectors for various philanthropical societies; and then vendors of oranges, fish, mats, baskets,—so the bell is ringing all day long!

Early in the morning, the servants, armed with pails and kettles, go out to buy water and fire from the vendor at the corner who sells a cent's worth of boiling water to make the tea, and a piece of lighted peat for the same price. Here we may also mention the strange employment of a waker, who, for a few cents will knock, or ring, at the house to awaken heavy sleepers who have to get to business or to work. Men rarely return home for their mid-day meal; but

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from four to six the streets are thronged with crowds hurrying to their houses. The *cafés* also begin to fill at this time, and everything assumes an air of gaiety and brightness.

The passion of the Dutch for cleaning has passed into a proverb. Every morning the house is literally taken to pieces and everything swept, cleaned and brushed; carpets and rugs are beaten in the streets and every article is dusted, banged, washed and shaken. This is not enough, however, for every spring there is a general epidemic of house-cleaning on a bigger scale.

The houses are, generally speaking, occupied by two families, and are divided into two apartments. The lower one, called the *benedenhuis*, consists of the lower floors; and the second, called the *bovenhuis*, of the first and second floors and the attic. Each of these apartments has its own entrance; and often the house is surrounded by a garden to which every year new turf and gravel are brought to replace what the waters have carried away. Many apartments have the parlor in the front and a dining-room in the back and between them a windowless room which is used as a sitting-room, particularly in the cold winter evenings.

You have probably noticed in the picture galleries how fond the Dutch masters are of painting the magic beauty of snow and ice and the delights of skating, sledding and sleighing; and the scenes that Aart van der Neer, Isaac van Ostade and others have perpetuated on canvas are enacted every winter in

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Holland. On all the canals, ponds and dykes reappear the same sledges drawn by horses; the same sledges pushed by skaters; the same skaters for pleasure and skaters to market, or to work; the same booths on the ice for refreshment; and the same handsome sleighs drawn by horses decorated with plumes and merry bells.

As early as 1514, a traveller marvelled at these men, women and children flying about on their skates as if they had wings. "Things have not changed to-day," a Dutch writer tells us. "There is joy on every face when the first snow falls, but how much more delight when the canals are frozen! And when the cold continues every one is filled with enthusiasm, indeed with delirium. Everybody appears with skates hanging from his neck, or arm. The tramways that go to the Ice Clubs are crowded. The schools give holiday. Concerts and other evening entertainments are arranged on the ice. On all the canals in the towns and in the country, you see old and young alike on skates. Physicians even carry their skates with them in their carriages to have a little turn between two visits. Skating-parties, too, go long distances. People even go from The Hague and Rotterdam as far as Gouda, to buy the celebrated pipe to be offered to the bride on her marriage day; and it is a crowning triumph to bring it back without breaking the long stem. This pipe is the symbol of the dignity of marriage, showing that the husband is lord of his house."

The skaters of The Hague are famous for their

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grace; and in no city are there more brilliant winter scenes. A modern writer says:

“The large pond in the centre of The Hague near the Binnenhof is carried by storm by a multitude of people elbowing and pushing each other, mingling in one confused seething mass, like a crowd seized by a fit of dizziness. The cream of the aristocracy skate upon a pond in the Bosch, and there, officers, ladies, members of parliament, students, old men and boys may be distinguished, flitting here and there in the falling snow, a crowd of spectators flocking around them, the loud music of the military bands lending additional animation to the merry scene, and the great disc of the Netherlands sun shining through the giant beeches and sending them its last dazzling farewell ere it sinks below the horizon.”

Near the markets are the Town Hall, and the Church of St. James, better known as the Groote Kerk.

The Town Hall is one of the most interesting edifices of its kind in Holland. It was finished in 1565, enlarged by a north wing in 1734; and again restored and extended in 1882–83. It is in a splendid state of preservation, and a good specimen of Dutch architecture. The statues on the main façade are “Justice” and “Prudence.”

The Groote Kerk is a Gothic building of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries with a six-sided tower surmounted by a modern open work iron spire. The interior is vaulted. In the choir there is a carved wooden pulpit of 1550, and carved frames of

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the coats-of-arms of some Knights of the Golden Fleece. The Golden Fleece, one of the most celebrated Orders of Knighthood, was founded in 1429 by Philip III., Duke of Burgundy and the Netherlands, at Bruges, on the occasion of his marriage to Isabella, daughter of the King of Portugal. Wool-weaving was the chief source of income in the Low Countries in those days; and it was probably for this reason rather than because of the Grecian myth that the fleece was chosen for an emblem.

There are some fine old monuments here, one of alabaster, dating from 1486; and there are some stained-glass windows dating from 1547. In this church Queen Wilhelmina was married to Duke Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, on Feb. 7, 1901.

From the Spui-Straat, the *Gedempte Spui* leads south to the *Nieuwe Kerk*, built in the Seventeenth Century and containing the tombs of Cornelis and John de Witt. The Dutch philosopher, Spinoza, also lies here. The house where the latter lived from 1671 till his death in 1677, is in *Paveljoensgracht*, No. 32. Whether you care about Spinoza, or not, it is a good type of a Dutch house of the seventeenth century.

When Prince Frederick Henry of Orange, Prince Maurice's brother, died in 1647, his widow, Princess Amalia of Solms, erected as a memorial to him the royal villa with the pretty name of House in the Wood. This is situated about a mile and a half from The Hague, at the end of the park called the Bosch.

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The Princess employed the best architects of the day, Pieter Post and Van Campen, to build the house and the most celebrated painters to adorn it. In the Orange Room, an octagonal room in the centre and lighted by the cupola, are paintings by Dutch and Flemish artists depicting scenes from the life of Prince Frederick Henry. There is also a portrait of the Princess Amalia and a picture of the same Princess with her four daughters by Hornthorst. The other pictures deal with mythological subjects; and there is also a series depicting Count John Maurice of Nassau's Conquest of Brazil. It was in the Orange Room that the members of the Peace Conference met in 1899.

Prince William IV. added the wings in 1748. The Chinese Room and the Japanese Room are full of Oriental furniture, hangings and embroideries, and cabinets of curios; and the Dining Room, which is painted in *grisaille* in imitation of bas-reliefs, contains a superb collection of Oriental and Dutch porcelain and earthenware.

Shady winding alleys and a lovely lake are the features of the Bosch, where the crowds gather on pleasant days to listen to the military band that plays here twice a week; and in the winter to skate on the lake.

A tramway starting from the Plein and running along the Vyverberg, Kneuterdyk, Park-Straat, Plein, 1813, Java-Straat and the Old Scheveningen Road will take us to Scheveningen in half an hour.

Scheveningen and The Hague are so close together

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that it is hard to tell where the one ends and the other begins.

The Old Road, which was laid out in 1666, is beautifully shaded with trees, and on the right between the road and the Canal lies the *Scheveningsche Bosch*,—a fine old park. The road is lined on both sides with houses and villas, each standing in a pretty garden bright with flowers and green with shrubs. Each house is individual in appearance, but unmistakably Dutch; and all have the air of cosy comfort, with their curtained windows, awnings and scalloped half shades.

Unless it is a Sunday or holiday, in which case the road is thronged, we see but few persons coming towards or from The Hague. Occasionally some Scheveningen peasants with their large headdresses, short skirts and bare purple arms, or a woman wearing one of those strange metal helmets, trudge along the way. Sometimes, too, a bicyclist spins by. As we pass the houses we catch glimpses of the inmates at their doors or windows, drinking tea, knitting and smoking; for the Dutch love to see what is passing and have no dislike of being seen.

A Roman Catholic church marks the beginning of Scheveningen,—three-quarters of a mile from the beach.

There are, in fact, two Scheveningens: one, the most fashionable watering-place on the Dutch coast; and the other, a little fishing-village.

Fashionable Scheveningen is the one we have come to see. Our tram brings us to the *Curhaus*, a build-

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ing, three hundred feet long, with large verandahs. Fashionable Scheveningen, consisting of hotels, restaurants, *cafés*, and villas to accommodate the 30,000 visitors who come here every summer, is built on the top of the Dunes. A terrace paved with brick runs for a distance of a mile; and below this fine promenade is a road called the *Boulevard*, on which are also situated *cafés*, restaurants and attractive shops. About the middle of this promenade a long pier extends far out into the sea and is terminated by a pavilion, containing a restaurant and variety theatre. Far to the south on the beach stands a lighthouse, from which a fine view is obtained. Numerous hotels and villas lie to the north and south of the Terrace.

The visitors are chiefly Dutch and German; but there are also a good many English, American, Russian and Danish tourists. A list of the newcomers is given in the daily paper, the *Courier de Schéveningue*, published in the French language, which everybody is supposed to speak.

Scheveningen is very gay during the months of July and August: the buildings are brilliantly illuminated; and there are fireworks, balls, theatrical entertainments to suit all tastes, and innumerable concerts.

The large glass domed *Cursaal* can accommodate 2,900 persons. Here various entertainments are given and in the concert-halls the best music can be heard. Symphony concerts take place once a week; for some orchestra of reputation is always at Scheveningen.

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Tea-rooms and *cafés* are frequented in the afternoons and the crowds of people who promenade the Boulevard and Terrace or lounge upon the beach are very interesting for foreigners like ourselves to watch. We feel very much in Europe when we stroll about in Scheveningen.

And what a strange beach! The sands are very wide and stretch north and south without a break or a turn, straight as an arrow. Far away from us the blue waves roll in, curl and break into snowy foam. A number of fishing-boats, with their stout masts and peculiar square sails, are ranged side by side on the sand, reminding us that Scheveningen is a fishing-village as well as a seaside resort.

Look at those rows and rows of tents—*pavillons* they call them here, and those hundreds and hundreds of wicker chairs with high rounded backs, that dot the entire beach like mushrooms—*windstoel* is their name. Both *pavillons* and *windstoels* can be hired on the beach; and they are usually occupied all day long. Look, too, at the long row of bathing-machines: they are novel to American eyes,—a little wagon, something like a showman's, with a door and steps at the back and a sloping roof to which every now and then a horse is hitched and the wagon drawn into the water, where the bathers alight. Bathing begins at seven o'clock every morning and continues until sunset. There is a gentlemen's bathing-place, a ladies' bathing-place and a place where they bathe together. Tickets are bought on the beach and each number is called out when there is a vacancy in the

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bathing-machine that carries the party down the sands to the edge of the breakers.

On either side of Scheveningen stretch the Dunes, known as the East Dunes and the West Dunes, which to some persons are a source of never-failing delight, while others find them unspeakably dreary.

The Dunes are hills of sand that have been formed by the fine grains of sand that are continually being blown in by the wind and form hills and hollows. On the sea side of the Dunes, special grass called *helm* is planted by the State to help bind the soil and prevent the shifting of the sands; and when the sand begins to be a compact mass among the *helm*, tiny moss and plants soon cover the Dunes with a peculiar vegetation. Beautiful as this carpet is when seen from a distance, it is more beautiful when examined closely. One who knows these flowers well tells us that "The first to appear are tiny spots and spores of moss, among and around which is fine grass, hardly higher than the pile of plush velvet. Among this are wild pansies and blue violets, so tiny that an elf of the court of Queen Mab might wear them in his buttonhole. A little scarlet-leaved creeper, with white blossoms and forget-me-not flowers of the brightest blue, but no larger than a pin's head, also grow thickly in the grass. Bushes dwindle to creeping-plants. A dwarf-willow runs over the sand, and blossoms with masses of green flowers, on which the bees work busily *walking* from flower to flower on the sand. The birch becomes subterranean, descending onto and below the surface like a strawberry

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runner and throwing out leaves from the ground.” The Dunes have inspired many masterpieces of Dutch painting.

Farther on, the sandhills grow larger, and the vegetation increases in size until copses of fir and pine appear. Rabbits, hares, partridges and other game-birds live here in great numbers; and in the autumn there is fine shooting in these regions, especially in those that belong to Queen Wilhelmina.

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THE VENICE OF THE NORTH

THE train that takes the traveller from The Hague to Amsterdam passes through a very characteristic and picturesque country. It runs almost parallel with, and not far from, the coast, passing through Leyden and Haarlem and numerous little villages, and presents a constant succession of new and charming pictures to the fascinated eye.

All this country is marvellously fertile. It is a sort of northern garden of Eden where fruit, flowers and vegetables grow in amazing abundance. Before our eyes pass fields of wheat, flax and other grains, alternating with kitchen-gardens, where squares devoted to red and green cabbages alternate with squares upon squares planted with peas and beans. Orchards of fruit-trees then come into view; then acres upon acres of strawberries, tulips, hyacinths and roses; then miles of greenhouses, whose bright panes scintillating in the sunlight conceal splendid orchids and other exotic flowers from Bavaria and Guiana. The vast, spongy meadows, charming in their monotony of tender green, where ditches take the place of hedge-rows and shine like bands of silver in the light, are thickly sprinkled with pretty

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white farm-houses, whose red roofs peep cheerfully beneath clumps of willows. Here, too, innumerable black and white cows bite the crisp blades of grass, or rest upon the thick turf, and here, too, windmills constantly come into the picture.

Everything here shows the work of man's hand; for we are and have been for a long time running along the great *Haarlemmer Polder*, which was formed by drawing all the water off the *Haarlemmer Meer*, a sort of inland sea about seventy-two square miles which occupied nearly all the space between Amsterdam, Haarlem and Leyden. It is now, as we have seen, a richly cultivated plain, dotted with villages and farms and containing a population of about 16,000.

In all countries man is kept busy tilling the soil; but in Holland the very soil has to be created first. Holland is a network of rivers and lakes; and, as it lies very low without protecting rocks, the furious sea beats and lashes and gnaws into the sandy shores as if determined to join the great rivers and swallow up the entire country. If it were not for the wonderful skill the Dutch engineers possess, there would soon be no Holland whatever. As it is, there is a constant battle between the people and the sea. Dykes were constructed in Holland even before the days of the Romans, so that the great knowledge the Dutch have of hydraulics is a development of centuries. Sometimes, however, the sea has triumphed, as for example in 1421, when, during a frightful storm the dykes were burst at Biesbosch in South

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Holland and seventy-two villages, with a hundred thousand persons, were engulfed. At this time, the *Hollandisch Diep*, an arm of the sea, was formed. Again in 1826, forty villages in North Holland were swept away and hundreds of persons perished, besides cattle and sheep.

It was in the eighth century that the Dutch began seriously to dyke their country; but the troubles of the Middle Ages gave them too much fighting to do on land for them to battle with the ocean. In the fifteenth century all the dykes that had been made were destroyed. During the sixteenth and seventeenth century, the time of Holland's great prosperity, her people began to reconquer their land from the sea. Everywhere dykes were made parallel with the rivers; *polders* were redeemed from the water; and, on every side, windmills, that now form such a characteristic feature of the landscape, arose to drain the land. In 1480, the first *polder* was definitely conquered from the ocean in the island of Texel; in 1855 a lake near Alkmaar was pumped dry; but the greatest triumph of all was the draining of the *Haarlem Meer*, in 1842–1853.

The embankments vary in different places: sometimes they are merely earthworks; sometimes they are strengthened with bricks or piles or both; and sometimes they are great works of stone or granite; while the sluice-gates, formerly of wood, are now colossal structures of stone which open and shut according to the current of the sea and defy the angriest waves.

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“All the defensive works against the sea and rivers would not save Holland, if some way had not been discovered to get rid of the overflowing rivers and lakes and pools and peat-beds that had become lakes. Then it was that the Dutch began to drain the ‘polders,’ the name they gave to the old marshes. An hydraulic wind-mill was put up in Alkmaar in 1408, and was quickly imitated; and by the end of the fifteenth century the use of wind-mills to drain the Dutch polders had become universal. At this period they began to construct dykes through the lowlands, trenches to guide the water and sluice-gates to regulate its level.

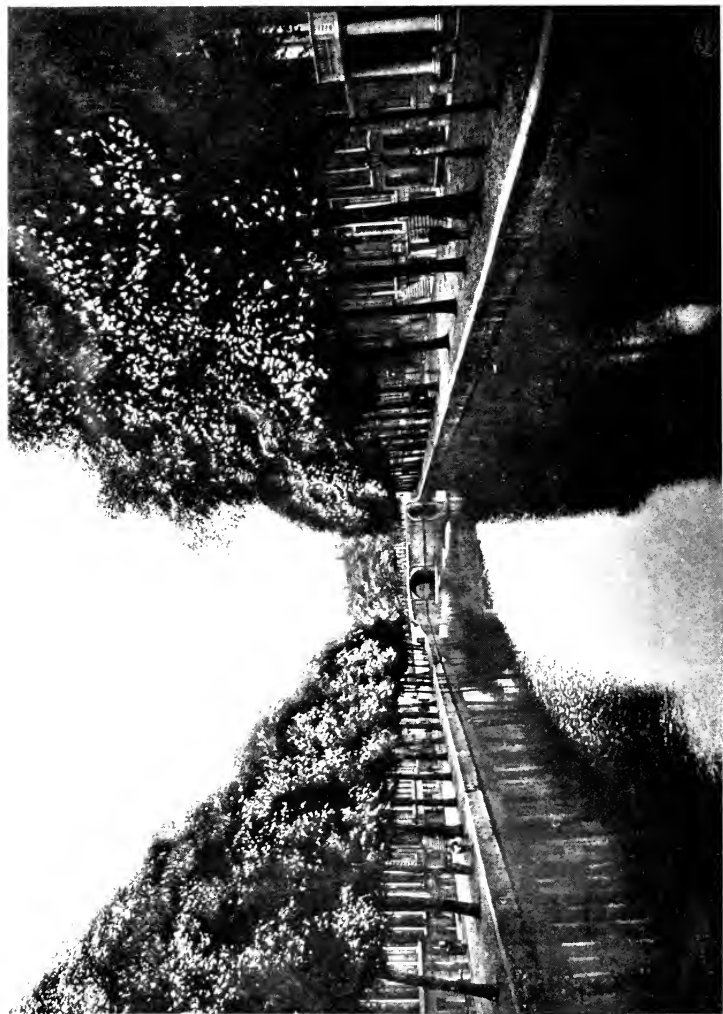
“Through this discovery, the internal state of the country was changed and agriculture could spring up. At the present day mills of all shapes and dimensions stand in the middle of rich plains, whose superfluous waters they draw off: their busy wings in the distance blended together in a tranquil sky, and give the landscape a singular character. Some of these mills are true edifices, which seek the wind at a considerable height; others, smaller and built of wood or brick, are very prettily finished off. This rustic coquetry—these huge sails which flutter in the air like the wings of gigantic and fabulous birds; this *tick-tick* blended with the sound of the waters, spread over the calm nature of Holland an indefinable charm and movement. Elsewhere, mills, those monuments of a pastoral life, are only employed in one way; but here, on the contrary, they are hydraulic machines, saw and flour-grinding mills. You

see some polders served by a single small mill, while several large mills are employed in draining others. Formerly, efforts were limited to draining ground of no great depth; but since science has progressed, the wind is called upon to exhaust even deep marshes. When you now see this land, fabricated and kept up by the hand of man, covered in summer with rich pasturage, fruit and vegetables, and frequently abundant crops, you cannot sufficiently admire the condition of the art which has converted land buried beneath the waters into a garden." *

Amsterdam, which lies on an arm of the Zuyder Zee called the Y (pronounced eye), is built in the form of a semicircle; or, perhaps, we had better say it has grown in a series of semicircular canals called *grachts* facing the Y. The chief of these are *Heerengracht*, *Keizersgracht* and *Prinsengracht*. From the last-named and wide canal, short streets and narrow canals run at right angles towards the *Singelgracht*, the outer girdle of the town which was in former days the moat around the ramparts and which now forms a natural boundary between old Amsterdam and the new quarter of the town.

The Dutch engineers have altered the Harbor to suit the needs of the present day since the North Sea Canal that gave Amsterdam direct communication with the ocean was made. They have made large docks and quays, and built artificial islands in the Y. All this water front presents an attractive appearance; here are docked the American liners and

* Alphonse Esquiros.



THE HEERENGRACHT, AMSTERDAM

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East India ships; here the steamers arrive and depart for various Dutch ports and to Bristol, Hull, Liverpool, London, Batavia, New York and the West Indies; and here several times a day the small excursion boats arrive and depart for Alkmaar, Zaan-dam and other places on the Zaan, to Ymuiden on the North Sea; and to Maarken and other points in the Zuider Zee. Last, but by no means least in interest, many canal boats load and unload at this spot.

Amsterdam is entirely indebted to man for her existence. There is not an inch of her ground that is not made. The ninety islands on which the city is built are bound together and artificially consolidated by bundles of stout, long piles, and every building rests on a solid foundation of piles. For the Royal Palace on the Dam, no less than 13,659 piles were required.

The fact that Amsterdam is built on islands and canals has given the city the sobriquet of the "Venice of the North." Altogether, there are more than fifty canals, which are bordered with trees and crossed by bridges. On the east and west of the city, marshy lands have been converted into parks and polders; while the new quarter, containing the *Ryks* and *Stedelyk Museums* and many fine residential streets, has been for many years pushing itself southwards far beyond the Singelgracht.

Railways run along the dykes on the east and north to serve the docks and basins that line the Y; and an enormous dyke of granite with powerful sluices

and immense gates, bars the entrance of the Y at *Schellingwoude*, in order to protect the great North Sea Canal from the *Zuider Zee*. The middle of this dyke is broken with openings for the passage of vessels entering or departing from Amsterdam; and here are sluices for regulating the amount of water in the canal. The North Sea Canal, which has restored so much of Amsterdam's old prosperity, begins at *Schellingwoude* and cuts through the country in a straight line to the North Sea,—a distance of about fifteen miles. At this end, the Canal is protected by two enormous breakwaters, three-quarters of a mile long, and two enormous locks, near one of which is the comparatively new town of *Ymuiden*, to which steamboats run several times a day from Amsterdam through the canal. This canal was formed by draining the shallow basin of the Y into this long ditch; but enough water is left at Amsterdam to form three large basins, or ports, that are able to accommodate a thousand large ships. The canal cost forty million florins.

On a small promontory directly opposite the Central Railway Station where the old *Tolhuis*, or custom-house, is situated, are the gigantic gates, called the *Willems-Sluis*, that bar the entrance to the North Holland Canal, which, constructed in 1819–1825, extends all the way from Amsterdam to *Helder*, a distance of fifty miles.

Another large canal—the *Merwede Canal*—connects Amsterdam with *Utrecht*.

You will therefore see that by opening the sluice-

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gates the surrounding country could be completely flooded at need; and that just as Antwerp guards all Belgium, Amsterdam still remains the central fortress,—the redoubt of Holland.

The early history of Amsterdam is enveloped in darkness. All we know about its origin is that in 1200, during the reign of Thierry VII., Count of Holland, a dyke or dam was made at the union of the river Amstel and an arm of the Zuider Zee. Tradition says that some fishermen and a dog were thrown on the shore here and finding such abundant rewards for their nets, built a little settlement and placed in its midst a chapel consecrated to St. Olaf, patron saint of Norway. Be this as it may, at any rate the Frisians, who had flourishing maritime towns in the eighth and ninth centuries, for some reason emigrated in crowds to the southern coasts of Holland where the sea was more open and the country more protected.

At the beginning of the twelfth century, Amsterdam was nothing more than a fishing-village, in the middle of which the first known lord, Gysbrecht or Gilbert, had a fortified castle, which he called *Amstel Vesten*. His successor, Gysbrecht, added some towers and bridges, and made a town of the settlement. The oldest document in which the name Amsterdam appears is a charter of 1275 given by Count Floris V. granting trading rights. In 1296, owing to the unfortunate murder of the Count of Holland, the little town was confiscated by William III. and joined to his own territory in order to punish Gys-

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brecht Van Amstel for his complicity in the murder of Count Floris. William IV. gave it a municipal constitution in 1340, and permitted the inhabitants to enlarge their town. In 1380, they began to surround it with a wooden palisade, which in the course of two years was replaced by a brick wall. The boundaries were enlarged in 1400, 1462, 1593, 1612, and 1658, in which last named year it was twenty times larger than it was in 1300.

More than half destroyed by a fire in the middle of the fifteenth century, she recovered from this disaster, surrounded herself with ramparts and towers and constantly increased in importance. She had joined the Hanseatic League (see page 164) as early as 1369 and had become the most influential city in the Netherlands, possessing a great portion of the trade of the Baltic. Her seal consisted of a ship, which held two men and a dog, in allusion to the story of her foundation and symbolic of valor and vigilance.

In 1512, the inhabitants of Guelderland surprised Amsterdam. They numbered about two thousand, and after burning the suburbs and the twenty-two ships in the harbor, withdrew laden with booty.

In 1525, the Anabaptists, led by the famous John of Leyden, tried to capture Amsterdam. Six hundred of them entered the town at night and attacked the Town-hall. The citizens tried to barricade the streets around the Dam with sacks of flour and bags of hops, but when dawn showed them that their enemies were fewer than they had feared, they forced

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the Anabaptists into the Town-hall and massacred them.

Ten years later, these fanatics returned, after having ravaged Flanders, Holland and Friesland, and entered the city with the most frightful cries, menacing the Roman Catholics with the vengeance of Heaven if they did not abjure their faith; but the inhabitants pursued them vigorously and those that were taken perished by the sword, fire, water and rope.

Under the Spanish rule and during the period that Holland was struggling for her independence, Amsterdam was the one town of this country that from 1572 to 1578 sided with Spain and opposed the Reformation. All the attempts of the Prince of Orange to win Amsterdam were futile; and, notwithstanding the Peace of Ghent in 1576, the civil authorities repulsed Protestantism with the greatest vigor. On Jan. 15, 1576, however, an arrangement was made called the Satisfaction of Amsterdam, in which the nominal supremacy of the Roman Catholic Church was recognized and also tolerance for the reformed religion.

But notwithstanding the rapid progress of Protestantism the magistrates, who were all Roman Catholics, resisted the movement; and a municipal revolution had to take place before they yielded. On May 28, 1578, they returned to the town with a number of priests and senators; and, since that date, Amsterdam, having been completely won over to the Protestant cause, took part in the general politics of

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Holland. About this time also the population began to increase; and from 1585 to 1595 the territory doubled. However, in 1602, the plague carried off 60,000 inhabitants in a few months.

Antwerp having fallen under Spanish rule was forsaken by many of her best citizens, many of whom, including numbers of merchants, left it to establish themselves in Amsterdam which, by 1622, numbered about 100,000 inhabitants. But above all else what contributed to Amsterdam's commercial prosperity was the closing of the Scheldt, stipulated for in the Treaty of Münster in 1648, which was Antwerp's ruin, and her rival's great opportunity.

At this period Amsterdam also benefited by the influx of a great number of Portuguese Jews, who brought with them the art of diamond-cutting and polishing, which became one of the city's great sources of wealth. In fact, Amsterdam became a Paradise of Jews. At a later period, the city also benefited by the advent of the Huguenot refugees from France.

Jealous rivals on several occasions attempted to take Amsterdam, among them the Earl of Leicester, who planned a surprise which was anticipated. Amsterdam's worst troubles occurred, however, in the second half of the seventeenth century, a period of wars. William II., Prince of Orange, who regarded this city as an enemy to his house, attempted an attack, and his troops marched rapidly and secretly to Amsterdam. However, the city was prepared: the dykes were opened and the Count of Nas-

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sau, who led the expedition, was forced to retire. William II., however, took the management of affairs away from the magistrates who were at enmity with him. Many companies of soldiers, consisting of from twenty to fifty-four men, were formed.

In 1672, Amsterdam checked the victorious advance of Louis XIV.'s army by opening the dykes and flooding the country; and at the negotiations for peace Amsterdam protested against the hard terms imposed by Louis XIV. and consented to recognize William III. as Stadhouder. A few years later, Amsterdam turned to great advantage Louis XIV.'s mistake in persecuting his Protestant subjects; and issued an edict in 1681 guaranteeing to all who wished to emigrate the right of citizenship and special facilities for the making and disposing of their wares. The city also built a thousand houses for them to dwell in and after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes (1685) artisans and merchants flocked to Amsterdam in great numbers.

Amsterdam's patriotic resolution to defy Louis XIV. was detrimental to her commercial interests, and involved her in the war until 1712.

Amsterdam's prosperity declined in the eighteenth century especially during the war with England in 1780-1784. In 1787, the Prussian army that re-established William V. as Stadhouder entered Amsterdam without any difficulty and the city capitulated. In 1795, the French Republicans led by Dutch Exiles took possession of the country and

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founded the Batavian Republic with Schimmelpenninck as president with the old title of Grand Pensionary. The French army entered on Jan. 19, of that year led by Pichegru; and, owing to the fact that the dykes were frozen, there was no way of opposing his forces. A liberty pole was set up in front of *St. Antonieswaag* in the *Nieuwe Markt*, and crowds flocked to the Dam and lined the windows of the public buildings and private houses to see the French army enter the city. The Batavian Republic did not, however, last very long, for Louis Napoleon was made King of Holland in 1806. The latter immediately removed the seat of government to Amsterdam, which therefore became the capital of the new kingdom. The populace, however, refused to allow him to govern absolutely and attacked one of the servants of the French establishment, whereupon Napoleon ordered Marshal Oudinot to take possession of the city. The French entered on July 3, 1810, and on July 19, Holland being united to France, Amsterdam was made the third city of the Empire, ranking next to Rome and Paris. On July, 14, 1810, Lebrun held a sort of court there as governor. Napoleon passed through Amsterdam in October, 1811; but was coldly welcomed by his brother subjects.

“The picture of the emperor crouching at the bottom of his carriage, his great head dropped between his shoulders, with lowering brow, pallid face and watchful eyes passing rapidly through a sullen and silent crowd, is that of the foreign tyrant, who, in

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spite of all his armies and all his fame, is made to feel the hatred of a people he has tied like a captive horde to his conquering car. That moment marked the lowest point in the fall of Amsterdam. The veriest dolt on the Dam must have felt that Amsterdam was in chains.

“And now the iron entered her soul; regiments from all the armies in Europe marched through her streets, and were quartered on her people, who for some years lived in an atmosphere of constant fear and anxiety. Now it was the French who were the masters, now the Orange party, now the Allies. If the French, then there were spies during the day and sudden arrests in the dead of the night; if the national party, no one dared appear without an Orange rosette; if the Allies, then possibly a red-eyed Cossack sat in the house and called loudly for *snaps*. Every morning there was the clatter of cavalry exercising their horses up and down the streets, or the noise of the infantry going through the drill. Every evening the tambour was beaten in all the quarters of the town. And the worst was that all these soldiers were foreign, and represented the fact that the liberties of Amsterdam were no longer their own, but depended upon whosoever came forth victorious in the struggle.

“Every great change in Europe vibrated through the homes of Amsterdam. When the Empire began to fall the French inhabitants left the city in droves, the houses of those who sympathized with them were sacked and the prisons forced open. Several pitiable

objects were brought forth from the prisons under the Amstel-sluis.

“The 18th of June, 1815, was a day of great excitement in Amsterdam. The news of the various changes at Waterloo were signalled across the Netherlands from steeple to steeple. The signal in Amsterdam was constantly changing according to the fortunes of the day, and when at last the Dutch flag remained flying, the people wrung each other's hands, crying with delight ‘*Oranje boven! Oranje boven!*’

“The historical family, the only symbol Holland possesses of national unity, returned; and Amsterdam entered on its third and present phase, that of being simply the largest city in the Kingdom of Holland.” *

Lebrun retired to Utrecht; and William I., King of Holland and Prince of Orange, entered Amsterdam.

Its trade was much affected by the Continental blockade; but after peace was restored and the House of Orange enjoyed its own again, its prosperity was assured. In 1814, the Bank of the Netherlands, modelled on the Bank of England, was established.

Since the opening of the North Sea Canal Amsterdam has recovered her old commercial supremacy.

The formation of the East India Company and the West India Company made Amsterdam the greatest mercantile city in Europe in the seventeenth century, and nothing seemed to affect her prosperity.

“In 1602 the Dutch East India Company was formed. Amboyna and the Moluccas were wrested

* Richard Heath.

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from the Spaniards, and in a short time the Dutch had factories and fortifications from the Tigris in the Persian Gulf along the coasts and islands of India as far as Japan. Alliances were formed with several Indian princes on the coast of Ceylon, and they were themselves masters in various districts of Malabar and Coromandel, and of great part of the island of Java. The West India Company was established in 1621. In fifteen years the Dutch had conquered the greater part of Brazil and had fitted out eight hundred trading and war ships at the expense of ninety millions of florins, which immense outlay they had recouped by the capture of five hundred and forty-five Spanish and Portuguese ships.

“Speculative trade, it has been said, almost seems to have been born at Amsterdam. Let the scarcity of grain be what it might in any of the four quarters of the globe, men could always find plenty in Amsterdam; whatever their wants they could always supply them in Amsterdam. Its streets were like a perpetual fair.

“An Italian describes the city in 1618 as the very image of Venice in its prime. It spread out fan-shaped, its base line on the Y being a long series of quays and docks, backed by tall warehouses of which little could be seen but an occasional gable roof, so hidden were they by groves of masts (which towards the centre thickened into a forest), by large sails and a complete jungle of huge cranes and drawbridges. High above the city rose numerous quaint steeples and yet more ancient towers, and Amsterdam’s Ital-

ian prototype could never have presented a more bewitching picture than when on one of those marvellous nights, not infrequent in Holland, the moon lit up the scene with a light, whiter, purer than that of electricity, and of a living beauty the very reverse of electricity's ghastly glare. The black hulls, masts, rigging and cordage stood out vividly as in a photograph; the beacons cast their ruddy glare into the waters, and at midnight the carillon floated over the city, followed by the striking of innumerable clocks.

"Morning broke, and with the dawn began another day's whirl and fret of business. Men, women and children—of all lands, nations and tongues—were in full activity. The shipwrights' hammers, the creaking of the cranes, the seamen's oaths, the squabbles of the market-place, the gabbling in the schools, the clatter of the sleighs, the chaffering, badgering, bullying, the slave-driving going on without a moment's cessation upon all the quays, in every warehouse and from every street, proclaimed Amsterdam the mart of the world, the centre of its business.

"The head of the *Damrak*, a short roadstead formed by the mouth of the Amstel, was crossed by a bridge which recalled the Rialto. Here a crowd of men, the most varied in nationality and tradition, were all one in their worship of the presiding genius of the city. The bridge stood in front of its temple. The Exchange was the true centre of the religion of Amsterdam. Hard by were the representatives of the two subsidiary forces in the life of the city—politics and Calvinistic Christianity.

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“The *Stadthuis*, an enormous structure of which the forest of piles necessary for its foundation had cost £100,000 sterling, possessed an interior almost encased in marble—floors, walls, pillars and ceilings. Versailles cost £800,000, the Escorial £1,000,000, St. Paul’s £1,500,000; but the burgher government of Amsterdam spent £3,000,000 on the shrine of their politics, making it the fit emblem of their policy—hard, superficial and stupidly wasteful. In its vaults were the treasures of their famous bank, to all appearance an infinite hoard of wealth.

“The treasure-house of Europe, it was the reservoir into which fell the many golden streams which came pouring in from every quarter of the globe.

“This wealth gave an enormous impetus to such arts as the traditions and peculiar temperament of the Hollanders most encouraged. Profoundly religious, the soul of the Netherlands people had from very early times found expression in poetry and painting. Amsterdam was the centre of literary life before the war, its inhabitants cultivating their poetic gifts in their famous Guild of the Eglantine. After the fall of Antwerp, its Guilds of the Sweet-brier and the Fig-Tree emigrated to the northern city.” *

Being the headquarters of the large shipping companies and the great mart for the colonial exports from the Dutch colonies, it was only natural that Amsterdam should become the great money-market of the Netherlands. The famous Bank of Amsterdam opened in 1609—the same year that Henry

* Richard Heath.

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Hudson, sent out by the West India Company from Amsterdam, discovered the Island of Manhattan—was not closed until 1796. Her Exchange was famous throughout Europe.

In the first years of the Seventeenth Century the merchants of Amsterdam met every day in good weather on the large bridge, and in rain or snow in the *Oude Kerk*, where they were called together by the sound of the organ; but in 1613 they had their new Exchange. This was a handsome building with a court, arcades and galleries, half of it sheltered and half of it open to the sun and air, and similar in appearance to the famous Exchange in Antwerp, that is still standing. You can see it in the celebrated picture of the Dam by Berck-Heyde in the Ryks Museum.

Towards the close of the century, a kind of Exchange was held in the Dam, in front of what is now the Palace, from ten o'clock till noon. At twelve o'clock, the real Bourse opened and remained so for two hours.

In the "Venice of the North" the greater number of the streets are water streets running alongside of the canals that are bordered by tall trees and paved with very rough cobble stones. There are as a rule no sidewalks and the houses are placed upon the pavement that extends to the coping of the canals. Carriages, wagons, pedestrians and stray dogs all mingle in the street. The canals are crossed by bridges, which are more or less ornate; and sometimes people ferry themselves across in little boats.

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The houses are, as a rule, built of brown or black bricks, very heavily seamed with white mortar and heavily ornamented with white cornices and sills for the windows. Heavy white cornices also adorn the roofs, which generally terminate in a pointed gable, or are "crow stepped." All lean slightly forward and are supplied with a crane for hoisting goods to the top windows. The canals average three feet in depth. Some of them are narrow, but others are quite wide. The Heerengracht and Keizersgracht, which are a hundred and fifty feet wide, are bordered on either side with rows of luxuriant elms. These two canals have always been the centres of wealth and fashion and still flow with pride in front of old mansions that hint of Amsterdam's glorious days of the Seventeenth Century.

As you leave the more crowded streets and canals of the old city, pretty villas with gardens sloping to the water's edge become frequent. Those on the Singelgracht are especially homelike and attractive. Beyond the Singelgracht is the new quarter of the town, where the streets bear the names of famous painters, such as Paulus Potter, Hobbema, Jacob Van Kampen, Quellin, Gerard Dow, Albert Cuyp, and Jan Steen. Canals are less frequent and the houses more modern in appearance and consist largely of apartments.

It is hard to realize how much use people in Amsterdam make of the boat. It takes the place of the cart or wagon. The gardener brings his fruits, flowers and vegetables to market by boat; the dairyman

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his cheeses, and the farmer his milk, in great oak buckets with copper hoops and handles. On quarter days, when people move, the furniture is carried down the canals from the old to the new dwelling by boats; and last, but not least, there are boats especially employed for passenger-service. These are called *trekschuyten* and are about thirty feet long. A sort of long wooden house runs nearly the whole length of the flat keel, and is usually painted green. The roof is flat and covered with a layer of pounded shells. The windows, four or six on a side, have little panes and are generally hung with red or white curtains. Sometimes a pot of bright flowers stands on the sill. The house is divided into two compartments, or cabins, which are comfortably furnished. The rest of the space is filled with bales, boxes and barrels, and the poop is given up to the travellers and helmsman. In front of the boat is the mast which is lowered at every bridge and to which a rope is fastened. The other end of the rope is tied to a horse that walks along the canal pulling the boat. When the *trekschuyt* arrives at a town, the rider dismounts and unfastens the horse; the boatman then, by means of a long pole, pushes his boat through the crowded mass of craft to the dock he requires. Some of these boats are painted a bright blue and are ornamented with stripes or bands of red and all have a very domestic air, for the people are often seen at the windows and on the roof, smoking, drinking tea, washing dishes, or drying clothes, while the *trekschuyt* is lying at the dock. The Dutch love color and paint their

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boats as they do their windmills, in very bright colors, which have a very cheerful effect as they pass through the green meadows beneath the ever-changing sky; and their reflections throw lovely hues upon the tranquil waters. The sail-boats are also brightly painted and carry large triangular red sails that the sun and rain and winds have turned into a beautiful shade of terra-cotta. Instead of a centre board, they are supplied with a sort of movable paddle on each side like a fish's fin, and when one of these Flying Dutchmen comes skimming over the Zaan or Zuider Zee or down the North Sea Canal with her sail bellying in a stiff breeze and her sharp prow cleaving the water, she is a very curious and pretty sight.

Little barges piled high with barrels, or cheeses, or bales poled by one man are often moored in front of the warehouses where workmen in blue blouses are busy unloading or loading them; and wherever you go, you see masts and sails appearing in the most unexpected manner behind the bridges, in front of the houses and along the streets, in the very heart of the city.

Another characteristic sight in the streets of Amsterdam is the cart drawn by one, two or three dogs and laden with milk-cans or piled high with vegetables and flowers. By its side walk peasant women in their quaint costume. Soldiers are much in evidence; and you also see women wearing the curious metal helmet headdress; Lutheran preachers in their black knee trousers, long-tailed coats, shovel hats and low shoes; and young peasant women in short

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striped skirts, low-necked black bodices, white head-dresses, and coral necklaces. The latter are strikingly healthful and ruddy of complexion and their bare red arms are amazing. It is noticeable how the streets fill as the afternoon fades into twilight. Then the shops become illuminated and the *cafés* fill. People sit rows deep in the broad windows of the large *cafés*, particularly on *Kalver Straat*—Amsterdam's Fifth Avenue and Regent Street—to watch the endless procession that moves both up and down the sidewalks and the centre of the street, from which vehicles are prohibited at night. Innumerable little *cafés* spring up on the street behind green arbors, containing perhaps only half a dozen little tables, where family parties of men, women and children sit drinking sweet syrups, smoking and enjoying the passing show.

The two principal thoroughfares are *Damrak Straat* and *Kalver Straat*, both of which lead into the Dam, the large square, which is the centre of business life. On our way up *Damrak Straat* from the Central Railway Station, we pass the New Exchange (*Neue Beurs*). This also faces *Warmoes Straat*, where rises the Oude Kerk whose jangling chimes we constantly hear and whose splendid old Gothic tower dominates every distant view of Amsterdam. It was erected about 1300 and has a wooden vaulted roof supported by forty-two slender pillars. There are some beautiful stained-glass windows, particularly those depicting the life of the Virgin, dating from 1555, the work of Pieter Aertsen,

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a Dutch artist who was familiarly called "Long Peter." The Oude Kerk contains monuments to some of Holland's naval heroes, including one to Admiral Van Heemskerk who fell at the Battle of Gibraltar in 1607 and to other Dutch celebrities. Behind the choir, Philip II. signed the Treaty of Münster, by which he recognized the independence of the United Provinces and renounced all rights in them.

As we walk along Warmoes Straat, which will lead us to the Dam, we notice shops that sell food of all kinds as well as clothing, and many hotels, restaurants and *cafés*. Among the latter is the celebrated *Café Krasnapolsky*, one of the largest in Europe. Streams of people are always passing in and out. Flowers, mirrors and electric lights render the rooms pleasant and attractive. Billiard-rooms and a fine conservatory contribute their pleasures.

We now reach the Dam, where the principal streets converge and where all the tram cars circle around the tall monument surmounted by a figure of Concordia, erected in 1856, to commemorate the events of 1830-31. The buildings group well here. The most important are the *Nieuwe Kerk* and the Royal Palace.

The Nieuwe Kerk, which is only called new because it is a hundred years younger than the Oude Kerk, is one of the most important churches in Holland, and was built in 1408. It is a Gothic edifice with side chapels, and its western tower, begun in 1565, is still unfinished.

The Nieuwe Kerk suffered from fire in 1421, 1578

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and 1645, but it has been well restored. It is more interesting within than without, for the nave is covered with a vaulted wooden ceiling; some fine old windows represent the siege of Leyden in 1573-74; and there is a beautifully carved pulpit of 1649 by Vinckenbrinck. The Nieuwe Kerk contains many monuments to Holland's great admirals and generals, including one to Admiral de Ruyter, who was buried there in 1676.

Amsterdam, like every other city in the Low Countries, had to have a fine Town-hall in the days of her great prosperity. Jacob van Campen, who built the Mauritshuis and the House in the Wood (see page 107), was the architect and the building was begun in 1648. It was completed in 1655 and cost the extraordinary sum of eight million florins (\$3,200,000). The massive building is 264 feet long, 207 feet wide and 108 feet high and stands on a foundation of 13,659 piles. Reliefs by Artus Quellin adorn the gables, the subjects of which are allegorical allusions to the glories of Amsterdam. The cupola, surmounting the roof, is crowned by a lantern, which is topped by a weather-vane in the shape of a merchantman, suggested by the crest in the city's coat of arms. The cupola contains a chime of bells and offers to those who care to make the rather difficult climb a very extensive and charming view.

The walls of the entrance are lined with white marble and all the apartments are ornamented with sculpture in marble by Artus Quellin and his pupils,

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finely carved mantel-pieces and fine ceiling paintings. The large Reception Room is one of the finest in the world. It is 117 feet long, 57 feet broad and 100 feet high. The walls are lined from floor to ceiling with white Italian marble, and the marble floor is wonderfully inlaid with copper stars representing a planisphere. This is so precious a work of its kind that it is always kept covered by a fine Deventer carpet. This is a splendid specimen of the weaver's art, and few realize what lies beneath it. When Louis Napoleon became King of Holland and made Amsterdam his capital, the City presented the Town-hall to him for a residence, since when it has remained the Royal Palace (*Het Paleis*). Some of the rooms were slightly altered at the time and newly decorated in the Empire style. These furnishings still remain. The Yellow Tea Room, the Small Dining Room, the Large Dining Room (originally the South Gallery), the Queen's Room, and the Throne Room are all shown to the public and contain splendid chimney-pieces and pictures by such famous artists as Govaert Flinck, Ferdinand Bol and Jan Lievens.

When the Town-hall became the Palace, the old Court of Admiralty in the *Oudezyds-Voorburgwal* was made the Stadhuis.

The old Exchange stood on the Dam, and its successor on the old site, built in 1845, was the money-market until the New Exchange was completed in recent years.

Before the great east and west docks (*Ooster Dok*

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and *Wester Dok*) were built, ships were docked on the quay called *Prins-Hendrik-Kade* (formerly the *Buitenkant*), which so often figures in the pictures of old Amsterdam. A little quiet stroll along this street will repay the traveller, because there are some peculiar old warehouses and dwelling-houses still standing. Among the latter (No. 131), is the home of the great Admiral de Ruyter, whose portrait appears on the gable.

Beyond this quay, facing the *Open Haven*, stands a quaint low tower that was built in 1482. It received the name *Schreyerstoren* (Criers' or Weepers' Tower) because the friends and relatives of sea-goers used to wave their tearful farewells from it.

The neighboring church with a dome and two towers is the Roman Catholic St. Nicholas, which, though modern, adds much to the picturesque view of Amsterdam when the city is approached from the Y.

On a very wide canal, leading from the *Prins-Hendrik-Kade*, and called the *Oude Schans*, there stands another typical Dutch tower, called the *Montalbaans*. Nothing is known about it except that it is very old.

The *Geldersche-Kade* runs in a straight line from the *Schreyerstoren* to the *Nieuwe Markt*, Amsterdam's great fish market, where we find a very interesting relic of the Middle Ages,—the old town gate of St. Anthony (St. Anthonieswaag), built in 1488–1585, and which with its conical turrets reminds us of the days of chivalry and legend. This was long

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ago converted into a weigh-house and also used by various guilds of the town. The archives of the city are kept here.

From the Nieuwe Markt, the *Kloveniers-Burgwal* flows into the *Binnen-Amstel* and a little street, called *Doelen-Straat*, runs to the bridge that leads to *Sophia-Plein*, on which stands the old Mint Tower. On the way, we pass the *Trippenhuis*, an interesting old house built in 1662. In it the gallery of pictures was preserved before the Ryks Museum was built.

Between the Oude Schans and the Nieuwe Heerengracht lies the thickly populated Jewish Quarter, where the children of Israel have dwelt for hundreds of years. It is more picturesque than sanitary. The streets and canals are narrow and winding; and the houses are tall and rise directly out of the water, with small windows from which hang strings of garments of all sizes, hues and shapes and rags of all varieties. Occasionally a window sill is brightened with a pot of blooming flowers and a bird in a wicker basket or wire cage hangs mournfully above the sluggish water. Children and dogs play on the door sills just above the water, and men and women enliven the streets as they walk up and down carrying old clothes, fish, and other foods.

Among several synagogues there are two that are specially famous—the big one in the *Muiderstraat*, built in 1670, said to be in imitation of Solomon's Temple, and the Aaron's and Moses's Church. Those who are curious to see where Rembrandt resided from 1640 to 1656 will find his house marked with

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a tablet near the bridge on *Jodenbrêe Straat*. The Jewish Cemetery is also in this quarter and is described as "a dreary Golgotha of a place with the sea wind sougning in the branches of the trees and the grass overgrown and rank. The grey mouldering tombstones lean this way and that, for the ceaseless wash of the waves beneath is always lessening their hold on the earth."

Diamond-mills can be visited in *Zwanenburger-Straat*, for this city is still an important market for gems.

Amsterdam was nearly as famous for the books that were published there as for her diamond-polishing. The celebrated family of printers, the Elzevirs, famous for the beautiful editions they brought out, established a house in Amsterdam in 1638. In this city were also published many books that were prohibited in France.

Amsterdam, too, was a great Mecca for the painters of the Low Countries. It was Rembrandt's home for many years. Here he painted all of his greatest works; and here also lived Thomas De Keyser, Ferdinand Bol, Paul Potter and Bartholomew van der Helst among others of note. The wealthy merchants and burgomasters were liberal patrons of art.

The gallery of Baron J. P. Six in the Heeren-gracht, to which visitors are admitted, is one of the finest private galleries in Europe. It includes pictures and family portraits by Rembrandt, Jan Lievens, Govaert Flinck, Gerard Dow, Nicholas Maes, Paul Potter, Jan Van Huysum, Hobbema,

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Ruisdael, Rachel Ruysch, Hondecoeter and other masters that were owned by Jan Six, who was burgomaster of Amsterdam from 1691 till 1702. The portrait of the latter, painted by Rembrandt in 1656, is one of his most admired productions, and represents the subject dressed in a red cloak with gold embroidery and a large black hat. His expression is rather meditative, while he is pulling on his left glove in the most natural manner.

Everybody in the seventeenth century in Amsterdam had his or her portrait painted; and portraiture in groups was a branch of art that was specially practiced. Companies of soldiers, members of civic guards, guilds of merchants, and regents and directors of various medical and charitable societies were in the habit of clubbing together and having themselves painted by some artist of note to hang upon the walls of their shooting-galleries, guard-houses (*doelen*), hospitals, lecture-rooms or guild-halls. These works are known as "Regent," "Doelen," and "Corporation" pictures.

Rembrandt, Bartholomew Van der Helst, Frans Hals, Ferdinand Bol and Karel Dujardin, brought this class of portrait-painting to the pitch of artistic perfection. Rembrandt achieved his first great fame with the "Lesson in Anatomy" (see page 108), ordered by the great Amsterdam surgeon, Dr. Tulp, for the Amsterdam Guild of Surgeons; and several years later he painted the more famous "Night Watch," for the Arquebusiers Shooting Company, and "The Syndics," for the Guild of Clothmakers.

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Both of these pictures are in the Ryks Museum, which we will now visit. The tram at the Dam, which will take us there in a short time, crosses the big canals that girdle the city. We alight at the boundary of the old and the new Amsterdam; and, walking a short distance along the *Stadhouders-Kade*, are confronted by a majestic building of red brick with granite trimmings, surmounted by two towers and a central gable. This, the great National Museum of Holland, had its beginnings in 1798, and was opened in the House in the Wood in The Hague in 1800; but in 1808, when Amsterdam was made the capital of Holland, the pictures were removed from The Hague to the Palace on the Dam, where some old pictures owned by the city of Amsterdam were also sent. In 1814 they were all removed to the Trippenhuis, where they remained until the Ryks Museum was opened in 1885.

The picture gallery, which occupies the first floor, is one of the finest in the Netherlands and numbers more than two thousand works, chiefly by Dutch artists. The greatest treasure is Rembrandt's "Night Watch," representing Captain Banning Cocq's company of archers leaving their headquarters. The captain and his lieutenant are in the front and are followed by their soldiers streaming out of the guard-house in confusion and haste. Conspicuous among them are the drummer and the standard-bearer.

The "Night Watch" is one of the most famous pictures in the world. It is not only remarkable for the spirited motion of its figures, but for its effects

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of light and shade. In fact, it is so enveloped in twilight that the spectator has to look at the picture for some time before the figures emerge from the shadows, and the faces, limbs, bodies, drums, flags and lances take definite shape.

The "Syndics" is also a portrait group. Five Dutch cloth-merchants, all dressed alike, in black, with flat, white collars and large black hats, are seated around a table, covered with a red cloth, verifying their accounts. Some critics consider it Rembrandt's greatest picture. Two other great pictures of this class are by Bartholomew Van der Helst. One represents Captain Roelof Bicker's Company and contains thirty-two life-size figures. Captain Bicker and his men are welcoming a new ensign in front of a tavern in the *Geldersche-Kade*. Every figure is dramatic in pose and expression, and the colors of the costumes are very brilliant and varied. The other work depicts a banquet of the St. George Company in their *St. Jorisdoele*, or guardhouse, on the Singelgracht, in celebration of the Peace of Münster. The twenty-five figures are splendidly dressed, in velvet and satin doublets, plumed hats, lace collars and cuffs, sashes, high boots and golden spurs, and all are eating and drinking, talking and laughing, or cordially grasping hands. Marvellously painted are the viands, the dishes, the gold and silver drinking-horns, the tall wine glasses, filled with sparkling liquid, the orange that one man is peeling, the fowl that another is carving, and the pastry that a servant is bringing in to the feast.

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Govaert Flinck's "Arquebusiers of Amsterdam," celebrating the Peace of Westphalia, and representing the soldiers issuing from their guardhouse, is another splendid work of this class. It hangs in a special section devoted to "Regent," "Corporation" and "Guild" pictures.

Everybody pauses to look at the "Floating Feather," by Melchior d' Hondecoeter. Here we have a group of birds in a lovely park: on the left stands a large pelican and, behind it, a crane, a flamingo and a cassowary; on the right are some ducks and geese; and in front of the swimming ducks the delicately painted feather floats on the surface of the quiet pool.

The Ryks Museum has other treasures besides pictures. There are splendid porcelains from the Orient and native productions; wonderful examples of cut and engraved glass of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; silver plate of rare workmanship, including superb drinking-horns belonging to the city of Amsterdam and which appear in Van der Helst's pictures just described; rare etchings and engravings by Rembrandt and other masters; carvings in wood and ivory; tapestries, embroideries and lace; Chinese and Japanese curios and articles in lacquer; brass, copper and bronze utensils; small articles in gold and silver for household service or personal adornment; jewels and costumes; musical instruments; carriages, sleighs and sedan-chairs; and weapons and uniforms.

A department illustrating ecclesiastical art from

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the eighth to the eighteenth century with reproductions and relics in the way of bits of architecture, church-windows, furniture, pulpits, vestments and sacred vessels, occupies much space. The Naval Collection is also extensive. In addition to captured flags and trophies and relics of Dutch explorers and navigators, there are many models of ships of different periods. The grounds on the south side of the building are laid out in imitation of a Dutch garden of the seventeenth century, with hedges, a maze, flowers, statues and vases; and contains, moreover, fragments and reproductions of old Dutch buildings that have been tastefully grouped.

A few steps down *Paulus Potter Straat* we find the Stedelyk Museum, dating from 1892, and containing Dutch antiquities of various kinds and a gallery of modern Dutch paintings.

Amsterdam is not very rich in parks. The most popular is *Vondel's Park*, not far from the Ryks Museum. It is named in honor of Holland's most celebrated poet, Joost van den Vondel, who died in 1679, and whose tragedy *Gysbrecht van Amstel* describing Amsterdam's historical murder (see page 131) still holds the stage. The Park contains a statue of the poet, and beneath the shady trees a *café*, a restaurant, and a little pond.

Willems-Park, *Sarphati Park*, *East Park* and *West Park*, are somewhat smaller open spaces than are generally met with in large European cities. The Botanical Gardens, south of a little private park, have long been famous for their palms and Victoria

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Regia house, and the Zoölogical Gardens north of the Botanic Gardens and south of the *Entrepôt Dok*, embrace twenty-eight acres. People also flock in large numbers in the summer to the Tea Gardens of the old Custom House over the Y, crossing by means of a steam ferry, to enjoy the music from the military band and the beautiful view of Amsterdam.

Amsterdam, like other cities in Holland, is rendered somewhat independent of parks and squares by innumerable retreats upon the canals in and near the city. Alphonse Esquiros notices that "Holland is not the only country where you find the most water, but also the one where you find the most motionless water. The canals are arrested rivers, and this serenity of the water is related to that of the manners, habitations and countenances. Near the towns Chinese pavilions are built on the canal banks, where people meet in fine weather to drink tea and coffee. Some of these pavilions, whose roofs are covered with varnished and glistening tiles, bathe their base in water with a joyous air. In these nests, which repose under an abundant verdure, domestic happiness seeks a refuge. The stranger who wanders about alone regards with an eye of envy these little retreats, which are so proud of their cleanliness, and look at themselves in the canal like a girl before a looking-glass. Here the ladies apply themselves to needle-work, while looking out at the passing boats and travellers; while for the men the hours evaporate in rings of smoke."

Attractive and numerous are the short trips that

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can be made from Amsterdam to points of historic interest and natural beauty. It is only a short run to Haarlem by the electric tram and not three hours to Alkmaar, to which interesting old town steamboats go several times a day.

THE CITY OF HAMBURG

THE BEEFSTEAK TOWN

THERE are two pictures of Hamburg that recur to everyone who has visited that city:—one is the harbor with its forest of masts, its gigantic docks and enormous ships and steamers from all parts of the world; and the other is that of the beautiful *Alster* lakes and the leafy and gay *Jungfernstieg*, where in the *Alster-Pavillion* are served dishes that justify Hamburg's great reputation for good living. No one ever misses going there, if not to eat the famous beef-steak which has given Hamburg its popular name, at least to drink a cup of coffee outside in the covered verandah on the water side, and enjoy the view over the *Alster*.

Hamburg has always favored art, science and letters; and the theatre has been one of the city's greatest pleasures. Klopstock made this city his home in 1771; and Heine was also a familiar figure. At the present time, Hamburg shows much literary activity, and a literary society, founded in 1891, gives *Volksabende* (people's evenings) that are well supported and attended. It is also famous for its generosity, its hospitality and its lavish and elegant entertainment.

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To landscape more than to architecture Hamburg owes its charm. Few cities have such beautiful water scenes. Hamburg is framed by water. On the south, the broad Elbe forms a noble river front, and is of such depth that gigantic boats can dock at her very streets; and on the north two lovely lakes form a water picture of widely different character; and close at hand is the sea which sends its salt, sharp and sweet air into the very heart of the city. It is one of the world's great ports.

Hamburg is not only a city: it is a state, to which a territory, consisting of some fifty towns and villages, is subject; and this greater Hamburg is also beautiful. Various types of landscape are displayed within its boundaries. Here we find marshes and there we find meadows; here we see waving wheat fields and there we see rich pasture lands. Poets have said that no Babylonian garments decorated with gold and jewels could equal the emerald meadows so thickly embroidered with many colored flowers that surround the town of Hamburg.

The water near the city is dyked with earth stolen for centuries from the river-bed. The high hills on the right of the Elbe from Altona to Blankenese correspond with the harbor hills on the other side of the river—high wooded hills that remind us of the hills of Thuringia. Other parts of the surrounding country are well wooded, although the landscape is flat, except in the *Sachsenwald*, so famous for its fine beeches. Most attractive are *Bergedorf*, where the peasants still wear their quaint ancient costume, and

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the other forest villages, where the rich Hamburger has been enabled by means of the extension of suburban railways to build charming country places for rest and recreation.

Heath and moor with their melancholy charm are also in close proximity, easily accessible in the *Lüneburger Heide*; and there are many watering-places on the sandy shore, such as Numühlen and Oevelgonne, where the people can be as jolly and noisy as they please; and there are little fishing-villages that lie behind Altona on the Elbe, where old sea captains tired of going to sea sun themselves on benches, and where there are boarding-houses for summer guests and hospitable inn-gardens for the loiterer. Then there are islands, inhabited and uninhabited, lying on the breast of the broad Elbe; and there are rich low-lying lands behind broad dykes—*Vierlande* (cattle-land) and *Alteland* (old-land) and the *Lühe*, reminding us of Holland; and, last, but by no means least, the great Hamburg seashore resort, Cuxhaven, at the wide mouth of the Elbe, with a magnificent old castle dating from the fourteenth century, one of the best examples of a mediæval stronghold in Germany.

Hamburg, or Hammaburg, owes its foundation to a port built by Charlemagne in 808 on the Alster as a check on his Slavonian subjects, who then extended as far west as this point. The fort was quickly destroyed by the Wilzes (a Slavonic tribe), but was rebuilt in 810. It became the centre of Christian missionary work in the region north of



THE HARBOR, HAMBURG

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the Elbe and in Scandinavia; and later included Iceland and Greenland in its diocese.

In 845, the Normans burnt the settlement to ashes. The seat of the Archbishopric was then transferred to Bremen, which, in a measure, was a check to the western progress of Christianity. The town was rebuilt, but up to the time of Henry I. it suffered several times from the destructive expeditions of the Danish and Slavonic tribes. In the tenth century, it found peace and security under Hermann Billung, the energetic Duke of Saxony. On the death of Otto II. it was retaken by a rising of the Slavonians, who held it from 983 to 987. On the site of the old buildings, Archbishop Unwan (1013–1029) built a chapter-house, and Alebrand constructed a cathedral and palace (the Wideburg) on the Elbe in 1037. This was also destroyed in 1072 by the Wends. Hamburg was acquired by Count Adolphus of Schauenburg with Holstein in 1110. The Cathedral was restored under this prince. Count Adolphus III. founded the new City close to the Old City in 1188, and under him Hamburg, as a reward for a large contribution to the Third Crusade (1189), obtained important privileges from the Emperor, including judicial rights, freedom from tolls and the right of fishing on the Elbe to its mouth. Guilds and trade organizations were already in existence. The Counts of Schauenburg constantly strengthened their hold on the city; and in 1231, built a strong castle in it.

About 1241, Hamburg and Lübeck made an al-

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liance to protect their trade interests, which is frequently referred to as the origin of The Hanseatic League, the name of which was derived from Hansa, or association. This was an alliance of the great commercial towns of northern Germany, particularly for the protection of the Baltic trade, which Denmark threatened to monopolize. Lübeck was the head of the League and became the most important town in Germany.

In the fourteenth century, the Hansa changed its character from a league of merchants abroad to a league of towns at home. The Hansa declined in the sixteenth century; and in 1669 the last general assembly was held. After that the name of Hanse towns was kept by Lübeck, Hamburg and Bremen, all of which were now independent.

The Reformed Religion was introduced in 1529 and during the religious dissensions that followed many people, driven away by the bigotry of the Lutherans, founded the adjoining town Altona. Towards the last of the century many Spanish and Portuguese Jews sought refuge and made a permanent home in Hamburg, and merchants and others, driven from Antwerp by the Spanish troubles, also flocked to Hamburg.

During the Thirty Years' War (1618–1648), Hamburg managed to keep the scourge of war at a distance and suffered very few of the calamities that fell upon the German inland towns. But though the population of the city increased, vast sums had to be spent on various measures of protection; and great

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losses were suffered through the insecurity of both the land and sea transportation of goods till the pirates and robber bands were suppressed.

What Hamburg was during the first half of the eighteenth century we learn from the following sketch :

“Hamburg was the largest of all the commercial cities of Germany. The houses were very high, and the streets so narrow that two vehicles could not pass each other. The inhabitants were chiefly merchants, and amongst them were many English families. The city was divided into five parishes, each of which had a handsome Protestant church. Hamburg was a free city, governed by four burgomasters, twenty-four senators, and some other magistrates. There were very few mechanics and fewer manufacturers, the only articles made there being gold and silver, lace, stockings and silks. The trade, however, was so great that as many as 300 ships were constantly employed in carrying its merchandise to and from England, Holland and the German States by means of the river Elbe. So important was this city that in times of war it was always considered neutral, and was not, therefore, subject to depredations like other cities.

“Hamburg was very conspicuous for its little trim Dutch gardens along the banks of the river. Not a twig was out of order, not a plant was allowed to grow to any height.

“All was prim and formal in the extreme; but here the merchant would saunter up and down smok-

ing his pipe after office hours in gossip with his neighbor on the current topics of the day.

“The gates were always closed at sun-down, after which no one was allowed to enter or leave the city.

“The ladies of Hamburg were very reserved in their manners, and rarely appeared in the streets without a thick black veil. The Senators wore a black Spanish cloak, a velvet hat and a sword. They were chosen for life, ten being lawyers and fourteen of them merchants, each of whom was expected to keep a private coach.” *

In 1770 the city was represented in the “Rhenish bench” of the imperial diet; in 1810 the French made it the chief town in the department of the “Mouths of the Elbe”; and in 1815 Hamburg became an independent state of the German federation and formed with Lübeck, Bremen and Frankfort the curia of the free cities.

Hamburg’s trade was in a flourishing condition when the Great Fire of 1842 destroyed 4219 buildings and deprived 20,000 persons of their homes.

The year 1858 was of great importance; for a commission met there to discuss the navigation of the Elbe and maritime law. In 1866, Hamburg supported Prussia against Austria, and favored the formation of the North German Confederation by a large majority.

Approaching the city from Cuxhaven we notice the fishing-villages that succeed one another until we reach Blankenese; and then villas, parks and pleas-

* Dr. Brewer.

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ure-grounds are dotted upon the wooded hills until the town of Altona comes into view. The character of the suburbs varies greatly—labor, manufacture, commerce, shop-keeping, garden and villa districts, one after another, all harmoniously combined.

As we approach the town, the forest of masts, the towers and spires and masses of buildings announce Hamburg. A long line of docks and quays and warehouses extend all the way from Altona, a distance of five miles!

From the haven, we have an impressive picture of the great metropolis before us with its busy, ever-moving life—laboring and manufacturing, and sea-going Hamburg. Against the background of houses and churches a multitude of boats and ships form a moving foreground of sails and masts and clouds of smoke.

The quiet centre of this city picture which the eye always sought with pleasure—the old and venerable St. Michael's Church—is now missing, having been destroyed by Hamburg's latest fire. This enormous tower, which rose 426 feet into the air, was a characteristic Hamburg landmark and is mourned by everyone; and although another church is being erected on the same site and upon the old walls, it can never atone for the loss of Great St. Michael's. This church was built in 1750–1762, and could accommodate three thousand worshipers. Its tall tower was visible from every street, or canal, or bridge, in the city.

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Though St. Michael's has gone, the left bank is still dominated by the tops of the *Stintfang* with the signal station, and the Sailors' Home peeping above the beautiful clumps of green trees; while on the right the great warehouses on the quays and the time ball Tower show above the busy traffic of the bank of the haven.

Between these two prominent points extends a long line of not very tall houses of the haven; ships with their gangways and cranes; piers with the dirty water of the stream washing against them and the characteristic piles called "Dukes of Alba" that stick out of the water. All that the eye falls upon is the work of man's hand that has taken centuries of toil to produce. The dyked land between the north and south banks of the Elbe looks like anchored islands; the bed of the water has been narrowed and deepened; the mighty wharves and factories and the big viaduct over the dock of Blohm & Voss, the quays and warehouse canals and private docks, are all triumphs of man's industry, and on such a gigantic scale and so impressive that it seems to be the work of nature.

One of the features of Hamburg is the luxuriant belt of green that surrounds it, extending from the *Stintfang* all the way north, east and south to the Berlin Railway Station. These delightful promenades were laid out on the old fortifications that formerly encircled the city, which consists of the *Altstadt* and the *Neustadt* (old town and new town), joined on the one side by the suburb of *St. George*

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and on the other by that of *St. Pauli* and the town of Altona.

On the north side lies the most beautiful district of Hamburg, built around a sheet of water called the *Binnen-Alster* (Inner Alster), formed from a larger lake outside the town called the *Ausser-Alster* (Outer Alster), which, in turn, is supplied by a small river, the Alster. On the east, another little river, the Bille, enters Hamburg; and both rivers are discharged into canals called *fleets* and into branches of the Elbe that flow through the lower parts of the town. These canals, of various sizes, some of which wind gracefully around the quays, and crossed by innumerable bridges from which picturesque views of the town are obtained, give a peculiar individuality to Hamburg. All these havens, canals and the two glassy Alster lakes fully justify Mr. Steevens's happy remark that "Hamburg is gemmed with lagoons."

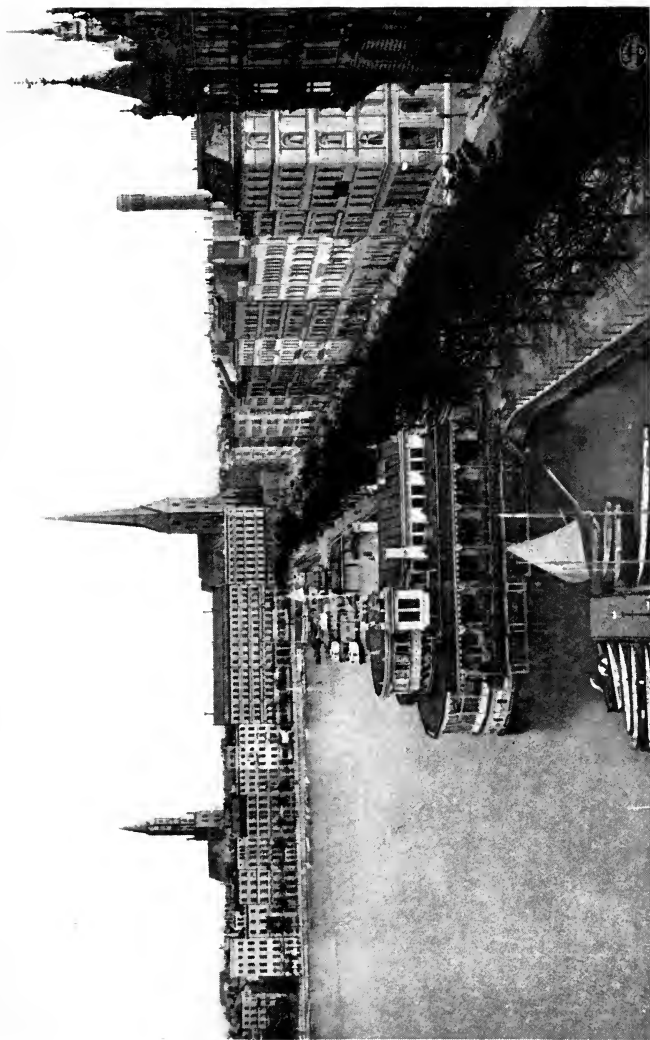
We have seen industrial Hamburg from the Elbe; now let us look at leisured and pleasure-loving Hamburg around the Binnen-Alster, or *Alster-Bassin*, as it is generally called. The Binnen-Alster is perfectly square, about a mile in circumference and surrounded on three sides by wide quays bordered with trees, handsome dwellings and magnificent hotels. The quay called the *Alte-Jungfernstieg* is the gayest and busiest; on its left is the *Neue-Jungfernstieg* and on its right is the *Alsterdamm*; while, directly opposite the *Alte-Jungfernstieg*, and separating the Binnen-Alster from the outer lake, is an embankment

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consisting of two parks, or promenades, connected by a bridge called the *Lombardsbrücke*.

A beautiful view is to be had from this bridge, looking north across the Ausser-Alster, with its rising banks, on which the villas of the wealthy with their parks and gardens are thickly sprinkled; and, looking south across the Binnen-Alster, gay with little boats and floating swans, to the city whose buildings and towers make such a pretty picture. At the end of the Old Jungfernstieg the Alster-Pavillion is situated,—a *café* that is to Hamburg what the *Bratwurstglöckle* is to Nuremburg and the *Hofbräuhaus* to Munich. On the right of the Old Jungfernstieg are the *Alster Arcades*, a street running parallel with the little Alster that flows in from the lake and filled with attractive shops. The Alster Arcades extend from the *Reesendammbrücke* to the *Schleusenbrücke*, two bridges that run parallel with the Old Jungfernstieg.

“The picture seen from the Alster,” exclaims an artist, “is harmonious in line and picturesque in composition with the mass of many slender towers artistically distributed in a fine frame composed of beautiful groups of buildings. Naturally, you must select your point of view in order to see it embedded in green. If we are in a boat on the Outer Alster we see the Lombardsbrücke with its three fine arches, and behind it the roofs of the Jungfernstieg and the high towers of Hamburg. Here again we miss the dominating tower of old St. Michael’s; but there still remain enough slender, characteristic and



JUNGFERNSTIEG, THE ALSTER CATHEDRAL, HAMBURG

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various church towers such as St. Nicholas, St. Peter and St. Jakobi. The old Post towers, a pair of high chimneys like those of the city mills, also take their place very effectively in the picture. The foreground shows us the bright surface of the Alster, enlivened with sail boats and small steamboats,—a city picture that for variety and idyllic character cannot be matched anywhere.

“Magnificent also is the view from the Lombardsbrücke of the Binnen-Alster and the Jungfernstieg. Let your eyes rove around as they will, they will constantly return to the broad fine promenades that embrace the water from left to right and will rest with satisfaction on the prominent Jungfernstieg with the tall fine building which juts out into the water—the Alster-Pavillion—and the splendid hotels and the handsome appearance of the important shops.

“But in the evening, when all the lights are burning in the streets and behind the windows, and all the lanterns and lights on the boats and ships blaze out on the water and mirror themselves in the waves, then the scene is like fairy-land. Perhaps it is most beautiful in the twilight when the Alster assumes a deep blue tint. This is the Alster’s hour of blue.

“Beautiful, too, is the winter picture of the Alster with its flying guests,—the sea-gulls.

“One severe winter they suddenly appeared in the centre of the city. People fed them and the knowing creatures came again winter after winter. Now they are regular visitors and everybody loves

and feeds them. You can buy sea-gull food on the streets for ten *pfennig*. Venice has her St. Mark's pigeons; Hamburg has the Alster gulls."

The banks of the Ausser-Alster are very beautiful, as they are dotted with villas, gardens and parks,—the residences of Hamburg's wealthy citizens. There are also several villages here, the most popular one of which is *Uhlenhorst*, which can be reached by tram or steamer from the Jungfernstieg. At *Horn*, three miles east of Hamburg, the annual races are run,—the German Derby.

Next to London and New York Hamburg is the third largest port in the world; and therefore, among the chief sights of the town, if not the most interesting of all, are the quays and docks.

Regular tourist trips are made to these harbors, havens and docks, starting from the *Hafentor* at the landing-stage of St. Pauli.

"Every dock, slip and basin has its own name, and receives its own line of ships and boats. What a scene of movement, and what a noise of clanking chains, puffing engines, creaking and groaning of the winches and windlasses, cries and shouts of the workmen and sailors as the busy hands raise by means of rope and chain windlass the wares from the chutes below to the various floors of the warehouses. What a variety of boats and great chutes empty or full move up and down along-side of these boats by their manipulators. Then, too, we frequently see a primitive barge moved by one man who pushes his way through the mass of shipping by means of a

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pole and hook, slowly indeed, but very deftly and surely and bringing his boat through the apparently impenetrable mass of boats to the required landing. We also note the little light boats, the steam-boats of the harbor-police, or a steam-tug that leaves a long plume of smoke behind it and its shadow on the water.

“Eye and ear have had much to see and hear; but what about the nose? Could one ever imagine such odors as escape from the chutes and open warehouses? Such strong perfumes as hides, whale oil and petroleum fill the air with an inexplicable mixture at which the unaccustomed nostril guesses in vain. Part of the stench comes from the *fleets* themselves. At the ebb tide, when all business on these canals ceases and the chutes lie black and stiff in the mud, through which the dirty water only flows in runnels, then many things come to light which explain these terrible smells.

“The *Fleetenkieker* gentry, who make a business of doing nothing, and who stand for hours leaning over a bridge rail gazing into the canal, have certainly no cause to complain about the variety of things they see in the mud. Whether they take any interest in the changing lights and shades of the day and hour is questionable; but certain it is that the lovely shadows and lights that often produce fantastic effects in the *fleets* are enough to induce any one with an artistic eye to become a *Fleetenkieker*.”

The most attractive of the *fleets* lie in the old town, such as the *fleet* by the *Reimersbrücke*, with St. Ger-

trude's Church in the background; or the *fleet* at the high bridge, where the top of the tower peeps over the gabled roofs; or the small *fleet* behind the walls, where you see the backs of the old warehouses and dwellings,—remnants of the mediæval days when the town was enclosed with walls and people dwelt close together for greater security.

If we go in from the *fleet* to enter one of these old warehouses, we traverse a narrow but deep piece of ground before we come to the street. Between the warehouse and the dwelling and counting-houses on the street stretches a larger or smaller courtyard, on which the windows of a side wing look; and this wing generally connects the front and back building. At last we reach the broad Hanseatic *Kaufmannsdiele* on the street and find ourselves in the centre of old Hamburg.

In addition to being the greatest port on the Continent, Hamburg is one of the greatest money markets in the world. Therefore, the Exchange, or *Börse*, in the *Adolphi-Platz* is worth a visit. Here four or five thousand brokers, merchants and ship-owners congregate every day between one and two o'clock.

The building erected in 1839–1841 was spared by the fire of 1842; and was given a new façade in 1894. It also houses a fine Reading-room and a Library of 100,000 volumes. The Exchange is connected with the new *Rathaus*, or Town Hall, built in 1886–1897 in the German Renaissance style. The latter faces the *Rathaus-Markt*, and demands a lit-

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the study on our part. On the façade are bronze statues of twenty German Emperors and above them seven patron saints of the five old city parishes and two monasteries. These are Michael, Katharine, Peter, Nicholas and James, for the city; and John and Mary Magdalen for the monasteries. Above the windows are placed the arms of the Hanseatic towns and figures representing various arts and crafts. Four figures emblematical of the civic virtues adorn the portal and the German Eagle surmounts the tower which is 370 feet high. In the centre of the courtyard is a fountain. The principal rooms are the Great Hall, the Senate, the Town Council, the *Kaisersaal*, the Burgomaster's Room, the Orphans' Room and the Phoenix Room. In the vaults is the *Ratsweinkeller*, a restaurant and tavern, the vestibule of which is decorated with stained glass and paintings dealing with the history and ancient customs of Hamburg. In front of the Rathaus stands an equestrian statue of William I. The old Hamburger, one who clings to the old standing of the free town, does not look lovingly either at the Eagle on the tower, or at the statue of the Emperor. He still sighs for his ancient privileges.

Owing to the modern spirit of the Hamburgers, and more particularly to the great fire of 1842, Hamburg contains few ancient buildings. With the exception of a few churches and some old residences of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in the *Reichenstrasse*, the *Cremon*, the *Roddingsmarkt* and *Katharinenstrasse* (all near the

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Binnenhafen), the town has a modern appearance. A fire that rendered 5,160 families (20,000 individuals) roofless, killed 39 persons (25 burned to death) and injured 118 souls, that destroyed 1,749 houses, 102 stores and warehouses, 61 streets and 120 courts and alleys, wiping out a quarter of the town, is worth hearing about in detail. One of the spectators thus described it:

“The fire began about one o’clock on Thursday, May 5, and raged unceasingly until the following Sunday at noon. It seems to have begun in a cigar factory in Deich Street, on the north side of the Binner Haven, and a heavy wind drove the flames towards the part of the city crowded with people and containing the chief public buildings. One of the first to go was the Church of St. Nicholas, an immense building of the twelfth century, with a lofty square tower surmounted by a spire that reached a height of 360 feet.

“When this spire began to burn its appearance was that of a magnificent torch in the midst of a wide-spreading sea of fire; a sight terrible and sublime; and as the green, red and yellow flames climbed towards the pinnacle, every eye in Hamburg was directed to the church, and all personal anxieties were forgotten for the moment in the interest excited by the approaching catastrophe. That interest was painfully increased when the chimes of the tower began mournfully to perform its funeral dirge. The last tones of the bells, untuned by the expansion of the heat, came upon the ear as a cry of suffering,

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and it was a relief to the spectators when it ceased. The sheets of copper with which the sides of the spire were plated were seen to peel off and, glowing with a red heat, floated away in the air. Soon after it fell with a tremendous crash to the ground. In the morning divine service had been performed in the church, in the evening it was a ruin.

“The wide gap made by blasting Streit’s hotel and the adjoining houses, assisted by a change of the wind, prevented the flames extending to the New Jungfernstieg; but the fire now began to rage on the opposite side of the Alster, consisting of houses and warehouses built to the water’s edge. The Church of St. Peter’s, situated in that part of the old city, and admired both for its antiquity and the chaste simplicity of its architecture, was next threatened.

“Two hundred persons were unceasingly engaged in defending it from the approaching conflagration. Several houses were blasted about it, but under circumstances which allowed the engineers no hope of success, and the cannon of the Hanoverian artillery were fired against others, but with no useful result.

“During the night of Friday the heated wood-work several times burst into flames, and although as often extinguished, the heat became so intense, that about nine in the morning it was necessary to abandon the Church to its fate. A scene similar to that of the burning of St. Nicholas was renewed; again the green and yellow flames rose high above the summit, the bells tolled their own departure, and, when the steeple broke off from the tower, it buried

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itself many feet in the earth from the violence of its fall.

“On Saturday and Sunday morning the flames were chiefly confined to the east bank of the Alster; a densely populated district, which, consisting of narrow streets, there were no available means of cutting off the fire even with gunpowder (of which unlimited supplies had now arrived), without blowing up nearly as great a number of houses as the fire itself was likely to destroy. The engineers, however, did what they could by explosions, but nothing in this quarter could check the conflagration which continued to rage until, reaching the Boulevard, it burnt itself out.”

Another eye-witness wrote:

“Upon the Old Jungfernstieg, separated by the road from the houses, was now piled in hurried confusion the costly furniture of the inhabitants; the water was covered with barges and boats in which they were endeavouring to save that and other valuable property; but the wind before mid-day had increased to a perfect hurricane; the flames communicated themselves to this mass of furniture and the whole was soon one long line of fire; even the boats upon the Alster did not escape; several were burnt with their contents to the water's edge. Others, overloaded or unskilfully manned, were upset, and the surface of the water was soon strewn with the wreck of furniture which had been destroyed by the joint powers of two opposing elements. As night a second time approached, the aspect from

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the opposite bank was one of appalling magnificence. Before us lay the Old Jungfernstieg, one unbroken chain of fire; on the right it seemed to be on the point of reaching the New Jungfernstieg, which would have been the signal for the certain destruction of the newest and most beautiful district of the town; on the left it was advancing with rapid strides to the old town, threatening the churches of St. Jacob and St. Peter, the new school-house, a public building which contains the large and very valuable public library, and many other buildings. The crashing of beams, the explosions of gunpowder, which were continually resounding from every quarter, the firing of cannon, shouting of men, the cries and lamentations of women and children, all served to heighten the horror and the absorbing interest of the spectacle."

An old verse described the parish churches as follows:

Katherinen, de Finen,
Nicolai, de Riken,
St. Petri, desglikén,
Jakobi, de Sturen,
Michælis, de Buren.

St. Nicholas was rebuilt after the fire of 1842 by Sir Gilbert Scott, an English architect, in the ornate Gothic style of the thirteenth century. It is 285 feet long, and the west tower, finished in 1874, is 485 feet high, one of the highest towers in Europe, ranking next to Ulm (528 feet); Cologne (512 feet) and Rouen (495 feet). St. Nicholas is beautifully

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carved and filled within and without with sculptures that perpetuate the memory of all those who worked to found and spread the Christian religion. It has also beautiful stained-glass windows, a fine organ and a set of chimes.

The west front looks upon the *Hopfen Markt* (the Hop Market), Hamburg's great fruit and vegetable market. What a picture of variegated color with its piles of fruits, flowers and vegetables and constantly changing scenes of common life! This market-scene, with its moving, chattering, laughing and arguing throng of vendors and buyers, with the beautiful tower of St. Nicholas rising above the quiet background of warehouses and office buildings, produces a delightful impression.

An equally picturesque and even more characteristic scene is afforded by the *Messburg*, on account of its vicinity to the water. Here the fishermen can come right into the market with their boats. The forest of masts against the high gabled houses and the maze of narrow streets gives to the market its particular character.

The fish market in St. Pauli, held daily from five o'clock in the morning till eight, is a sight the traveler should never miss. South-east of St. Nicholas, on the big *Zoll Kanal*, stands St. Katharine's, spared by the fire of 1842. The church was built in the Seventeenth Century; and contains a marble pulpit of 1630, some ancient tombs and several valuable old German paintings.

St. Peter's also stands nobly on its square near the

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Exchange. The view from the Jungfernstieg up the city's streets to the large reddish tower with the green top is one of the most attractive to be found in Hamburg.

The old church was burnt in the great Fire of 1842, but was rebuilt in the Gothic style of the Fourteenth Century.

Opposite St. Peter's is the *Johanneum*, the modern house of an old college of the same name founded in 1529. One wing contains the old city library, with about 600,000 books and 5,000 MSS., including rare Bibles, mediæval works on theology and Oriental MSS. of great value. In this building are also housed the Natural History Museum and the Museum of Hamburg Antiquities.

Just south of the *Johanneum* is the Fish-market; and to the east, on *Steinstrasse*, the Church of St. James, erected in 1580-92. North of this church is the *Pferde Markt*, out of which leads *Alsterthor*. Here stands the Thalia Theatre.

Going east from the Lombardsbrücke and passing the bronze monument to Schiller, we reach the *Kunsthalle* on the *Alsterhöhe*, built in 1867-69 and enlarged in 1886. Here we shall find much to enjoy, for there are no less than a thousand paintings. In addition to modern French and German works, the gallery contains, as is natural, fine works of Hamburg artists of the past and present from the fifteenth century to the present day; and, what is uncommon to find on the Continent, a collection of modern British paintings. The latter was gathered

by Mr. Schwabe, a Hamburg merchant, who lived many years in London. The Dutch painters of the seventeenth century are well represented. We are now in the St. George quarter, where most of the museums are situated; but before we visit these we must look at the Hansa Fountain, erected in 1878 in the *Hansa Platz*. This was designed by E. Peiffer and is 56 feet high.

Near *Lübeckerthor*, we shall find the Botanic Museum, containing woods, seeds, fruit and seaweeds. The other two museums are situated between the *Steinthor* and the *Klosterthor*. In the Museum of Industrial Art the works of the Japanese are especially well represented. In the Natural History Museum, the animals, birds, insects and creatures of the sea are beautifully mounted in imitation of their natural surroundings and habitations. There are also large collections of sea-shells and minerals.

On the other side of the Lombardsbrücke the *Esplanade*, with its double row of trees and monument to the soldiers of Hamburg who lost their lives in the Franco-Prussian war in 1870-71, leads to the *Dammthor*. *Dammthorstrasse* leads from *Stephans-Platz*, where the Post Office with its tall tower attracts our attention, to the *Gänse Markt*, in which stands a fine statue of Lessing. In *Dammthorstrasse* is the *Stadt Theatre* which seats 2,000 persons.

Just beyond the *Dammthor*, we find the Botanical Gardens, which are especially famed for their water-plants of all known varieties; and beyond them are

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the Zoölogical Gardens, which are among the best in Germany.

Rivalling the Zoölogical Gardens, however, is Hagenbeck's Animal Collection in the *Neue Pferde Markt*, which is known throughout the world.

Few towns have had so many and such severe calamities as Hamburg; and not taking into account those of earlier periods, within the nineteenth century alone she suffered the great fire of 1842; the closing of the Customs; and the experiences of the terrible cholera year of 1892 that necessitated a sanitation of the greater part of the city.

From a description of this calamity we gather the following interesting facts:

“A peculiar custom obtains in Hamburg, no mention of which has heretofore been made in the stories of the epidemic sent from here, and to this custom may be attributed many of the cholera deaths that have occurred here. As is well known the old town of Hamburg is very low and is traversed by many canals or *fleets*, as they are called here. These *fleets* generally form what may be called back streets, and they are bordered by warehouses, cellars and the dwelling-houses of poor people. These *fleets* are subject to the tides of the Elbe, and at certain times they are quite dry. When they are in this condition the Fleetenkiekers wander along the oozy channel and pick up any articles that the water may have deposited. As the tide rushes up the river from the North Sea, the *fleets* are filled with water to a depth of from fifteen to twenty feet. As soon as it is high

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tide at Cuxhaven, three shots are fired from the *Stintfang* at the harbor to warn the inhabitants along the *fleets*, and if the progress of the tide up the river gives indication of danger, three more shots are fired to add emphasis to the warning. Then the people who live along the lower levels make for higher ground, often carrying their little property with them. About the present time these lower levels are often inundated by the tides for several days in succession; but when the floods abate the people return to their oozy abodes. Now it is well known that the water of the Elbe is impure and there are many who believe that through drinking it cholera is caused. With these people of the *fleet*, known as *Lud von de Wasserkrant*, handling articles picked from the canals and living in houses impregnated with the filthy Elbe water, it is an easy matter for the disease to obtain a foothold."

Those who love old Hamburg deplore the changes that have had to be made for the sake of the new railways, and the streets that are daily sacrificed to make room for the broad new thoroughfares, and the city railway that is being constructed partly above and partly below the ground which has necessitated excavations. Changes, too, have had to take place in the harbor, for the basins completed at fabulous expense have proved of late years too narrow for the new boats.

Hamburg is, indeed, a very modern and up-to-date city. In every direction electric cabs and taximeter cabs, trams, steamboats and ferries flit hither and

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and thither, making the streets and lakes very gay and full of movement. The city itself is constantly pressing outwards. Beyond rolls the sea where there is room for all nations; but Hamburg is cramped within and has no room to expand except northwards and eastwards. Manufacture and shipping are constantly increasing, for Germany does not stand in the background of nations and Prussia has purchased the island of *Neuhof* for a State Custom House. On the south flows the Elbe; and as Hamburg has long since touched Altona on the one side, and on the other is connected house to house with *Wandsbeck*, there is an unbroken sea of houses from Wandsbeck to Altona-Ottensen. The districts that allow the business man ready communication between his home and office are all occupied; and Hamburg's own territory cannot satisfy the wish of everybody to possess a country-seat.

The poorer people have to content themselves within the boundaries of the city, while the wealthy are building pretty villas and planting colonies on the shores of the *Ausser-Alster* and in the open spaces beyond the political boundaries. Many business men have settled in Wandsbeck, a town in Holstein about three miles from Hamburg on the northeast, and in the attractive villa colonies of *Othmarschen*, *Flottbeck*, *Hochkamp*, *Dockenhuden*, and *Blankenese* on the banks of the Elbe beyond Altona.

Wealthy Hamburgers also have beautiful gardens and country-seats on the railways towards Lübeck and Berlin, such as *Altrahlstadt* on the one hand and

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Reinbeck and *Friedrichsruh* in the *Sachsenwald*, the latter the home of Bismarck, where he died in 1898 and where he is buried.

Charming homes are also found in *Ninedorf* on the north, *Harburg* in the south among the forest hills, on the shores of the Baltic and also in the *Lüneburger Heide*.

Innumerable are the pleasure-resorts too. People go to the *Sachsenwald* to enjoy the lovely beeches and to *Uhlenhorst* on the *Ausser-Alster* which can be reached by tram or steamer from the *Jungfernstieg*. At *Horn*, three miles east of Hamburg, the annual races are run,—the German Derby.

Cuxhaven is not too far to attract those who love sea-bathing; and from *Cuxhaven* excursions are made to the island of *Heligoland*.

THE CITY OF COPENHAGEN

THE ATHENS OF THE NORTH

COPENHAGEN, the centre of art, science and letters on the Baltic shores, had its beginnings as a modest little fishing-village. It is first mentioned in Danish history in 1027, when during King Canute's absence in England the Kings of Norway and Sweden attacked Denmark; and then it is merely called *Haven*.

About the middle of the twelfth century it was still a little fishing-village when King Valdemar I. gave it to Absalon, Bishop of Roskilde, also known as Axel Hride. The Bishop almost immediately built a castle or fortress on the site now occupied by the Christiansborg Palace, which was called after him *Axel-huus*. The settlement grew into a great resort for merchants and soon became known as the Merchants' Haven (*Kjöbmannshavn*).

Bishop Absalon bestowed on the see of Roskilde the castle, the town and the island of Amager; and Bishop Erlandsen gave special rights and privileges to this settlement, which were confirmed and increased by King Eric Glypping in 1284. The death of Valdemar II. was followed by a century of anarchy; and his sons and grandsons nearly ruined the

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kingdom that had once been so great. His great-grandson, Valdemar III., was successful in recovering some of the lost possessions; but Copenhagen had to stand several attacks from jealous neighbors. On Valdemar's death in 1375, his daughter Margaret reigned first as regent for her son Olaf and then as sole sovereign. Queen Margaret, called the "Semiramis of the North," was probably the best ruler Denmark ever had. She soon united the crowns of Denmark, Sweden and Norway, and endeavored to keep them under one sceptre by the act known as the Union of Calmar (1397), which was intended to make the alliance permanent.

Margaret's successor was her great-nephew Eric of Pomerania, whose queen, Philippa, daughter of Henry IV. of England, on one occasion, during Eric's absence in Sweden, courageously defended Copenhagen against the fleets of the Hanseatic League.

Eric lost all that Queen Margaret had gained, as also the allegiance of his subjects; and ended his life in obscurity. Various kings had tried to wrest Copenhagen from the see of Roskilde; and, in 1443, the transference was made. Since that date Copenhagen has been a royal residence.

The throne of Denmark passed from Eric to Christopher of Bavaria, his nephew, who had a short reign. At his death, in 1448, the Danes selected Christian of Oldenburg, a descendant, through the maternal line, of Valdemar II.

It is interesting to note that the Oldenburg

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dynasty was unbroken from Christian I. to the death of Frederick VII. in 1863. Christian acquired the Duchy of Holstein in 1460. Christian II. exasperated the Swedes by the "Stockholm Blood Bath" (see page 225), and by other acts of tyranny lost his throne, and was imprisoned for life, while his uncle Frederick I. reigned in his place. Sweden broke away under Gustavus Vasa (see page 226) and became a powerful country.

Christian I. and Christian II. cherished great ambitions of making Copenhagen the great city of the Baltic; and the city had to endure two terrible sieges in the reign of the latter,—in 1523–24 and 1535–36. The people suffered greatly. "They had no eatables in the town, neither horses, nor dogs, nor cats, nor crows, nor anything but the leaves of the trees." The city was therefore starved into surrender.

The greatest king of this dynasty was Christian IV., who was wise, liberal and enlightened, but who was so checked in every way by the powerful nobles that he was little more than president of a body of aristocrats. Copenhagen was, however, happy and prosperous during his reign; for the king was not only a warrior and statesman, but a patron of art and learning, and a great builder. He improved the city by fortifications and many fine buildings, including the Exchange, and the Palace of Rosenborg, and other characteristic edifices that give Copenhagen its individuality. He also founded the town Christianshavn on the island of Amager.

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During the reign of the son of Christian IV., Frederick III., the nobles were so lacking in patriotism and force that Charles X. of Sweden was able to wrest Denmark's provinces east of the Sound away from her. Then it was that the people conferred absolute sovereignty upon the King of Denmark and his successors.

This was the turning-point for Copenhagen. Thenceforth it became the centre of the nation's life, art and learning. The new quarter *Fredericks-holm* was incorporated at this time; and the fortifications were extended. Christian V. (1670-1699) enlarged the Harbor, widened the streets, and encouraged the building of stone houses.

During the Eighteenth Century, Copenhagen suffered great disasters. A fleet of English, Dutch and Swedish ships bombarded it in 1700; it was visited by a plague in 1711; and a great fire in 1728 reduced two-fifths of the town to ashes. Another terrible fire occurred in 1795.

Owing to the neutral position Denmark occupied during the great wars that swept over Europe towards the close of the century Danish commerce and shipping increased greatly. Crichton tells us that:

"This favorable state of things suffered a short interruption by the hostilities commenced by England in 1802, with a view to compelling Denmark to secede from the league of the armed neutrality, formed by neutral states for the protection of their commerce. Then the famous battle of the 2d April, 1802, was fought in the roadstead of Copenhagen

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between a division of the English fleet under Nelson and the southern part of the Danish 'line of defence,' a number of old ships' hulks, moored or grounded on the shallow sands of Amager, while the Danish fleet lay moored and unequipped in the harbor."

The action lasted from ten o'clock in the morning till two in the afternoon, and although the Danes fought valiantly one vessel struck after another. The loss of the British was reckoned at 1,200 and the Danes 6,000. Nelson said to the Crown Prince's aide-de-camp: "I have been in 105 engagements in the course of my life; but that of to-day was the most terrible of them all."

"A melancholy scene of misery and ruin now presented itself to the conquerors; white flags were flying from the mastheads of the Danish ships and guns of distress were occasionally discharged, while the burning vessels, floating in the distance, threw a dismal light, which, from being clear and serene, had become suddenly overcast. The sea was covered with English boats, generously rendering assistance to those who were endeavoring to escape from the flaming wrecks. In the capital every house was filled with mourners; the streets were occupied with funeral-trains attending the dead, or with weeping friends conveying their wounded relatives back to those hearths which they had so nobly defended. Melancholy tributes were afterwards paid to the brave men who had fallen in the conflict; a public mausoleum was erected on the spot where the slain

had been interred, and a monument was raised in the principal church in the city.

“When Nelson got permission to land, and went on shore attended by Captains Hardy and Fremantle to adjust terms of conciliation he was received by the generous citizens without a murmur, and treated by the accomplished prince with every mark of respect. The conduct of the people was such as became a gallant nation, depressed but not subdued by misfortune.” *

The second war with England of 1807 was undertaken because England, having heard that Napoleon was about to attack Denmark in order to capture her fleet, decided to do this for herself and frustrate his plans; consequently the British fleet with 20,000 men appeared at Copenhagen and demanded surrender. Copenhagen attempted to defend herself, but after a bombardment of three days yielded; and the English sailed away with the remaining Danish boats. A great part of Copenhagen was destroyed.

In 1814, Denmark lost Norway; and, in 1864, Slesvig and Holstein.

In 1867, the fortifications of Copenhagen were demolished and the ramparts levelled; and about 1870 Copenhagen began to be a modern city with wide boulevards, quays and splendid docks.

Copenhagen may be said to begin where the little town of Elsinore ends, where the waves of the Cattegat pass into the sheltered waters of the Sound. Elsinore is an ancient commercial town, chiefly in-

* Crichton, “Scandinavia.”

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teresting on account of the old Castle of *Kronborg*, with its picturesque turrets, gables and spires, dating from the time of Christian IV., who in 1635–37 restored the Castle, originally built by Frederick II. in 1574–75, and which had been nearly destroyed by fire. From its ramparts salutes are fired to greet incoming vessels; for the Castle is now chiefly used as barracks.

“It is as though Denmark’s history stood there,” says a Danish writer, “keeping watch at the outermost point on the outermost redoubt. Traditions from the earliest times cling to these old walls. Down in the deepest vault, behind walls which none can penetrate, sits Holger Danske, the nation’s hero. He has slept for a thousand years. His white beard has grown fast to the stone table while he slept. But when the last die is to be cast to decide the fate of Denmark—and they have played high and they have played long for the land of the Danes—then the hero will awake, tear his white beard from the table and grip his sword for the final struggle.

“Far down below Holger Danske waits his day; Hamlet’s shade wanders on the ramparts above.”

“Kronborg possesses one great advantage over the other Danish buildings of the Sixteenth Century,” wrote Horace Marryat. “It is built of fine sandstone, the only specimen in the kingdom. Though quadrangular and four-towered, it is relieved from all appearance of formality by the quaint onion pagoda-like minarets by which its towers are surmounted. The lofty clock turret, too, rising from

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the centre higher than those which flank the corners, adds to the dignity of the building. Few castles in the space of three hundred years have suffered so little from modern additions and improvement.

“You enter the interior court through a richly ornamented gateway, guarded by statues and overhung by a beautiful oriel window, enriched with the arms and ciphers of the founder. Opposite to you stands the chapel (the works of Rubens have long since disappeared); the fittings of the time of Christian IV. have been restored, but not too carefully. It is curious to trace, as you can by the turret to the right of the clock, the gradual transition from the Gothic to the Renaissance. The whole of the ornaments are of the latter period; but there is still occasionally a sort of feeling as if the architect was not quite decided in his views: whether he was or not, Kronborg is one of the most perfect specimens of its era—unspoiled, untouched and unrepaid—to be met with in Europe. It has long ceased to be occupied as a royal residence. One side is alone reserved for the use of His Majesty; the rest is occupied by the General Commandant, the officers and the garrison. Above the entrance of the clock-tower, surrounding the ornaments, appears the head of a huge mastiff, holding in his fore-paws a heart-like shield, with the cypher of Frederick II., and below the favorite device of the King, “*T. I. W. B. Treu ist Wilt Bratt.*” The same Wildbratt, whose portrait is above, was the favorite of King Frederick, and bit everybody save his royal master. Over the

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other door appears the device of his good queen—good Queen Sophia of Mecklenburg—‘*Meine Hoffnung zu Gott allein*’ (My hope is in God alone). Within the dungeon of the corner tower, that of the Restoration, adjoining the wine-cellars of Christian IV., where a jolly fat tun carved in stone above the entrance leaves no doubt of its identity, was situated the torture-chamber in days gone by.

After the peace of 1659, when Skaane was lost to Denmark forever, the windows of Kronborg Castle, which commanded a view of the Swedish coast, were walled up, to exclude a sight which caused so many heart-burnings.”

Here, too, are shown the apartments of the young Queen of Christian VII. Caroline Matilda, who was brought here from *Fredricksberg* in the middle of the night and expected to be executed. From the octagonal closet of the lighthouse tower she strained her eyes day by day to watch for the coming of the English fleet that she heard was on its way to rescue her. Her son Frederick VI. never visited Elsinore—the memory of his mother’s imprisonment was too painful; and so the royal apartments were abandoned as a Court residence and all the furniture removed or destroyed.

All associations, however, pale before the romantic story of Hamlet. The whole Castle of Kronborg seems to belong to him. The Flag Battery, to the left of the west entrance, is “the platform before the Castle,” where Shakespeare makes Hamlet watch in company with his friends, Horatio and Marcellus,

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for his father's Ghost in the "nipping and eager air" of midnight, while the sounds of revelry were heard from within the Castle, where the King kept wassail.

In the park of *Marienlyst* Castle, not far away, Hamlet's tomb, overshadowed by beeches, is shown to the traveller, who may believe it or not, as he pleases. From the north-west tower an extensive view may be had of the wooded coast of *Zealand* and of the lovely Sound from *Kullen* to the island of *Hveen*.

"The Sound!" exclaims a Danish writer, Herman Bang. "There is no Dane but yearns for it, and no stranger who, once having seen it, ever forgets it. See it on a day in July, when the water is violet-blue, and the woods on the coast along which we are sailing have turned dark, and the villas are lost among gardens thick with roses, and the sky is like a deep still ocean. Or see it towards autumn when the billows are dark and tipped with white, when the woods look grave, as though they were guarding dark secrets, and the sky is like glass. Every outline is sharp as though it were lighted up. The Hermitage in the midst of its beautiful plain, the houses on the slopes of *Skodsborg*, and, a long way further down, the massive dome of the Marble Church towering above everything else—these all shine; while the Sound itself is dark and the woods are as solemn as the portals of a church.

"Then the Sound is beautiful.

"Then one understands why all Danes long to dwell here; why the capital of Denmark was founded

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here; and why all her poets have sung the praises of these waters and this coast.”

When Kronborg was built, both sides of the Sound belonged to Denmark. All ships were obliged to stop at Elsinore to pay the Sound duties. These were removed in 1857; and in consequence Elsinore is now little more than a summer village.

“Imagine yourself on the deck of a ship sailing past Kronborg, past Elsinore, into the Sound, along the coast of Zealand, past country house after country house, village after village. Behind them all stretches the forest—mighty, luxuriant, radiant and high, as only a beech forest can be—the belt of the Sound. Go ashore where you will. Land, if you choose, at *Rungsted*. You have merely to cross a road, and you are in the forest. Not a heavy forest of oaks, not a forest of pines in whose stillness the birds dare not sing, but a beech forest where it is light in spite of the massive tree tops, mild in spite of the giant trunks—and full of song; for in the beech-wood all the birds sing.

“We proceed further along the coast of Zealand, —still from the deck of the steamer seeing country house after country house like a fringe. Now they group themselves once more into a town. It is *Vedbæk*. Those white banks, those high houses, those numerous verandahs—that is *Skodsborg*, now perhaps the most renowned of all the beautiful places along the Sound. Elsinore is the Past, Skodsborg is the Present of this coast. In front of the slope, the great expanse of blue water spreads itself out

with the sky for its border. From the midst of all this summer blue a long way out white banks rise. That is the island of Hveen where Denmark's great son, Tycho Brahe, the astronomer, erected his *Uranienborg*."

The villas of Skodsborg, the country homes of Copenhagen's wealthy citizens, are embowered in flowers and hedges of wild roses. Next come the villages of *Taarbæk* and *Klampenborg*, on the edge of a lovely Deer Park, *Dyrehaven*, in which stands the old royal hunting-lodge, "The Hermitage." This was built by Christian VI. in 1736; but is now turned into a restaurant. It stands on a little rising of the ground and overlooks the plain that slopes towards the glittering Sound. The Danish races are run here in summer, and for a few days the place is very gay with sportsmen from Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Germany.

Though the days of royal hunting are over, the forest is one enormous preserve fenced in with hedges for many miles, and is entered through large gates painted red and bearing the royal diadem. The enormous herd of deer, with its celebrated white stags, belongs to the King, and none but the King's keeper is allowed to kill them.

As we approach Copenhagen, the fortress of *Trekoner*, with its cannon on the ramparts, marks the division between the outer and inner roadsteads. In the latter, royal yachts are often lying at anchor. First, we notice the great Free Port of Copenhagen, a masterpiece of engineering, consisting of land re-

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claimed from the sea and converted into docks and quays in 1893–1894. Ships and steamers ply between it and the old Harbour, at the entrance of which is situated the Custom House (*Toldbod*). A beautiful promenade, the *Langelinie*, bordered with fine old trees, delights the eye, which also notes the many pleasure boats of all descriptions that lie in a small protected harbor at this point; for the boat and yacht clubs of Copenhagen have their headquarters here. Ship yards, granaries, warehouses, the royal dock yard, training ships and the docks of the Thingvalla Line that trades with New York, are passed, as well as *Amalienborg*, the royal residence. The dome that shines in the sunlight above the town is Frederick Church. Just above a bridge, *Knippelsbro*, which connects Copenhagen with the old suburb of *Christianshavn*, on the island of *Amager*, our boat enters the canal that surrounds the island of *Slotsholmen*. We pass the fish-market on *Gammel Strand* and arrive at the harbour, *Kalvebodstrand*, with the suburb of *Vesterbro* in the distance, and in front of us an extensive view of the Baltic.

Copenhagen, “the Merchants’ Haven,” is situated on the island, Zealand, in the Sound, which is here about fifteen miles wide, and the island of *Amager*, or *Amak*, which is separated from Zealand by a narrow arm of the Baltic which forms a splendid harbor. The city proper is on Zealand and the town on *Amager* is known as *Christianshavn* and these are connected by the bridges called *Langebro* and *Knippelsbro*.

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The island of Amager is the nursery garden of Copenhagen, and upon it dwell descendants of the Dutch colonists who settled here in 1516, and who have preserved their national costumes, manners and customs.

In all European cities, there is one principal square around which life concentrates and circulates. In Copenhagen, it is *Kongens Nytorv* (the King's New Market), an irregular space in the very heart of the old city, the centre of which is adorned with an equestrian statue of Christian V., popularly called *Hesten* (the Horse). From Kongens Nytorv thirteen streets radiate in various directions; and around the square are situated many fashionable hotels, *cafés*, restaurants, business offices, the Royal Theatre and *Charlottenborg*. The latter was built in 1672, and purchased in 1700 by Queen Charlotte Amelia for a residence. Since 1754, it has been the home of the Royal Academy of Art. Beyond Charlottenborg, the *Nyhavn Kanal*, an arm of the Harbour, bordered with quaint gabled houses, takes the visitor into a bygone period. It is one of the most interesting spots in the city.

Bredgade, leading north out of Kongens Nytorv, is the most fashionable street for residences. On the right and fronting *Amalienborg-Plads*, or Square, is Amalienborg, the residence of the King of Denmark. On Bredgade stand many other palaces, and town houses of royal and noble personages. We are now in the very centre of elegance and fashion.

The Amalienborg-Plads is as handsome and aris-



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PALACE SQUARE, COPENHAGEN

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tocratic a square as may be found in Europe. An equestrian statue of Frederick V. ornaments the centre; and not far away rises the noble dome of Frederick's Church. Four similar rococo buildings enclose the Square originally intended for separate palaces, but now together form the Royal Palace, Amalienborg. The King lives in the building on the south-east, originally built for Count Moltke; the Coronation and other State rooms are in the building on the south-west; the Crown Prince lives in the north-east; and the Minister of the Exterior in the north-west.

A visitor in 1908 says:

"Here tourists congregate at the hour of 12 A. M., to see the guard changed. On a bright day, when this circle of rococo palaces has a vivid blue sky as a background, Amalienborg is worth a visit. Its charm lies in its air of apartness from the rest of the world. It is like a palace in a fairy tale. The long, narrow scarlet sentry-boxes at each corner look hardly large enough to hold real soldiers. One finds oneself wishing that a peacock would appear from somewhere, with tail outspread, across the grey courtyard. It is the one touch lacking to make Amalienborg quite a fairy palace."

On Bredgade are the Surgeons' Hall, one of the finest buildings in Copenhagen; King Frederick's Hospital; the Houses of the *Rigsdag*, the Danish Parliament; the Russian Church with its three gilt onion-shaped cupolas; and the palace of Count Schimmelmann, now the *Koncert Palais*.

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From Bredgade, *St. Annae-Plads*, a wide avenue, runs down to the harbor. The *Amalie-Gade* starts from the *St. Annae-Plads*, and runs through the *Amalienborg-Plads* in straight line to the *Esplanade*. Bredgade, running parallel to *Amalie-Gade*, also enters the *Esplanade*, with its pretty grounds, north of which is the Citadel of *Frederikshavn*, surrounded by a broad moat. On the right, and extending about a mile north is the enchanting promenade, *Langelinie*.

P. C. V. Hansen, a Dane, exclaims with enthusiasm:

“Not many towns can boast of its equal. The water that washes against this promenade is not that of a quiet lake; it is the salt water of the Sound, where steamers, war-ships, moving, or at anchor, take the place of swans and small boats. The rising road leading from the town to *Langelinie* passes between splendid beds of roses; from the top of the rise there is a charming view. On the one side lies the English Church of *St. Albans*, a beautiful Gothic edifice with a shady avenue in front, and at the back the old moat of the *Kastel* which reflects the slender beauty of the building in its dark waters. Beyond the moat is the rampart of the *Kastel*, with its splendid leafy old trees. On the other side, beyond the promenade, one sees the custom-house and the harbor, and looking townwards, the royal residential palace of *Amalienborg* is visible.

“On *Langelinie* romance and reality meet. On the left hand is the rampart of the *Kastel*, a bit of

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genuine old romance which carries our thoughts far away from the modern surroundings. On the right hand we have the roadstead, alive with ships, and the large ship-yards with their ceaseless noise of hammering—a picture of bustling modern life. As we proceed, the Free Port comes in view; little by little the ramparts disappear, hidden behind the warehouses—the reality of life has vanquished romance.

“The last portion of the promenade, a straight, narrow line passés over the roofs of some of the warehouses of the Free Port. To the one side, far below, lies the huge Free Port, with its stirring life; and to the other, just below the promenade, is the Sound with the naval fortifications, and on the horizon the island of Hveen and the coast of Sweden. It is fresh and bracing out here, and the view from the lighthouse at the end of the walk is magnificent.

“Langelinie should be seen on a Sunday morning in spring, when the whole of Copenhagen turns out to show off the new toilettes, when there is scarcely elbow room for walkers, when the drive is crowded with smart carriages, when there is not an empty chair in the restaurant pavilion, and every seat along the promenade is occupied. But it is at its very best on a summer evening, when the noise from the Free Port and the ship-yards has subsided, when the waves of the Sound are at rest, and the dark forms of the ships stand out in silhouette against the starry night sky. Then a walk along Langelinie is a poem—a poem set to music by the nightingale in the trees of the old ramparts, or the ship's boy with

his melancholy concertina on some vessel in the roads."

Leading west from Kongens Nytorv, the wide boulevard called *Gothers-Gade*, takes us to the Botanical Gardens, laid out in 1871-1874 on the site of the old ramparts. On the way, we pass the Palace of *Rosenborg* and its famous grounds.

This lovely park, called the King's Garden, was laid out at the beginning of the Seventeenth Century by Christian IV. and has all the charm of antiquity. The fountain in the centre daily attracts the children and nursemaids of Copenhagen. Avenues of old trees, beautiful flower beds and a few old pavilions and statues form other attractions. Here is the famous statue of Hans Christian Andersen, seated, and supposed to be telling a fairy-tale.

Rosenborg Castle is one of the most characteristic buildings in Copenhagen. When Christian IV. built it in 1604-1610, it was outside of the city, and enclosed by the ramparts of Copenhagen, now changed into boulevards. It was used as a royal residence until the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. The castle is built in the style of the Dutch Renaissance and has several towers, the highest of which is three hundred feet and ends in three graduated cupolas, or lanterns, composed of open-work arches and placed one above the other. Since the time of King Frederick III. (1648-1670), Rosenborg has been used as a storehouse for the treasures of the royal family — robes, jewels, weapons, and other valuables. The collection was increased from

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other royal palaces and turned into a museum in 1863. The rooms have been arranged and furnished in various styles.

“In passing through the castle,” writes P. Brock, “we get a glimpse of the successive periods of culture of the last three centuries, and of the history of Denmark at those periods. The Danish national song, “King Christian stood by the lofty mast,” which celebrates the naval battle of Fehmern in the Baltic July 1, 1644, in which Christian IV. was wounded, is illustrated in the museum by such national relics as pieces of the suit which he wore on board the line-of-battle ship, *The Trinity*, when he was wounded—still stained with his blood—and two small gold enamelled hands, one holding a piece of the Swedish iron cannon-ball, and the other a piece of the Danish bronze cannon-ball by which his forehead and eye were struck. These were worn as ear-pendants by one of his daughters in memory of the battle.

“The Knights’ Hall is very imposing; its magnificent arched stucco ceiling dates from the beginning of the Eighteenth Century; the twelve large pieces of tapestry on the walls, representing the most important events of the Scanian war (1675–1679), were woven in the manufactory of the Dutchman, Bernt van der Eichen, in Denmark, towards the end of the Seventeenth Century. In front of the great fireplace at the northern end of the hall is a velvet canopy, underneath which are the coronation chairs of the king and queen; the king’s is made of nar-

whal-horn and adorned with eight allegorical figures; the queen's is covered with solid silver and adorned with two figures which represent the Fear of God and Charity. Before the coronation chairs stand three silver lions, representing the Sound, the Great Belt and the Little Belt. At the opposite end of the hall is the royal silver-gilt baptismal font, which is still used. Two tower rooms, adjoining the Knights' Hall, contain fine collections of very rare old Venetian glass, and of Chinese, Japanese, Indian, Dresden, French, Swedish and Danish porcelain."

In Rosenborg are also exhibited specimens of the insignia of the *Order of the Elephant*, the highest Danish order, founded in 1457 and renewed in 1693; and the mysterious Oldenburg Horn of 1474.

A legend says that one day in 989, when Count Otto I. of Oldenburg was hunting in the forest, a lovely fairy appeared before him with this drinking-horn. She promised him every fortune if he emptied it and every misfortune if he refused to do so. The knight threw away the contents and kept the horn, notwithstanding the fairy's entreaties to give it back to her. It is a pity to spoil such a pretty story, but the truth is that the Oldenburg Horn was made by German artists for Christian I. of Denmark in 1479 when he visited Cologne to reconcile Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy and the Emperor Frederick III. It is made of silver, and is richly gilt and ornamented with coats-of-arms of Denmark, the Empire and Burgundy, and other devices illustrating King Christian's mission. If this had been success-

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ful, his intention was to present it to the Chapel of the Holy Kings in the Cologne Cathedral; but the king being unsuccessful, he kept the treasure. The Oldenburg Horn remained in the family castle of Oldenburg for two hundred years and was subsequently brought to Copenhagen.

There are many other splendid gold and silver drinking-horns of various periods and a valued relic of the days of Christian V., the Wismar Cup of beautifully worked crystal. In Rosenborg is also the fine collection of Venetian glass brought home from Italy by Frederick IV.—perhaps the finest of its kind in existence; and there is also a wonderful collection of porcelain, particularly of old Dresden and blue Sèvres.

Rosenborg faces a wide boulevard, *Ostervolds-Gade* on which stands the Observatory with a statue of the great Danish astronomer, Tycho Brahe, in front; and a little farther away the Art Museum. *Ostervolds-Gade* continues on the north until it reaches the Citadel.

Going south its continuation *Norrevolgade* leads past *Orsted Park*, the most ornamental of Copenhagen's five parks. The landscape gardener has done his best here, having arranged beautiful vistas, artistically composed clumps of trees and shrubs, lawns with brilliant flower beds, and lakes on which swans are seen in great numbers. The park is also famous for its collection of bronze statues, many of which are copies of famous Greek sculpture from the Vatican, the Louvre, Florence and Naples.

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There is also a bronze statue of the famous Dane, Hans Christian Orsted, for whom the park was named, famous for his discoveries in electricity.

Between the old town and the suburbs, three continuous lakes form a sort of boundary, and their banks are dotted with many attractive villas. On the town side, there is a wide promenade with trees and seats by the edge of the water on which innumerable swans float in the spring and summer. The lakes are usually filled with pleasure boats, and several bridges cross the lakes into the populous suburb of *Nørrebro*. On Queen Louise's Bridge a continuous stream of carriages, wagons, omnibuses, bicycles, electric cars and foot-passengers makes this one of the best spots to study the street life of Copenhagen. From Queen Louise's Bridge *Gothers-Gade* leads without a turn to Kongens Nytorv.

On the west of Kongens Nytorv runs Copenhagen's most fashionable promenade Oster Gade, also called the *Strøget*, or *Strøgtid*, always thronged with people, but gayest in the afternoon from two to four. At the junction of Oster Gade and *Amager-torv* (which is really a continuation of that street), is a square, or open space, called *Højbro-Plads*, also a centre of busy life.

"This thoroughfare is only just wide enough to allow the red omnibuses, which ply up and down it between Kongens Nytorv and the *Raadhus-Plads*, to pass each other. The trams which connect these two squares have to go round over *Slotsholmen*. Yet, in spite of its narrowness, this is the favorite promenade

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of the citizens of Copenhagen, who may have walked up and down here between the shore with its market and the *Frue Kirke* above, before the days of Absalon. Here is the fashionable promenade during certain hours of the day, and here are the best shops, amongst them the emporium for the famous Royal Danish Porcelain. An astonishing number are devoted to fancy goods. If presents are weighing on our travellers' minds—and on what travellers are they not—a visit to one of these shops will remove the load without necessarily lightening the purses or filling up their boxes to any alarming extent. For here are brooches, miniature flags, Finnish spoons, leather goods and silver goods of all kinds, and pins—shamrock-headed, mistletoe-headed, flag-headed, snake-headed pins,—all small, almost all inexpensive, and, best of all from the traveller's point of view, neither to be bought nor priced in our own islands. In spite of the fascinating fancy-shops a walk through this busy thoroughfare is not an unmixed pleasure. The Danes have a curious habit of jostling one another, and they do not spare the passing traveller." *

From Amagertorv, passing down *Vimmelskaftet* we come to *Gammeltorv* and *Nytorv* (the Old and New Market) where stand some solid old mercantile houses, and the Old Town Hall, not so very old after all, as it was only erected in 1805–1815. In the *Gammeltorv* is a fountain, which on the birthdays of the King and Queen, according to an old

* F. M. Butlin.

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custom, throws up golden balls. In the vicinity are the University; the University Library, with its great treasures, including many Persian and Indian MSS.; the Church of the Trinity; and the Church of Our Lady, the Metropolitan Church of Denmark.

Everybody goes to see the Church of the Trinity, on account of its Round Tower (116 feet high). This famous tower was built by Christian IV. for an observatory, and was used for this purpose for 200 years. It is composed of two hollow cylinders between which winds a spiral inclined plane from the street to the summit, and of such easy ascent that the Empress Catherine of Russia ascended it in 1716, in a coach and four, preceded by her husband, Peter the Great, on horseback. There is a perfect panoramic view of the city to be had from the platform at the top.

The Church of Our Lady also deserves a visit. The simple structure built in 1811–1820 to replace the magnificent Frue Kirke with its spire 385 high, destroyed by the English in 1807, is heavy and bare in style. The chief entrance is a Doric portal with six columns. The church is a kind of basilica and is lighted from above; and the light falls on grey walls and columns without any colored decorations. Visitors are attracted here especially to see the statues designed and partly made by Thorvaldsen. From this point we can take another busy street, *Kjöbmager Gade*, if we like, back to Højbro Plads.

From the Gammeltorv, *Frederiksberg Gade* will take us to another open space, the Raadhuis-Plads.

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Tivoli is one of the institutions of Copenhagen. It was established in 1843 in grounds that originally formed part of the fortifications. Trees, lawns, shrubs, flower-beds, a large lake and rural walks render *Tivoli* a place of beauty; and restaurants, *cafés*, concert halls, orchestras, variety shows, pantomimes, an open-air theatre, acrobats, jugglers, rope-dancers, clowns, athletes, balloon ascensions, illuminations and fireworks contribute to its popularity. A son of Copenhagen, Albert Gnudzmann, informs us that “*Tivoli* is resorted to by persons of all ranks and of all ages. The bearers of the most honored names among the aristocracy and the upper middle class are met side by side with workmen and peasants from Zealand and the south of Sweden; here come solitary old people and children who have scarcely learned to walk, the families of sedate citizens and careless students, parents with their children, and young men with their sweethearts. And *Tivoli* is a great cornucopia which offers something to each one. There is high art and juggling; there is the peaceful idyll and the brilliant festival. Its programme is a gamut of the most varied amusements, ranging from roundabouts and swings, shooting-galleries and trials of strength to performances by the most renowned artists.

“At four o’clock, the cannon salute announces that *Tivoli*’s variegated pleasures are to begin. During the next few hours people stream in thousands through the stately portal—an expectant crowd, dressed in its Sunday best, and conversing in

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foreign tongues as well as in the dialects of all parts of the country. Sometimes there is a crush outside, but, once in, the stream divides itself and spreads over the vast grounds.

“On gala evenings, it is perhaps finest by the lake, bordered with thousands of lamps, which are mirrored on its still surface. The crowd promenades in ceaseless march round its margin, and on the water the regular stroke of the oars is heard. Boats glide continually to and fro, swarming round a full-rigged frigate which lies moored in the middle of the lake. This frigate is an exact copy of King Christian IV.’s battle ship *Trefoldigheden* (The Trinity); but accommodates in its cabin what its venerable exterior would never suggest—a variety entertainment. This is of a comparatively primitive type, and cannot compete with its distinguished colleague, the Arena Theatre, on the other side of the lake.”

Let us now see what a traveller in 1909, F. M. Butlin, has to say:

“It is only in the evening that the Tivoli becomes itself. On holidays and anniversaries of which the most important is its own birthday, when the gardens are illuminated with thousands of fairy lamps, which outline the slender spires of the concert hall, turning it into a veritable fairy palace, with the many-colored waters of the fountain as a fitting foreground; when the dark groves are lighted up with vistas of many-colored arches, then is the time to visit the Tivoli. Not far from the entrance, the ground slopes down to the quaint little panto-

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mime theatre, where, in place of a curtain, a magnificent peacock furls and unfurls its colossal tail. Performances are given at intervals; pantomimes, short ballets, living pictures and dumb shows of all kinds. Between times a band performs in another part of the grounds, but the musical centre is the concert hall. Here the music is of the best. The body of the hall is generally crowded, while above in the broad galleries and out on the terrace, supper is going on."

On Raadhuis-Plads, formerly the Straw market, a busy centre for traffic between the inner town and the suburb of *Frederiksberg*, stands the new Town Hall built in the Dutch Renaissance style in 1892-1900, and adorned with bronze figures in niches and with tall towers at each corner. The street on the west is Vesterbro Passage, the beginning of Vesterbro-Gade, one of the liveliest streets of the city. Here Tivoli lies to the south. In this district are the Industrial Art Museum, and the New, or *Ny-Carlsberg Glyptothek*.

Frederiksberg Allée, formerly the high road connecting Copenhagen with the village of *Frederiksberg* on the west (which is now, however, a part of Copenhagen), is one of the finest avenues and most frequented promenades. *Frederiksberg Allée* runs out to *Frederiksberg Have* the great park, separated from another park, the *Söndermarken*, by a high road. These parks each cover an area of about ninety acres and are favorite resorts—especially on Sundays for the working-people, tradesmen and

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their families, who as a rule bring their baskets of lunch and remain all day, lying on the grass or playing games.

Frederiksberg Park is particularly interesting on account of its old Castle, which is now a military school. Here dwelt Queen Caroline Matilda, sister of George III. of England, who was married to Christian VII. at the age of fifteen; and here she lived, after the King lost his mind, with the Prime Minister Struensee, before she was taken to Kronberg.

The two old royal summer houses—one built in the Swiss style and the other in the Chinese—are still in existence and have a very picturesque effect among the trees. Fine avenues of beech, lime and chestnut trees lead to the Castle, near which is the entrance to the Zoölogical Gardens. These are among the best in Europe. Their specialty is a collection of Arctic animals. From “Copenhagen Hill” there is an extended view of the distant city.

The Söndermarken is like a wood; and parts of it are quite wild, without roads or pathways.

In the grounds of the Ny-Carlsberg Brewery, on the south of Söndermarken, stands the Old *Glyptothek*, containing a very complete collection of ancient Greek and Roman sculpture, the gift of Mr. Carl Jacobsen, the brewer. The Ny-Carlsberg *Glyptothek*, also the gift of Mr. Jacobsen, in quite a different part of Copenhagen—east of Tivoli—is devoted to modern sculpture, particularly French and Danish.

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Going back now once more to Kongens Nytorv and taking the Royal Theatre for a starting-point, *Holmen's Kanal* will lead us to the Palace Bridge, on the left of which stands *Holmen's Kirche*, built in the Seventeenth Century, and well restored, containing a fine carved altar and pulpit, and monuments to naval heroes.

The Palace Bridge takes us directly to Christianborg on the island of Slotsholmen. This palace was built by Christian VI. in 1733-1740, and having been several times destroyed by fire, is practically a ruin, only slightly rebuilt. In the grounds are statues of Wisdom, Health, Justice and Strength, by Thorvaldsen. The island of Slotsholmen, which was fortified by Bishop Axel in 1168, forms a small quarter of its own. In addition to the Palace the chief buildings are the Royal Library, the Arsenal, the Exchange and the Thorvaldsen Museum.

The Thorvaldsen Museum is one of the most peculiar buildings in Copenhagen, and contains a complete collection of this sculptor's works. It is situated on the quay, and was originally one of the Royal stables, which was converted into a sombre edifice, built in the style of an Etruscan tomb, and serving the double purpose of museum and tomb; for in an inner court, enclosed with high walls, richly decorated in antique style, with palms, delicate foliage, wreaths, vases and tripods, is the grave of Thorvaldsen open to the sunshine, stars of heaven and the rain and snow from the passing clouds.

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Thorvaldsen was almost as great an idol with the Danes as Hans Christian Andersen. He was the son of an Iclander, a ship's carpenter and carver of figure-heads for ships, who settled in Copenhagen. The little boy, who had learned carving from his father, entered the Academy of Art; and, in 1793, he won the grand prize which enabled him to go to Rome. There he lived for twenty-two years. He returned to Copenhagen for a visit in 1819, and went back to Rome, where he lived for nineteen more years. In 1838, he went back to Copenhagen where he died in 1844.

Thorvaldsen was the most celebrated sculptor of his day and produced more than five hundred works, all in the style of ancient Greek art. His fellow-countrymen have honored his memory by this museum, which exhibits both his talent and his industry.

There are still several museums to visit. The National Museum, housed in the old Prince's Palace, a royal residence built in 1744, was founded in 1807, and now contains more than 70,000 objects. The Danish collection consists of two divisions: the Prehistoric from the Stone Age (about 3000 B.C. to about 1000 A.D.), and the Historic Collection (from the Middle Ages to about 1660).

The first is probably the most complete collection of its kind in the world. Here you may see the rude tools and weapons of bone and flint found in mounds on the Danish coast that are known as "Kitchen-middens," and there is also a fragment of

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one of these mounds. Then there are objects of the later Stone Age,—daggers and spear-heads and amber beads and other ornaments. The Bronze Age is also fully represented. There are hundreds of swords and female ornaments, miniature boats made of thin gold, a bronze-mounted chariot, splendid shields and men's and women's clothing found in ancient oak coffins in Jutland. Particularly interesting are the relics of the Viking period, consisting of gold and silver drinking-horns, bracelets and other ornaments, ring-money and horse-trappings. In the modern rooms, we find furniture and tapestry from Kronborg Castle; and a superb carved bed of state, dating from the time of Christian IV. Another department in this museum is the Ethnographical Collection, also one of the most complete in Europe. Greenland and India are extremely well represented. There is also a royal collection of coins and medals, containing more than thirty thousand articles.

The Art Museum, situated beyond the Botanical Gardens and built in 1891–95, contains the national collection of pictures, sculptures and engraving. The gallery of old pictures, due largely to Frederick V., has some splendid works. The Dutch and Flemish painters are the best represented, particularly Rembrandt and his pupils—Gerard Dow, Flinck, Bol, Victoors, Koninck, Fabritius and Aert van Gelder.

The collection of Modern Paintings is devoted to Danish Art from the end of the Eighteenth Century to the present day. The Sculpture Gallery exhibits

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the Danish sculptors from the time of Thorvaldsen to the present.

The Danish *Folkemuseum* also is a highly interesting collection that illustrates the development of civilization. One section represents peasant life; and separate rooms are fitted up in correct local style. Several old wooden houses have been removed here. There is also a collection of old Danish silver, and another of ancient female ornaments from Scania.

The Industrial Art Museum in the *Vestre Boulevard* exhibits the arts and crafts of Denmark. The collection of china is of particular interest. The Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Manufactory, started in 1775, naturally produced both useful and ornamented china in the Rococo style, which was going out of fashion, and the Louis XVI., which was coming into vogue. The so-called Muschel ware, the blue pattern of which is an adaptation of a Japanese flower design, is the most famous. Among the other specimens of artistic work are carvings, furniture and book bindings.

The *Knippelsbro* takes us across the harbor from Slotsholmen to Christianshavn, built by Christian IV., which still preserves its ancient character, and may be said to form a link between Copenhagen and the country. It still can show many fine old buildings, the homes of merchant princes. The Church of Our Saviour (*Vor Frelzers Kirke*) erected in 1749, deserves a visit. A winding staircase (397 steps) ascends to the top of the curious twisted spire

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on which is a statue of the Redeemer (popularly called "Manden").

In our walks around Copenhagen, you have doubtless noticed the peculiar architecture of which pointed gables and twisted spires (the spire of the Exchange is composed of four dragons whose tails are interwoven) are the most striking features. These fantastic buildings which look like the homes of the kings and queens, giants and ogres of fairy-tales, were, for the most part, built during the reign of Denmark's most popular king, and it is very singular to note that while fires and sieges destroyed much that was built after these, they spared his summer palace, Rosenborg, his Arsenal, his Round Tower, the college he built for poor students, and the *Nyboder* cottages he built for sailors.

"Two distinct building periods have given Copenhagen its architectural character. The first was during the reign of the royal builder Christian IV., in the first half of the Seventeenth Century. The second was during the last half of the Eighteenth Century, an intermediate stage between the Rococo and the Empire style. The nobility and the great merchants were then the ruling powers, and in Harsdorff Copenhagen possessed an architect whose genius and whose fine appreciation of antique art were perhaps unequalled in Europe. To get an adequate impression of Christian IV.'s architecture—an independent treatment of the German and Dutch Renaissance style—one should first examine the graceful Rosenborg Chateau with its slender towers, so

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picturesquely placed amidst delightful gardens; and then go on to Højbro-Plads, where the peasant-women from Amak, in their hereditary Dutch costume, sit selling fruit, vegetables and flowers, whilst Holmen's Church in the background and the fine Exchange with its fantastic dragon-spire, eloquently witness to their royal builder's artistic taste and gift of attracting the right men to his service." *

One of the striking features in Copenhagen is the number of *cafés* on the streets, with their bright awnings for shade and their screens of ivy. People live out-of-doors during the brief and delightful summer season, and in every garden of every house you see a miniature summer house and a rustic table and chairs. The afternoon bite is generally taken out-of-doors. Hours are rather early, and the living simple. Tea or coffee and bread is the breakfast, and luncheon at noon the first real meal. The dinner hour is from three to four, except in houses of fashion, where it begins at six or half-past six. The King dines at seven; and the curtain of the Royal Theatre rises at half-past seven. Copenhagen is a city of flat dwellers; nearly every house in town, and what is stranger still, every villa in the suburbs is occupied by several families, and, moreover, the people move frequently. There is also a regular moving day, similar to New York's first of May.

Christmas is a great festival. On Christmas Eve presents are exchanged and everybody has a tree. Easter is also kept; and between Easter and Whit-

* Erik Schiödt.

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suntide, the fourth Friday after Easter is called the Great Day of Prayer (*Store Bededag*). On the evening before the great feature of luncheon and supper is *Smørrebrød*, which some people wrongly call a sandwich. It might be described as a sandwich without the top slice of bread. The slice of bread is buttered and on it is laid a piece of meat, lobster, salted herring, salmon, cheese, or hard-boiled eggs. Another national dish is *öllebrød*, composed of black bread and beer, cream and salt herrings and slices of raw onions.

On this day the Church bells ring, and everybody promenades on the Langelinie, dressed in his or her new spring clothes, as they used to walk on the ramparts in olden times. On this evening, the Danes also eat a special bread called *Varme Hveder*. Whit Monday is the greatest holiday in the year; and Copenhagen Hill in Frederiks Park is thronged with towns-people to see the sun rise and "see it dance." With the exception of the peasants that congregate in the fish and flower markets, there is little to be seen in Copenhagen in the way of national costume.

THE CITY OF STOCKHOLM

THE VENICE OF THE NORTH

STOCKHOLM is one of the most beautiful cities in Europe. It is situated at the eastern outlet of Lake Mälär, partly on the mainland and partly on nine holms, or islands, in a small arm of the Baltic called the Saltjö. Its beauty and its waterways have given it the name of the "Venice of the North," a sobriquet that it shares with Amsterdam.

Stockholm is a comparatively young city, for Europe. The beautiful site was so exposed to pirates that it was long neglected; and three inland cities were capitals of great importance before Stockholm came into existence. These were Björkö (Isle of Birches) on Lake Mälär, destroyed before the Eleventh Century; Sigtuna, on an arm of Lake Mälär, destroyed in the Twelfth Century; and Upsala.

Stockholm was founded in 1250 by Birgir Jarl, the brother-in-law of King Eric the Halt. Birgir built a strong fortress on the hill where the modern Palace stands. This was surrounded by walls and fortified towers. A Franciscan monastery was built on the island of *Ridderholm* in the Thirteenth Century; and, in the Fourteenth Century, the Hospital

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of the Holy Ghost was erected on the island of *Helgeandsholm* (Holy Ghost Island).

Birgir made Stockholm the strongest fortress in the country. It was soon able to put an end to the depredations of the Finnish pirates who had so long desolated the Swedish coasts. The city rapidly grew in size, and soon became commercially important. The capture of Stockholm in the troubled times of warring ambitions was nearly always the blow that decided the fate of the whole kingdom.

In the Middle Ages, the city had close commercial relations with the Hanseatic towns and was dominated by their German merchants until the political changes wrought by Gustavus Vasa, since whose day the history of Stockholm is only the history of Sweden.

Stockholm has suffered terribly at times from fire which spread rapidly owing to the fact that the town was built of wood. The notable fires took place in 1297, 1407, 1419, 1445, 1458, 1495, 1625, 1697, 1719, 1723, 1751, 1759, 1802, 1822, and 1857. It is, therefore, not surprising that few ancient buildings remain.

The city has also been a prey to siege, famine and pestilence; and has been the scene of many tragedies. When Margaret of Denmark was invited, by the nobles to accept the crown of Sweden and King Albert was captured at the Battle of Falkoping, Stockholm refused to submit, and the supporters of Albert massacred the followers of Margaret in the city. Stockholm then suffered a long siege, and held

out till 1395. The year 1397 saw Margaret's triumphal entry into Stockholm.

Since the crown was not hereditary but elective, Sweden suffered almost constantly during the Middle Ages through the wars of rival princes. It was at the close of this period that the famous "Blood Bath" occurred at Stockholm.

In fighting the invading Danes, Sten Sture was mortally wounded at the battle of Bogesund (1520); and was borne on a sledge over the frozen lakes to Stockholm, where he died in a few days. His widow, Christina Gyllenstierna, then excited the men of Stockholm to resist, and attacked the Danish forces. They kept the field, however, and Christian II. of Denmark and Norway brought a big fleet to the capital. For four months the brave woman held the city; but she was compelled by famine and the desertion of some of her followers to surrender to a cruel and treacherous invader.

Christian II. was now crowned at Stockholm. The solemnities were followed by festivals and tournaments that lasted three days; and before they were over, when Christian was seated on his throne in the Knights' Hall, the Archbishop Gustavas Trolle, who had been Sten Sture's enemy, entered at a late hour and demanded justice against the followers of Sten Sture, who had deposed him. Under pretence of upholding the honor of the church, Christian ordered the execution of ninety-four persons, most of whom were nobles, by which act he thought he would secure the devotion of the peasantry. "Stockholm's

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Blood Bath" was the name given to this wholesale execution. "On the 8th of November (1520) at dawn, all the gates of the city were closed; loaded cannon were planted in the great market-place, and guards stationed at every point of the intersecting streets. The deathlike silence was broken by the sound of the castle bell when the long procession of victims marched forth to the place of martyrdom.

"The Bishop of Skara, one of the prisoners, loudly invoked the vengeance of Heaven upon the false and perfidious tyrant, who thus sacrificed the lives of innocent men at the caprice of suborned and perjured judges. The burgomasters of Stockholm exhorted their fellow citizens to shake off his detested yoke and never more to trust his oaths and promises. The prelate of Strengnaes, who had earliest espoused the cause of Christian, was first led forth to execution. As he fell on his knees and was about to receive the fatal blow, his chancellor, Olaus Petri, accompanied by his brother, Laurentius, rushed from the crowd to embrace his dying master, when the bloody head rolled at his feet. Olaus exclaimed against the cruel deed, but he was instantly seized, dragged within the circle and would infallibly have paid with his life for his temerity, had not a spectator who knew the two brothers in Wittemberg interposed, declaring that they were not natives, but Germans. By this accidental discovery were preserved the first apostles of the Reformation in Sweden.

"The slaughter of the other bishops and senators

followed; and among the latter was Erik, the father of Gustavus Vasa. The burgomasters next suffered, the execrations of their comrades being drowned by the noise of the Danish soldiery. The bodies of the dead lay for two days and nights unburied in the market-place, after which they were removed and burned without the city walls. The remains of Sture were disinterred and committed to the flames. At the intercession of some ladies of the court, his widow's life was spared on the payment of a heavy ransom; and she was conducted to Denmark with the mother of Gustavus Vasa and several other illustrious women, who were exposed to every hardship and indignity which malice or tyranny could inflict. The King took his departure from Stockholm after having constituted a regency and placed a strong garrison of Danish, German and Scottish troops in the capital." *

Gustavus Vasa heard the news of the terrible "Blood Bath" at Räfsnas, on the Gripsholm fjord, not far from Gripsholm Castle, and resolved to deliver his country from the Danish yoke and avenge his father's death. He headed a revolt, repeatedly defeated the Danes, and took Stockholm in 1523. At a Diet held in Strengnäs in that year, Gustavus was elected King of Sweden. His next task was to reform and reorganize the country, exhausted by war, and altogether in a very backward and unhappy condition. In 1527, he abolished the Roman Catholic religion; and, in 1529, made the Lutheran the

* Crichton.

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established religion. In 1544, the Swedish diet made the throne hereditary in his family.

The descendants of Gustavus Vasa, especially Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII., made the name of Sweden renowned throughout Europe. Stockholm gradually eclipsed Upsala as the capital, and many important events happened within the walls. It was at Stockholm that Gustavus Adolphus, the greatest soldier of the age and the champion of Protestantism, assembled the States in May, 1630, and took his little four-year-old daughter, Christina, and showed her to his people as their future sovereign. His farewell was spoken in broken accents and heard with many tears. His death on the field of Lützen, two and a half years later, plunged Stockholm into deep gloom, as the event was erroneously regarded as the ruin of the Protestant cause. However, the Chancellor Oxenstiern ably filled the gap; and when Christina came to the throne, she soon abdicated in favor of her cousin, Charles X., who increased the dominions and military glory of Sweden.

Gustavus III. (1746–1792), was born in Stockholm and met a cruel death there. He was an able and cultured ruler, but out of sympathy with his subjects, who refused to vote money to aid the French king on the outbreak of the Revolution. The nobles, whose powers he had curbed, conspired against him; and, although warned not to attend a masked ball at the Opera House he had built, he went there and was shot by an ex-officer of the guard,

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named Ankerström. He lingered for thirteen days in dreadful agony.

His son, Gustavus IV., involved the country in wars; and under him Sweden lost Finland and Pomerania. His English allies and his own people finally tired of his wrong-headed policy; and he was forced to abdicate. His uncle, Duke Charles, was elected to the crown in 1809. A year later the Swedes astonished Europe by asking Napoleon's Marshal Bernadotte to become heir to the throne, and as the health of Charles XIII. failed in the next year, he became practically the ruler. In 1818, he ascended the throne as Charles XIV. He is usually called "Charles XIV.-John." Sweden prospered under Bernadotte, who earned for himself the character of a good and wise king. He died in 1844, and was succeeded by his son, Oscar I.

Old Stockholm was built on three islands, the Stockholm (City Island); Riddarholm (Knight's Island); and Helgeandsholm (Holy Ghost Island); and nearly all the historical buildings are to be found here, as well as the new Parliament buildings and the Bank. The situation is a very beautiful one.

An English traveller writes:

"It was very early when I first looked out on the still slumbering city, and it seemed strange to note the hush and silence of the night still settled on the streets, though the sun had already climbed quite high and the water and the white pavements were bright with the glitter of a blue and gold day. My window faced towards the south, and the morning



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OLD AND NEW STOCKHOLM FROM KATARINA
HISSEN

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sun threw a golden bridge over the sparkling waters of the Saltsjö up to the white shining wharves of the *Staden Island*. On the left the view ranged to the southern portion of the town, the *Södermalm*, which rises in terraces to a height of two hundred feet above the level of the surrounding water. Westwards lay the palace, a huge sombre pile standing sentinel over the sleeping city, its frowning darkness relieved by a few points of light caught by its windows from the morning sun. Above and beyond rose the graceful iron spire of the *Riddarholm* church cutting black and clear into the pale blue sky, and to the right, in the middle distance, appeared the narrow outlet of the Mälar, its waters rushing and swirling from the higher level of the lake below the heavy masonry of the *Norrbro*, a granite bridge which springs its grey arch from the northern point of the *Staden Island*, linking the old quarter with the new. It had certainly a very beautiful aspect, this old northern town in the still hours of the early summer morning."

We will begin our explorations with the islands of *Staden* and *Riddarholmen*.

Staden is the very kernel of Stockholm—the Town. Upon it stands the Royal Palace; the Church of St. Nicholas, or *Storkyrka*, where the kings of Sweden are always crowned; and close by the *Storkyrka*, the Exchange, upon the famous old square or market-place called the *Stor-Torg*, the scene of the terrible "Blood Bath" of 1520.

A broad granite quay beginning at the monument

to Gustavus III. extends around the east side of the island, and here are docked and anchored most of the steamers and steam-launches that sail for distant ports, or that flit back and forth from island to island. On the other side of Staden, just beyond the equestrian statue of Charles XIV., at the point where the *Söderström* enters the Baltic from Lake Mälär, begin the markets—*Kornhamns Torg* (Corn-harbor market); Mälär Market, and the Meat Market. North of the Meat Market, we find *Munkbro* (Monk's Bridge).

All this side of Staden is therefore devoted to market traffic; and, of course, is the place to see the arrival of market-boats and peasants in costume.

Here, too, gather the servants, who generally do the buying for the household. The fish-market is a floating-wharf in front of the statue of Charles XIV.; and it is interesting to note that the fish are brought alive in the boats and kept in tanks until they find a purchaser. Nobody in Sweden would think of buying a dead fish.

On the south, Staden is connected with the suburb of Södermalm by the *Slussen*, or sluice bridge.

The most important building on Staden is, of course, the Royal Palace. This noble pile, which is built on the highest part of the island, was completed by Nicodemus Tessin, son of Count Tessin, the original architect, in 1760; and it was renovated completely in 1898–1901. The basement is granite, and the rest brick faced with sandstone. It is a huge four square building with wings at each corner, the

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wings two stories lower than the central structure. The inner courtyard is entered by four gateways, one in the centre of each façade. The northwest portal facing the Norrbro bridge dates from 1824–1834 and is called *Lejonbacken*, or the hill of lions. It is of solid granite and ornamented with two colossal lions of bronze. In front of this portal is a large platform from which one of the best views of Stockholm is to be enjoyed, looking across *Norrbro* bridge and the northern suburb, and over Mälär lake on the left. On the opposite side—the southeast—the Palace with its colonnade looks towards *Slottsbacken*, or Palace Hill, which slopes down to the quay called *Skeppsbro*, a broad esplanade where the Royal troops parade every day at noon, and which is also a Royal driveway. At one end of this esplanade stands a granite Obelisk, a hundred feet high, erected by Gustavus IV. to commemorate the zeal and fidelity of the citizens of Stockholm during the war with Russia in 1788–1790; and, at the other, a bronze statue of Gustavus III., at the spot on which he landed in triumph after the hard battle of *Svensk-sund*.

On the north-east side is a small garden called *Logården*, or lynx-yard, because at one time a small menagerie was kept here.

It would be impossible for us to inspect the entire Palace, for it contains no less than 516 rooms, not counting the kitchens and cellars.

In the gateway and leading to the royal apartments is a grand staircase of great splendor, orna-

mented with paintings, pillars, and niches containing porphyry urns, bronze figures holding lamps, medallions of ancient kings, etc. The State Apartments consist of nine splendid rooms, including the Life Guard Saloon, the Council Room, the Audience Room, the Red Saloon, the Grand Gallery (162 feet long) decorated with paintings, marble, stucco and gilding, its massive oaken doors with carvings two hundred years old, and lighted with 32 chandeliers, the Concert Room; and the ball room (118 feet long) called the "White Sea," on account of its white stucco walls. It is ornamented with gildings, mirrors and ceiling-paintings by Italian artists of the Eighteenth Century, and illuminated by 14 chandeliers and 10 candelabra.

The King's Grand Apartments number twelve, including a dining-room hung with Gobelins tapestry presented by Catherine II. of Russia to Gustavus III.; the Pillar Hall, where the conspirators assembled to dethrone Gustavus IV.; the Victoria Hall and the Porcelain Chamber with their fine old furniture, china and other treasures; the Apartments of Oscar I.; and the Queen's Apartments (Sophia of Nassau) containing many objects of interest besides old furniture. One of these rooms, called the Hall of Mirrors, is among the finest in the Palace.

A staircase in the gateway towards *Slottsbacken* leads to the Chapel Royal, with its marble columns, richly sculptured pulpit, and altar and ceiling paintings. Near this is situated the *Riks-Sal*, Imperial Hall, or Throne-room, in which the ceremony of

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opening the *Riksdag*, or Parliament, takes place on Jan. 15.

The Royal Museum of Armour and Costume, in the north-east wing of the Palace, is one of the finest collections of its kind in the world. Here are Swedish flags and standards, equestrian and other suits of armor, helmets, saddles, sabres, daggers and weapons of all kinds, interesting because they belonged to historical personages, or because they are works of art, or enriched with precious stones. The sword of Gustavus Vasa, and the helmet of Ivan the Terrible of Russia are also among the famous relics. There are also suits of parade armor and jousting armor, and a child's suit of armor dating from the Seventeenth Century.

In the Costume Chamber, we find coronation robes and mantles, robes of the Seraphim Order worn by Gustavus III., the masquerade suit which Gustavus III. had on when he was shot at a ball in the Royal Theatre in 1792, five coronation coaches and a state sleigh.

Near the Palace on the Slottsbacken stands the Church of St. Nicholas, commonly called the *Storkyrka*, the tower of which (184 feet high) groups beautifully with the Palace, as it breaks the long straight line of buildings. This is the oldest church in Stockholm, and is said to have been founded by Birgir Jarl in 1264. The present building dates from 1726-1743. In it the Swedish monarchs are crowned. The interior consists of a nave with double aisles and a wonderful reredos from Augsburg

of carved ebony, ornamented with gold, silver, and ivory, representing eighteen scenes from the life of Jesus Christ. The pulpit and choir-stalls are elaborately carved; there is a brass candlestick with seven branches of Fourteenth Century work, many ancient and modern tombs, and two enormous pictures of the *Last Judgment* and the *Crucifixion* by Von Ehrenstrahl, who died in Stockholm in 1699.

On a wide street called *Svartman-Gatan*, leading from the *Stor-Torg* to the Custom House, stands the German Church, called by the Swedes *Tyska Kyrka*, built in the Seventeenth Century and restored in 1878 after a fire. It was formerly called the Chapel of St. Gertrude, and has a fine tapering spire, 222 feet high, and the only peal of bells in Stockholm. German merchants of the Seventeenth Century presented the pulpit and altar. The modern stained-glass windows came from Munich.

Many steep little streets, which had better be called lanes, lead from the *Stor-Torg* to Skeppsbro on one side and to *Vesterlång-Gatan* and *Stora Ny-Gatan* on the other; and as they are occupied by poor artisans and tradesmen, they contain quaint old dwellings; and here you will find much that is typical of Swedish life.

The wide street, *Stora Ny-Gatan* will bring us to another square called the *Riddarhus-Torg*, which has been the scene of many executions. The statue of Gustavus Vasa, erected in 1773 by the Swedish nobility on the 250th anniversary of the day he entered Stockholm and delivered Sweden from

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Denmark, stands in front of the *Riddarhus*, a Seventeenth Century building of brick and sandstone, the façade of which is ornamented with allegorical figures and Latin mottoes. In the room decorated with the coats-of-arms of all the Swedish nobility, the Chamber of Nobles held its meetings until 1866. This room has been the scene of many events. Here the first Gustavus received the homage of his countrymen for having freed his country; here Gustavus Adolphus made a great speech to his assembled subjects before starting on his famous campaign which ended with his life on the battlefield of Lützen; here his infant daughter, Christina, was declared Queen of Sweden, when the news came of his death; and here Gustavus III. surrounded the rebellious nobles with troops and dictated a new constitution.

Near the *Riddarhus* is the *Rådhus*, or Town Hall, fronting the square on one side and the water on the other.

A bridge crosses here from the Riddarhus-Torg to Riddarholm. We have come here, of course, to see the *Riddarholms-Kyrka*, originally a beautiful Franciscan monastery of Gothic architecture. Owing to fires, restorations and the additions of burial chapels on the sides, its original style has been changed; but it is still a picturesque building, and the iron-work spire (302 feet high), fortunately light and elegant in design which replaces the old one destroyed by lightning in 1835, is a landmark that the stranger in Stockholm soon learns to recognize.

Riddarholms-Kyrka has been the burial-place of

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Sweden's kings and heroes since the days of Gustavus Vasa—it may appropriately be called Sweden's Westminster Abbey. No service is ever performed here except for royal funerals.

“The sacred shrine here for every true Protestant,” says a traveller, “is in the chapel upon the right of the altar. There repose the mortal remains of the chivalrous and heroic champion of the Protestant cause, the great Gustavus Adolphus. His sarcophagus of green Italian marble, surrounded with banners and trophies, bears the appropriate inscription, *Moriens triumphavit*, for he died as he had lived, victorious alike over his own passions and the enemies of his faith and country. In the Gustavian Chapel are also buried the remains of his queen, Maria Eleonora; of Adolphus Frederick and his queen Louise Ulrika; Gustavus III. and his queen Sophia Magdalena; Charles XIII. and his queen Charlotte; and other royal personages. In the opposite, or Carolin Chapel, is the tomb of the fiery Charles XII. His sarcophagus of white, on a pedestal of green marble, is covered with a lion's skin in brass gilt, on which are placed a crown, sceptre and sword and the name Charles XII. inscribed. Round about hang trophies of his various battles, including a standard taken with his own hand in Poland.” Armorial bearings of deceased knights of the Order of the Seraphim are also on the walls, and numerous flags, banners and other trophies are displayed above the tombs.

Norrbro Bridge, which was finished in 1806, is

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375 feet long, and is composed of seven granite arches. It crosses the little island Helgeandsholm that lies between Staden and the mainland. Half-way across this island, two flights of steps lead down from the bridge on the east side to the *Strömparterre*, a celebrated *café* the garden of which is washed by the waters of the *Norrström*.

The north end of *Norrbro* brings us into *Gustaf-Adolfs-Torg*, the big square in which stands an equestrian statue of Gustavus Adolphus, erected in 1796. On the west side of the square stands the Crown Prince's Palace; and, on the east, the magnificent Opera House with a large terrace which commands a fine view of the city.

East of the Opera House is the *Kungsträdgård*, the King's Garden, beautiful with trees and flowers. Here, too, is a bronze fountain with figures of sea-nymphs listening to the harps of the Nixies, in allusion to Stockholm's situation between lake and sea. The church that rises west of this charming promenade is *Jakobs-Kyrka*, built in the Seventeenth Century, and worth looking at on account of its finely carved portal. The organ in this church is considered the best in Sweden. The statue of Charles XIII. in the middle of the King's Garden represents him in the robes of the Seraphim Order: the lions at the foot of the monument are much admired. The streets on the east side of the King's Garden lead to another pleasure ground called Berzelii Park, where *cafés* and restaurants, flowers and shady trees attract the public.

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North-east of this park lies a district known as *Ostermalm*, which is comparatively new. It is devoted almost exclusively to residences of the well-to-do citizens. A broad avenue, called *Strandvägen*, bounds this quarter on the south. Here are many handsome four-story houses. *Strandvägen* runs along the water's edge, two bays breaking in at this point. A handsome bridge, built in 1897, and ornamented with figures from Northern mythology, connects *Strandvägen* with the island of *Djurgården*.

On the west side of Gustaf-Adolfs-Torg we find the busiest streets. *Drotting-Gatan* is a broad avenue that runs through the whole of the northern district from *Ström-Gatan* that faces the water (the *Norrström*) to the Observatory. On *Drotting-Gatan* are all the finest shops; and from this fact alone we know where to find the fashionable ladies. A walk along *Drotting-Gatan* will show us Stockholm's wealthy citizens in their happiest mood.

Another wide street leading north from Gustaf-Adolfs-Torg is called *Regérings-Gatan*; and between it and *Drotting-Gatan* is a square called *Brunkebergs-Torg*, north of which is the tall Telephone Tower, that we are always catching sight of wherever we go.

West of *Drotting-Gatan*, and not far from the Railway station, stands the simple but massive *Klara-Kyrka*. St. Clara's is noted for its beautiful interior and its lofty steeple (340 feet high). It was formerly a convent of Franciscan nuns, built in 1285; but was destroyed by fire. The present

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church dates from the middle of the Eighteenth Century.

The *Adolf-Fredriks-Kyrka*, east of Drottning-Gatan, was built about the same time. It is in the form of a Greek cross with an octagon tower in the centre. The next spire that we see east of this church belongs to the *Johannes-Kyrka*, a modern building. We are always seeing this church, not only because it has a very tall tower, but because it stands on a rather high hill called *Brunkeberg*.

While we are in this neighborhood, we may as well visit the delightful park called Humlegård (Hop-garden), which, laid out in the Seventeenth Century, has been kept up for more than two hundred years.

Among the trees, shrubs and flowers stands a monument to the great Swedish botanist, Linnæus, and another to Börjeson, who discovered oxygen.

In Humlegård, the National Library was erected in 1870-1876, a fine building that contains about 380,000 books and 11,000 Mss. Beyond this park lies a residential quarter bounded on the north by a street called *Valhalla-Väg*. East of Humlegård is the district called Ostermalm.

The southern quarter of Stockholm, known as *Södermalm*, separated from the island of Staden by the *Söderstrom* which links Lake Mälaren with the Baltic, and which is crossed by two iron bridges, is very picturesque, because the land on which it is built is very high and rocky, in consequence of which the views are extended and beautiful. A long wide

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quay lies east of the bridges along the Baltic; and another long wide quay lies west of the bridges on Lake Mälär; and on each of these quays a steam elevator carries passengers through the rock to a belvedere at the top for a fine view of Stockholm and the surrounding country. The *Mosebacken Garden* (on the Hill of Moses) is also noted for its unrivalled view. The whole of Stockholm is seen from the terrace with all its islands, towers, bridges, spires, trees, gardens, lakes and harbors with all the shipping. On the right lies the Baltic, enlivened with ships and steam launches flitting from island to island; and on the left the beautiful Lake Mälär. On this hill is a very fine theatre, the *Södra Teater*, and there are numerous restaurants and *cafés* in the vicinity. The two important churches in Södermalm, *Maria-Kyrka* and *Katarina-Kyrka*, are buildings of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.

A broad quay called *Blasieholmshamnen* leads from the square *Carl XII.'s Torg* to the south end of *Blasieholmen*, the chief attraction of which is the National Museum.

This is a handsome building in the Renaissance style with an entrance of greenish marble, over which are medallions of six famous Swedes: Linnæus, the botanist; Ehrenstrahl, the painter; Tegnér, the poet; Fogelberg, the sculptor; Wallin, the hymn-writer; and Berzelius, the chemist. There are also statues of Tessin, the architect, and Sergel, the sculptor.

In the rooms devoted to Swedish antiquities, we find curious relics of the Stone Age, the Bronze Age,

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the Iron Age, and embroideries, ornaments and carvings of the Middle Ages. The collection of porcelain is also of great interest, and several rooms are devoted to furniture of the Sixteenth, Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.

The gem of the Sculpture gallery is a "Sleeping Endymion" found in Hadrian's villa at Tivoli in 1773, and bought by Gustavus III. The same king did much to enrich the picture gallery, in which his mother, Queen Louisa Ulrica, had taken so great an interest. She purchased Count Tessin's splendid collection of French masters of the Eighteenth Century which are the glories of the Swedish gallery. The "Triumph of Galatea," by Boucher, is considered by many critics the masterpiece of this painter of Graces, Goddesses and Loves. Next in importance to the French pictures are those by the Dutch and Flemish masters. Of course, the Swedish painters from the Seventeenth Century to the present day are splendidly represented.

An iron bridge, *Skeppsholms-Bro*, connects the south end of *Blasieholm* with *Skeppsholmen*, a small island, the military and naval headquarters of Stockholm. The most conspicuous buildings are the *Kanonier-Kasern* and the *Karl-Johans-Kyrka*. A wooden bridge leads to another and smaller island, *Kastelholmen* (Castle Island), famous for its promenades and view from the tower of the Citadel. Here the Royal Skating Club is situated.

The whole island of *Djurgården* that lies on the east of Staden is a pleasure resort. As its name tells

us, it was originally a deer-preserve, and was turned into a park by Gustavus III. and Charles XIV. A stone bridge connects it with the mainland at the *Strandväg*; but steamboats constantly ferry passengers here from various places. The beautifully undulating ground, the green sward, the fine old oaks and other trees; the charming walks and the pretty villas make Djurgården one of the most beautiful parks in Europe. Restaurants, including the celebrated *Hasselbacken*, are numerous, as well as places of amusement. One of the features of the park is a colossal statue of the poet Bellman erected by the Swedish Academy in 1829. On the 26th of July every year, people flock here to recite his verses and honor his memory; for Bellman is even more of an idol in Stockholm than Hans Andersen is in Copenhagen.

On the south of Djurgården a little peninsula juts out from the island, which is a special park called Frisens Park, a very popular Sunday resort; and on the west side of the island is *Djurgårds-Staden*, where the houses are built of timber, and which, therefore, is a very interesting quarter to visit.

On the north of the island, not far from the bridge, is situated the Northern Museum, built in the style of a Swedish castle of the Sixteenth Century, and devoted to Scandinavian costumes and antiquities of all kinds.

Further along, near the entrance to *Skansen*, we find what at first sight appears to be an old wooden Norwegian church (*Stavekirker*). It is, however,

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the Biological Museum where Scandinavian birds and animals are exhibited, beautifully arranged and mounted.

We shall have to spend many hours in the delightful and unique open-air museum, called Skansen, which was founded in 1891. It consists of about seventy acres, laid out in such a manner that we see all of Sweden in miniature with its lakes, rocky hills, woods, cultivated fields and pasture lands. Typical old dwelling-houses and churches have been transported here, or reproduced, and are shown by peasants in their native costumes. We see thatched houses, old manor-houses and peasants' huts, each of which is correctly furnished. Of particular interest is a storehouse of a manor-house in *Ostergotland*, one of the oldest wooden buildings in Sweden, and the old *Bollnässtuga*, a building of the Sixteenth Century from *Helsingland*, which contains articles used in the joyous celebration of Yule in olden days.

Nor are animals and birds missing. We can visit the holes and cages of bears, foxes, lynxes, gluttons, wolves, otters and other animals; and gaze our fill at the eagles, hawks, owls, ptarmigan and other native birds; but what will probably detain us longest are the Greenland and Jemtland dogs, and the Reindeer Enclosure, and the Lapp Camp. These remind us that we are not very far from the Arctic Circle.

There are many towers in this park from which lovely views are to be enjoyed; and numerous res-

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taurants where the weary sight-seer may have refreshment. Every evening there are dances and sports and music at Skansen; and the Swedish festivals are always celebrated here with special features. These are: Walpurgis Eve and Walpurgis Day (April 30 and May 1); the Anniversary of Gustavus Vasa's accession (June 6); St. John's Eve and Midsummer Day (June 23 and 24); St. Lucy's Day (Dec. 13); and Yule (Christmas, Dec. 25).

Beyond Skansen is situated the Royal villa, *Rosendal*, built by Charles XIV., with its lovely park, hot-houses and orangeries. The interior of the palace is richly furnished. In the grounds stands a famous red "Porphyry Vase," nine feet high and twelve feet in diameter, which was made in the Royal manufactory of Elfdal in Dalecarlia.

Haga is another favorite resort north of Stockholm on a pretty lake, called the *Brunnsviken*, communicating with a fjord that leads to *Ulriksdal*. The castle of Haga was built by Gustavus III. in 1786-88, and was his favorite residence. It contains some furniture of his time and many decorative paintings.

Ulriksdal was built at the end of the Seventeenth Century by Jacob de la Gardie, and afterward became the property of the widow of Charles X., who left it to her grandson, Prince Ulrik, whose name it bears. It is filled with furniture and various curiosities of interest to the traveller as well as to those especially interested in Swedish history. The park is noted for its fine avenue of lime-trees and its pretty

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gardens; and there is a chapel near the castle erected in 1865, in the Dutch Renaissance style.

The most beautiful of the royal palaces, however, is *Drottningholm*, built by Count Tessin on the island of Lofö in Lake Mälär.

The palace is sumptuously furnished; and contains many pictures, tapestries and other works of art. There is also a fine library; and in the extensive park we find a theatre and a maze. The old gardens, laid out in various styles, are adorned with sculpture in bronze and marble, and fountains and lakes on which swans and other aquatic birds are numerous. The Chinese Pagoda, built by Adolphus Frederick as a birthday surprise for his wife, Louise Ulrika, is filled with Chinese curiosities.

The winter days in Stockholm are long and dark. In December, the sun does not rise until nine o'clock and he gets through his daily journey by half-past two!

Eighteen hours of darkness, however, does not prevent the enjoyment of out-of-door sports. No people in the world enjoy winter more than the Swedes; and well they may; for their country is fairy-land when King Winter is on his crystal throne.

Stockholm looks very beautiful in her wintry garments, when all the lakes and bays and inlets and canals are glassy mirrors; and the pines, firs and spruce trees in the parks and suburbs are robed in ermine, and all the roofs, cornices, spires and gables are powdered with feathery snow, or made

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fantastic with glistening icicles. And what beautiful colors glow in the sky! What marvellous hues are caught and reflected on the glistening surface of the snow!

The American traveller, Bayard Taylor, was greatly impressed with the enchanting colors of a Swedish winter landscape. He writes:

“The sun rose a little after ten, and I have never seen anything finer than the spectacle which we then saw for the first time, but which was afterwards almost daily repeated—the illumination of the forests and snow-fields in his level orange beams, for even at midday he was not more than eight degrees above the horizon. The tops of the trees only were touched: still and solid as iron, and covered with sparkling frost-crystals, their trunks were changed to blazing gold, and their foliage to a fiery orange-brown. The delicate purple sprays of the birch, coated with ice, glittered like wands of topaz and amethyst, and the slopes of virgin snow stretching towards the sun, shone with the fairest saffron gleams. There is nothing equal to this in the South—nothing so transcendently rich, dazzling and glorious.”

How the people delight in sleighing, skating and tobogganing! How merrily the bells jingle as the sleighs dash along the streets and roads! An English traveller writes:

“All the traffic is on sledges; the flies and private carriages go on runners, with only the curly splash-board to denote the wheel of summer. Long light

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sledges are also used, propelled from behind with the foot in a succession of kicks, and can be driven at a great pace. But the most curious means of locomotion is the Swedish snow shoe, now becoming well-known to English frequenters of Davos and St. Moritz.

“ These *skidor* are strips of pine wood, six or eight feet long, by about four inches wide, and strapped quite loosely to the feet. The Lapps and up-country peasants use them perpetually during winter, and can go on the flat at a speed of six or eight miles an hour.”

People skate in Stockholm as naturally as they walk; and the Royal Skating Club on Kastelholmen is not by any means the only resort. Indeed, every lake and canal presents an animated picture. The traveller just quoted also tells us:

“ It was most exhilarating to join the varied throng, any evening after seven o'clock, on one of these spacious swept and garnished areas by the side of the central island. They were here in their thousands; men, women and children. And bandstands in the middle of the areas gave facility for the music so loved by the Stockholmers; and electric lamps were slung round and about the enclosure. The moon and the keen northern stars did their best also to make the scene memorable, while on the outskirts of the rinks were booths as at a fair, in which, as in more southern resorts, you might get cups of coffee for a halfpenny, or shoot at blown eggs dancing on jets of water.”

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One of the favorite skating resorts is the strait between Djurgården and the mainland. Hundreds of skaters are seen here; and, as on every other lake and canal, many bear skating-sails. People often skate enormous distances, and form parties for a special expedition.

In the winter, too, comes the great season of Yule, or Christmas. People begin to prepare early for this joyous festival. Everybody has Christmas secrets, for gifts are universal. A few days before Christmas, the boats come into Stockholm laden with trees; and in a short while the streets are filled with the spicy fragrance of the forest. Every house in Sweden, from the King's Palace to the poorest hovel, has its Christmas tree; consequently the supply in the markets and shops is enormous, and on Christmas Eve every other person that you see is carrying home a tree. On the Sunday before Christmas Day, an old custom permits the shops to remain open; and according to another old custom there is a special Christmas market in the Stor Torg (see page 229), where little booths are erected for the occasion, and where, in addition to all the fancy articles, foods and Christmas-tree decorations, the gingerbread Yule pig (*Julgrisen*) and Yule goat (*Julbocken*) are conspicuous.

In every house, from that of the wealthy nobleman to that of the peasant, the same Christmas supper is served: a specially prepared fish for the first course; rice with cream and powdered cinnamon for the second; and roast goose for the third.

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The Christmas festivities are not over until Jan. 13, which is called "Twentieth Day Yule."

A greater festival, however, is Midsummer's Day. Summer in Sweden is very short. Every one, rejoicing in the bright sunshine, tries to make the most of it while it lasts. The days now are eighteen hours long and there is really no darkness. On June 23 the town is deserted. Steamboats, trams, trains, cabs and carriages convey thousands into the country and parks to spend the day on the grass and under the trees. Many carry their lunch baskets and others depend on the restaurants, but all are alike in one matter,—they wear flowers or a bit of greenery. The birch bough and leaf are conspicuous everywhere. Cabs, carriages and boats are masses of moving boughs and garlands. Horses and cabmen are also adorned; and everywhere you go, you see the Maypole, sometimes fifty or sixty feet high, gay with ribbons, flowers, garlands and blue and yellow Swedish flags. The people dance and make merry around it, just as they used to do in England and in this country on the first of May, before the Puritans forbade it. The festivities are kept up all through the night, which is, after all, nothing but a red twilight; and the Midsummer bonfires answer one another from rock to rock until they mingle their lurid gleams with the glowing banners of Odin's Valkyrie daughters,—the Dawn Maidens.

THE CITY OF CHRISTIANIA

CHRISTIANIA is a town of few historical associations, monuments, or relics. It is a modern capital, and a town of much commerce and manufacture; and consequently its streets are full of life and bustle. Its characteristics must be sought for in the old suburbs, where a few old wooden houses still survive in the narrow winding streets. Although it has a fine University and many museums containing collections of value, its chief charm is in its situation. Christiania lies on a peninsula between the bays of *Björviken* and *Piperviken* in which the great Christiania Fjord ends. On the southern point of this promontory stands the old Castle, or fortress, of *Akershus*; and to the north extends the broad valley of Aker (*Akersdal*) with its circle of forest-clad hills. The Fjord is dotted with islands, some of which are uninhabited, while others exhibit pretty villas nestling among the trees.

The inhabitants of Christiania appreciate the beautiful views of town, fjord, wooded hills and snow-tipped mountains that surround them; and, therefore, every pleasure-garden and every resort has its tower from which the panorama may be observed. It is the scenery more than any other pleasure that Christiania has to offer that attracts the tourist.

The City of Christiania

Though Christiania has grown amazingly of late years its general features remain the same as when Bayard Taylor wrote:

"The environs of Christiania are remarkably beautiful. From the quiet basin of the fjord, which vanishes between blue, interlocking islands to the southward, the land rises gradually on all sides speckled with smiling country-seats and farm-houses, which trench less and less on the dark evergreen forests as they recede until the latter keep their old dominion and sweep in unbroken lines to the summits of the mountains on either hand. The ancient citadel of Akershus, perched upon a rock, commands the approach to the city, fine old linden trees rising above its white walls and tiled roofs; beyond over the trees of the palace park in which stand the new Museum and University, towers the long palace front behind which commences a range of villas and gardens stretching westward around a deep bight of the fjord, until they reach the new palace of Oscar's Hall on a peninsula facing the city. As we floated over the glassy water in a skiff on the afternoon following our arrival, watching the scattered sun-gleams move across the lovely panorama, we found it difficult to believe that we were in the latitude of Greenland. The dark rich green of the foliage, the balmy odors which filled the air, the deep blue of the distant hills and islands, and the soft, warm colors of the houses all belonged to the south."

Christiania may be regarded as a city that was twice founded. About 1050, Harold Haardraade

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founded the town of Oslo on the fjord then called *Folden* (now the Christiania Fjord) on a plain beneath the steep slopes of *Ekeberg*. Harold built here a castle and other edifices; but Haakon V. (1299–1319) was the first to make Oslo a royal residence and the burial place for the kings. He rebuilt the *Mariakirken* erected in the Eleventh Century.

In the Middle Ages, Oslo was made the seat of a bishopric, and became the most important town, after Bergen, in Norway. At the end of the Fourteenth Century, many merchants of the Hanseatic League were settled here and carried matters with a high hand until the reign of Christian II. of Denmark (1513–1524). Oslo, being built of wood, suffered frequently from fires in the Sixteenth Century; and while it was being besieged in 1567 by the Swedes, who had destroyed it forty years before, the inhabitants burned it down rather than let it again fall into their hands. It was rebuilt, but in 1624 it was again destroyed by fire; and King Christian IV. of Denmark and Norway, who happened to be in Norway at the time, decided to rebuild the city and call it by his own name.

“What was done at that time by the king was more a removal than anything else, mainly effected on military grounds, as the city on its new site was brought into close proximity to Akershus Castle, and, shortly after its foundation, was surrounded by ramparts which were built up to the fortifications of the Castle and formed with these a united whole. The

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citizens were not permitted to rebuild their dwellings, but were granted sites in the new city, which were parcelled out by the King himself after proceeding to Akershus for the purpose.

“Most of the houses of Oslo were of wood and repeatedly destroyed and rebuilt. On the open portions of the city’s old ground there are no inconsiderable remains of the houses which were burnt down by the fire of 1624, and which on various occasions, especially during the excavations of 1892, have been opened up. Many old houses by these operations have been brought to light, showing that the destruction of 1624 cannot have been so complete as had been imagined. These houses, dating from about 1570, formed, as long as they remained unexposed, a sort of small Norwegian Pompeii in wood, and of very modest proportions.

“As an offset to Oslo, with its perishable log tenements, Christiania was, by the decree of its founder, to be built of stone, and this was carried out to a large extent, not however to the extent desired by the King, and Christiania was thus, even within the old ramparts, far from being a stone-built town. Compared, however, with Oslo it represented a very great advance for the times.” *

Oslo did not disappear entirely, but continued a somewhat dull existence as a suburb of Christiania until it was annexed in 1859.

Christiania suffered from three severe fires in 1686, 1708 and 1858. The latter one was the worst.

* Bloch.

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It broke out in the *Skipper Gade* in the centre of the town, destroyed sixty houses, and rendered a thousand persons homeless. *Vaterland* and *Piper-viken* were almost swept away. The city was also visited by the plague several times in the Seventeenth Century; and by the cholera in 1833, and in 1840–1850. In 1716, it was occupied by the army of Charles II. of Sweden, which besieged the Castle of Akershus.

Notwithstanding all these troubles, Christiania has grown steadily. In the middle of the Eighteenth Century, many merchants attained to wealth, particularly in trading with the English. The chief commodity was timber. In 1807, Christiania experienced many calamities; but, after Norway and Sweden became united in 1814, her commerce was resuscitated; and Christiania now ranks next to Copenhagen and Stockholm among the Scandinavian towns. Apart from being a manufacturing centre and supplying the Norwegian towns in her vicinity with various articles, she exports lumber, matches and ice in large quantities.

The University, founded in 1811, made Christiania the focus of the intellectual life of the country; and in 1814 it became the seat of Government and Parliament (*Storthing*). The great event of late years was the act of the Storthing dissolving the union of Norway and Sweden on June 7, 1905, and a son of the King of Denmark taking his oath as Hakon VII. before the Storthing on Nov. 27 of that year.

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And now let us approach the city with the eyes of an English traveller:

“The voyage all the way up the fjord is now a moving panorama of lake scenery unique in character and of considerable beauty. Those who expect savage grandeur and a picturesque outline of mountains and rocks will be disappointed, for, beautiful as it is, the aspect is tame compared with scenery in the fjords of the west coast. Most of the islands and hills are too round in form to be very picturesque; they are of granite and gneiss, and for the most part covered with fir and pine trees from the water's edge to the summit.

“If steaming up the fjord between the months of May and July the traveller will be much struck by the lightness of the nights and the gorgeous sunset effects, which blend into those of sunrise without losing their brightness. The course being due north (towards the sun) there is probably no place in the whole of Norway where sunsets are seen to greater advantage.

“On the left just before reaching Christiania (158 miles and about 12 hours from Christiansand) will be seen the *Ladegaardsö* peninsula, thickly covered, like the rest of the neighborhood east and west, with pretty wooden villas. The city is now in sight at the foot of a hilly amphitheatre. The more striking objects on the left are the palace and the huge block of handsome buildings erected on Victoria Terrace, by the late Mr. Peter Petersen, one of the most enterprising citizens of Christiania. The slim

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but tall crenellated tower of Oscar's Hall adorns the small bay to the west while straight in front lies the once strong Castle of Akershus."

Akershus Castle, the ramparts of which are planted with lime-trees, and which is now an arsenal and prison, was the royal residence of the Norwegian sovereigns until about 1740.

Of the original castle, built here at the end of the Thirteenth Century, only fragments of the foundations are left; for it was besieged in 1310 by Duke Eric of Sweden; by Christian II. of Denmark; and by the Swedes in 1567 and 1716. The arsenal and armory contain many relics such as arms and banners and other objects of historical interest; and in a small tower on the south side the Norwegian regalia and articles belonging to the sovereigns are preserved. The old prisons are also shown to visitors. The view is superb, and the terrace is a favorite promenade.

Rounding the point on which the castle is situated, the steamer soon reaches the railway quay, nearly opposite the Custom House, and is docked in the quay-lined harbor of *Björviken* where numerous other ships and steamers are lying. This was formerly the eastern boundary of the original city. A new street here, *Akerselven*, with a bridge across the river, Aker, has been opened to Oslo harbor.

"Old Christiania is very regular. Beyond it lies a semi-circle of suburbs—Piperviken, *Hammersborg*, *Sagbakken*, Vaterland and *Grønland* which, long since, were included in the town but which yet defy



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CARL JOHAN'S STREET, ROYAL PALACE IN THE
DISTANCE, CHRISTIANIA

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all attempts of arrangement. With their low houses and crooked streets, they do not create an attractive picture. Beyond these in the more recently laid-out portions, there again exists great regularity, the streets being at right angles to each other, and the houses in them fine and tall. Some of the new quarters are filled with villas and form some of the prettiest and most attractive parts of the metropolis." *

The main thoroughfare, *Carl Johan's Gade*, is also the northern boundary of old Christiania, and runs from the Eastern Railway Station in a straight line for about a mile until it ends at the Royal Palace. *Carl Johan's Gade* is the street of handsome shops, hotels and *cafés*; and the street on which we find such important public buildings as the *Storthingsbygningen* (House of Parliament), the University and the Museums. As it is the fashionable promenade and shopping district, it is, therefore, the street on which the traveller loves to stroll and linger.

The Royal Palace stands on an eminence in the beautiful park and gardens laid out in formal taste with lakes, walks and beds of bright flowers. In front of the Palace on a terrace stands an equestrian statue of Charles John (Bernadotte), facing the street to which his name is given. This was unveiled in 1875. The Palace was erected in 1823-1848 and is a simple, plain and not particularly attractive structure. It is richly decorated within with paintings and sculpture by Norwegian artists. The chief rooms of interest are the large Ball Room,

* Bloch.

the Red Drawing Room, and the King's Billiard Room.

Skirting the Palace Park, the road *Drammens Veien* (Drammen Road), affords a delightful and much frequented walk. South of the Palace lies the famous *Victoria Terrace* with its rows of handsome houses. Drammens Veien runs along until it reaches a branch of the fjord called the *Kyles of Frogner* and then runs parallel to this boundary as far as the mouth of the river Frogner. This is fast becoming a villa district. North and west of the Palace Park are other districts that are being built up with residences, especially *Homansbyen* (Homan's Town).

Going down Carl Johan's Gade from the Palace, the first building on the left at the foot of the slope is the University, which consists of three fine buildings, erected in 1841-1853. The Library, of 375,000 volumes, is contained in the wing nearest the Palace. The Centre building has a fine portico ornamented with a statue of Minerva and is devoted to lecture rooms and halls; here we also find the Zoölogical, Botanical, Zoötomical, Mineralogical and Ethnographical Collections.

Behind the University are situated the Museum of Art containing the sculpture and picture galleries, the Museum of Industrial Art, and the Historical Museum. The collection of Northern antiquities includes relics of the Stone, Iron and Bronze Ages, and many mediæval objects of great interest, among which are some marvellously carved doors of old timber churches.

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Of all the treasures, however, the most ancient and valuable are two Viking ships, one of which was found at *Thune* in 1867 and the other at *Gogstad* in 1880. The latter is in the better state of preservation and measures 172 feet from stem to stern.

A visitor describes it as follows:

“It was unearthed from the mouth of the great Christiania Fjord. It is shrined as it deserves to be in a great shed all to itself, with glass cases round the chamber containing the charred trifles, bones, etc., which were disinterred with it. The walls are hung with mouldering ropes and detached fragments of the boat; and also with photographs of it and its various parts. You may walk all round it on a gravelled path, and so thoroughly examine it as it stands in imposing ruin, buttressed on supports as if it were in process of construction, instead of a relic of about eleven centuries.

“An imaginative man may, with the help of precise description, readily furnish it for one of the many marauding cruises in which doubtless it took a part. Among the odds and ends which were found with it were bits of homespun, supposed to belong to the dead Viking's tent, and some peacock feathers. These last are reasonably believed to have been the result of the Northman's voyages in southern seas, since peacocks were then rare in Norway. They may even have been taken from some Saxon homestead on the east coast of England. The Viking's peacock was interred with him in the middle of the boat, his horses and dogs being slain and laid like

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dead sentinels outside the death chamber. Of all these animals, as well as of the Viking himself, the bones may be seen in the cases of the room. The boat was drawn from the sea with its stern towards the water, and all the details of the burial having been settled, and the Viking himself placed where he had commanded so often the whole of the ship, except the sepulchral chamber, was covered with potter's clay, with a layer of moss and twigs on the top, upon which the mound was raised.

"In extreme length the boat is about one hundred feet, by a middle width of sixteen feet. Its lines excite the admiration of accomplished shipwrights in our day. Still, it is interesting to mark how the Norwegians of the coast use boats modelled quite after this old fashion. In the Faroe Isles, the curved prow is even more emphatic in its resemblance to the Viking's ship, whence it may have descended by the regular process of one generation from another.

"Perhaps the most suggestive ornaments of the boat are the four shields fixed to its gunwale. They are round and wooden, with about a third of their area raised above the ship's side as a protection to the marauders."

Returning to Carl Johan's Gade we come to the large square called *Eidsvolds Plads*, which is the centre of life and gaiety and which is surrounded by *cafés* and restaurants and extends as far as the Storthingsbygningen (House of Parliament). This building was completed in 1866. In front of it

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stand two granite lions by Borch. During the sittings of Parliament the public is admitted to the gallery. Behind the President's seat in the *Storthing's* chamber is hung a large painting by Oscar Wergeland, representing the first discussion of the Norwegian Constitution at Eidsvold in 1814. On the west side of Eidsvold Plads stands the National Theatre, erected in 1895–1899 with colossal statues of Ibsen and Björnson.

Still walking eastwards down Carl Johan's Gade, the next point of interest is the *Stortorvet*, or *Torvet*, the main square or market place, on one side of which rises the Cathedral of the diocese of Christiania—Our Saviour's Church—*Vor Frelser's Kirke*, which was erected in 1695–1699 and restored in 1849–1850. The altar-piece, representing Christ in Gethsemane, is by the German artist Steinle of Düsseldorf. In the middle of the square stands the statue of Christian IV. by Jacobsen. On this square also are the vegetable and meat markets; the Bank; and the main fire brigade station.

Various streets radiate from this point, including *Stor Gaden* (Main Street), in which some old trades still flourish and the peasantry congregate. This street leads to the River Aker. *Grænsen*, another important street, connects this square with *Akers Gaden*. The Norwegian silver-work, filigree-work, enamel-work and glass-work are particularly famed, and many shops where these specialties are sold are situated in Carl Johan's Gade, *Kirke Gaden*, *Kongen's Gade* and *Stor Gaden*.

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The next important street to Carl Johan is Akers Gaden, which begins at Akershus Castle, leads past the Houses of Parliament, crosses Carl Johan's Gade and runs north a long distance beyond the limits of the town. Until it reaches Grænsen, the street is narrow, and this part of it in former days was so dirty that it was called *Svinesund* (Pig Sound); but now fine houses and buildings such as the Courts of Justice and Government offices have caused the past squalor to be forgotten. Here also was erected in 1858 the *Trefoldinghedskirke* (Trinity Church), a large brick building with a dome containing handsome interior decorations, including an altar-piece painted by Tidemand, representing the *Baptism of Christ*, and a carved baptismal font of kneeling angels with a shell. Behind Trinity Church lies an old churchyard, consecrated during the Plague of 1654, as is shown by a monument on the left of the entrance.

Akers Gaden branches off at the Roman Catholic Church of St. Olaf (*St. Olafskirke*), a brick Gothic building of 1854, passes around the cemetery *Vor Frelzers Gravlund* and to the old Aker's Church (*Gamle Akers Kirke*), built of stone in the Eleventh Century and restored in 1860–1861 when the present spire was added. The roof is flat and supported by enormous pillars. It is now closed to visitors; and, therefore, we must depend upon the impressions of a traveller in 1892, who wrote:

“We drove out to see the old Akers Church in the suburb, which has a recorded existence of about

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nine hundred years. We half expected to find it a wooden oddity, like that of Borgund in the mountains, which looks for all the world like a cluster of conical belfries joined at the bases. No such thing, however. Akers is a stone building, heavy and prison-like as befits its era. Of architectural decoration it has none. Its beauty lies in its grim strength and the solidity of its granite columns. It has an exquisite carved oak pulpit in keeping with the style of the church—massive and compact, and as different as possible from the carved work of the Belgian artists in the great church of the Low Countries.

“While we sat admiring this pulpit a procession of men and women trooped in with two babies in their midst. It was a baptism. The children were as quiet as the Norwegian winter. Even the palms full of water upon their little foreheads did not awaken them. The beruffled pastor made the service impressive; the massive church added to the impressiveness. Afterwards the god-parents, who had been separated and placed on opposing sides according to sex, filed past the altar and gave their offerings, and the babes were taken back to the capital to begin their life course.”

North of the old grave yard and Gamle-Akers Kirke is *St. Hanshaugen* (St. John's Hill), a sort of garden or park where the city reservoir and water works are situated, and where there are restaurants, pretty walks, band-stands, pavilions and towers that command beautiful views of the town and the fjord with its islands.

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On the east lies Oslo, which has been absorbed by Christiania and is now a suburb. To all appearances it is a modern town, for all the ancient buildings have long disappeared.

Its centre is the square called *St. Halvards Plads*, where *Bispe Gaden* that runs from the harbor joins *Oslo Gade*. At the point of intersection of these streets stands the *Lade Gaard* (Farm House), which during the Middle Ages was the palace of the Roman Catholic bishops. The great event of historical interest that took place in this house was the marriage of James VI. of Scotland to Anne of Denmark, sister of Christian IV., the founder of Christiania. The princess left Christiania for Scotland on Sept. 5, 1589, with an escort of twelve war ships; but, owing to storms and an accident to the royal flagship, the latter with three other ships sought shelter at Oslo where the bride-elect was accommodated in the Bishop's Palace. As she was about to return to Denmark, she received news that the impatient King James had sailed for Norway. He arrived on Nov. 19, and four days later the marriage was celebrated in the Bishop's Palace, which was hung with rich tapestry for the occasion. David Lindsay, the King's chaplain, performed the ceremony. After spending a month in Oslo, the King and Queen of Scotland left in sledges for Denmark, where they spent the winter.

On the other side of *St. Halvard's Plads* stands the Bishop's Palace (*Bispe Gaarden*), originally the old Dominican monastery, a part of which was

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granted to the Roman Catholic bishops after the Reformation, during which they lost their residence just described. This Palace, in which part of the old monastery is incorporated, was rebuilt and extended in 1882-1884.

In the vicinity are situated Oslo Church and churchyard, and the Oslo asylum, built around portions of the old Franciscan monastery. From this spot, the tourist has a choice of several roads by which he may climb to the top of the Ekeberg, or Egeburg Hill, the most attractive of which is the *Kongs Veien* (King's Road) which winds through beautiful woods all the way. Of the panorama that is unfolded there an enthusiastic traveller writes:

"We ascended by numerous serpentine windings the steep height of the Egeburg; looking down from its summit, what a varied view is seen! The large town at the end of the bay, in the midst of the country, spreading out in small divergent masses in every direction, till it is at last lost in the distance among villages, farm-houses and well-built country-houses. There are ships in the harbor, ships behind the beautiful little islands which front the bay, and other sails appear in the distance. The majestic forms of the steep hills rising in the horizon over other hills, which bound the country to the westward, are worthy of Claude Lorrain. I have long been seeking for a resemblance to this country and to this landscape: it is only to be found at Geneva on the Savoy side, towards the Jura mountains; but the Lake of Geneva does not possess the islands of the

fjord, nor the numerous ships and boats sailing in every direction. Here the pleasure resulting from the sight of the extraordinary and beautiful country is heightened by the contemplation of human industry and activity." *

On the other side of Christiania lies another old district called *Bygdö*, anciently known as *Bygdey*.

Bygdö, "the cultivated island," first appears in history when King Haakon V. informed his bishops and nobles that he had settled "*Bygdey*" upon his bride, Euphemia, daughter of the Prince of Rügen. This was inherited by her daughter, who granted it in 1352 with several islands near Oslo to the monastery of the Holy Virgin and St. Edmund on the island of *Hovedö* (near Akershus Castle), on condition that they would say masses for her. At the Reformation, *Bygdö* reverted with other monastic possessions to the Crown, and was known as *Lade Gaardsoen* (Farm Island).

Bygdö is separated from the mainland by two arms of the Fjord—the Kyles of Bestum and the Kyles of Frogner—between which a narrow neck barely prevents *Bygdö* from being an island. *Bygdö* may be reached by road or boat. Many beautiful walks and drives are to be enjoyed here through sylvan scenery. The portion of *Bygdö* that belongs to the State consists of an old manor house known as the Royal Farm of *Bygdö*, which is situated in a lovely park, greatly frequented by the people of Christiania on Sundays and holidays. The chief

* Von Buch.

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attraction of Bygdö, however, is Oscar's Hall, which was erected by King Oscar I. in 1849-1852 for a pleasure seat, but which is not now used as a dwelling. The main building consists of three stories and a tall tower from which a beautiful view is to be had. The dining-hall is in a separate building and is richly decorated with paintings. One celebrated series representing Norwegian peasant life is by Tidemand. The other rooms are decorated with paintings and sculpture, and the castle contains quite a little collection of art objects.

In the grounds there are five buildings erected by King Oscar II. to perpetuate some of the old Norwegian architecture. These are the *Gol Church*, an old timber building of the Twelfth or Thirteenth Century with fine interior carvings, which stood at Gol in *Hallingdal* until 1884; the *Hovedstuen*, or house of a peasant proprietor built in 1738, removed here from *Telemarken* and properly furnished; the *Starbur*, or Storehouse, also from *Telemarken*; an ancient *Rögstue* (smoke hut), a very ancient dwelling with a hole in the roof for the smoke to escape, from *Saetersdalen*; and a Barn from *Gudbrandsdalen*.

Not far from these is the Norwegian National Museum modelled somewhat after that of Skansen in Stockholm (see page 243). The entrance gate is a reproduction of an old city gate of Bergen of 1628. Here we find reproductions and original buildings of churches, cottages, old gates and doorways, etc. The *Ridehus* contains twenty-eight rooms filled with furniture, pictures, textiles, and domestic

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utensils from the various provinces of Norway. There is also a restaurant here, the *Gildestueun*, where concerts are given every evening.

Holmen Kollen on the northwest is the most popular pleasure resort of Christiania, both in summer and winter. It is an extensive establishment on a hill about 1,000 feet above the sea-level; and consists of several wooden buildings all in the Norwegian style, including hotels, a "sporting-house," for cyclists in the summer, and skaters, snow-shoe runners and tobogganers in the winter. There are also pretty walks through the woods to the lake and the *Peisestuen* (the "Hearth or Ingle Nook cottage") where light refreshments are sold. From this point may be seen the clearing in the wood where the famous Ski competition takes place every February, and which all Christiania goes to see. It has been called the "Christiania Derby."

A splendid road, opened in 1890 by the King of Norway and the Emperor William II., after whom it is named, leads to *Frogner Sæter*.

Frogner Sæter, formerly the "Villa Heftye," was purchased by the city of Christiania in 1889. This lies to the north-west of the city and was once the great show place in the vicinity. The house of Mr. Thomas Heftye, who died in 1886, stands 1,380 feet above the sea-level, and is converted into a museum containing relics illustrative of Norwegian domestic life. The view is beautiful. Near this *châlet* several old Norwegian buildings have been re-erected, including a peasant's cottage and other

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quaint dwellings, as well as booths for rest and refreshment. At some distance beyond *Tryvands Höiden* there is also a special tower commanding an extensive view, on the south as far as the Kattegat; on the east toward the boundary of Sweden; on the north the extensive forests of *Nordmarken*, where the mountain peaks rise 2,000 to 3,000 feet; on the west the snow capped *fjelds* of Hallingdal and Telemarken; and below, the city encircled by green fields and pine woods, and the blue waters of the Christiania Fjord bright with islands and shipping.

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THE MODERN ATHENS

EDINBURGH, the capital of Scotland, has a world-wide fame for its natural and artificial beauties. Foreign visitors and native admirers all unite in praise of the varied charms of the city. Thus, Sir David Wilkie, the painter, wrote:

“What the tour of Europe was necessary to see elsewhere, I now find congregated in this one city. Here are alike the beauties of Prague and of Salzburg; here are the romantic sites of Orvieto and Tivoli; and here is all of the admired bays of Genoa and Naples. Here indeed to the poetic fancy may be found realized the Roman Capital and the Grecian Acropolis.”

The name Modern Athens was given to the city on account of the similarity of the physical features of Edinburgh with those of Athens. Stuart, the author of “The Antiquities of Athens,” first drew attention to the resemblance. Dr. Clarke said that the neighborhood of Athens is just the Highlands of Scotland enriched with the splendid remains of art. W. H. Williams also stated that the distant view of Athens from the Ægean Sea was considerably like that of Edinburgh from the Firth of Forth “though certainly the latter is considerably superior.”

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“Meditative people will find a charm in a certain consonancy between the aspect of the city and its old and stirring history. Few places, if any, offer a more barbaric display of contrasts to the eye. In the very midst stands one of the most satisfactory crags in nature—a Bass Rock upon dry land, rooted in a garden, shaken by passing trains, carrying a crown of battlements and turrets, and describing its warlike shadow over the liveliest and brightest thoroughfare of the new town. From their smoky beehives, ten stories high, the unwashed look down upon the open squares and gardens of the wealthy; and gay people sunning themselves along Princes Street, with its mile of commercial palaces all beflagged upon some great occasion, see, across a gardened valley set with statues, the washings of the old town flutter in the breeze at its high windows. And then, upon all sides, what a clashing of architecture! In this one valley, where the life of the town goes most busily forward, there may be seen, shown one above and behind another by the accidents of the ground, buildings in almost every style upon the globe. Egyptian and Greek temples, Venetian palaces and Gothic spires, are huddled one over another in a most admired disorder; while, above all, the brute mass of the Castle and the summit of Arthur’s Seat look down upon these imitations with a becoming dignity, as the works of Nature may look down upon the monuments of Art.” *

Edinburgh is built on the slopes of three hills,

* Robert Louis Stevenson.

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about a mile and a half south of the Firth of Forth, which is here about six miles broad. It would be hard to say now where Edinburgh ends and the old port, Leith, begins. The city also extends to the water at Newhaven and Granton. From its eminences the view is extensive over sea and land—from the Isle of May lighthouse in the German Ocean to Ben Ledi on the West.

The Castle Rock rises to a height of 385 feet and dominates the scene for miles on every side. Its strategic value was recognized very early. Roman relics have been discovered nearby; and it was an important hold of the Picts. Early in the Seventh Century, Edwin, King of Northumbria, built a fortress here which was named after him, Edwin's-burg (Gaelic, Dunedin).

Under Malcolm Canmore, whose wife Margaret died there in 1092, and during the reigns of his three sons, Edinburgh Castle was a royal residence. Under its protection, the upper town rapidly grew and prospered, attracting Anglo-Saxon and Norman colonists.

Malcolm's son, the pious David I., founded the Abbey of Holyrood, and gave the canons the right to build a burgh between them and the city. This was called the Canongate. The Abbey served as a royal palace, or, at least, afforded occasional accommodation to the Scottish sovereigns in the days before they adopted Edinburgh as their permanent capital.

The Kings of Scotland who reigned before the

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Stuarts held their courts in various towns. On the murder of James I. in 1437 at Perth, it was felt that a strong fortress was needed to protect the crown from the attacks of the powerful nobles. The widowed Queen and her son James II. removed to Edinburgh, which was thenceforth the capital of the Kingdom. In 1452, James II. by charter made Edinburgh pre-eminent over the other burghs, and the first city wall was erected. James III. also favored the city, and raised it to a sheriffdom within itself, and gave to the incorporated trades a banner under which they gathered at need and which his descendant James VI. contemptuously called the "Blue Blanket." This is still preserved in the Trades Maiden Hospital. The city was soon forced to expand. The new town spread over the valley to the south, the Cowgate being the main thoroughfare. On the death of James IV. and the flower of his nobility at the Battle of Flodden in 1513, a new protecting wall was built enclosing the Cowgate and land occupied by Greyfriars' Church, Heriot's Hospital, etc. The Canongate was not included, as it belonged to Holyrood.

The Cowgate runs parallel with the original main street called High Street, and was connected with it by more than a hundred narrow alleys or closes threading the maze of lofty houses.

During the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries Edinburgh suffered several times by English invasion and by warring native factions. Sometimes the Castle was too strong to be taken. The town was

the scene of many tragedies of persecution and intolerance during the religious disturbances of that period of rebellion and fanaticism.

After the death of James V. in 1542, Cardinal Beaton acted as Regent and allied Scotland with France against England. Henry VIII. issued ferocious orders to the Earl of Hertford to invade Scotland:

“There to put all to fire and sword, to burn Edinburgh town and to raze and deface it, when you have sacked it and gotten what you can of it. Sack Holyrood House and as many towns and villages about Edinburgh as ye conveniently can. Sack Leith, and burn and subvert it, and all the rest, putting man, woman and child to fire and sword without exception when any resistance shall be made against you. The accomplishment of all this shall be most acceptable to the majesty and honour of the King.”

Consequently, in May, 1544, the Earl of Hertford landed at Leith, took Blackness Castle and demanded the unconditional surrender of the city. He had come to punish the Scots for their detestable falsehood, to declare and show the force of his highness's sword to all such as would resist him. On the receipt of a defiant answer, the English blew in Canon-gate, and for two days Edinburgh was pillaged and burned. The invaders, after unsuccessfully bombarding the Castle, seized the ships in Leith harbor, loaded them with spoil and sailed back to Berwick.

Three years later the English again invaded Scotland; and at Musselburgh, about six miles from

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Edinburgh, the last battle was fought between England and Scotland as independent kingdoms. On the day following the disastrous battle, in which ten thousand Scots were slain, the victorious English burnt Leith; but the infant Queen Mary was removed to Stirling for safety; and the invaders retreated for lack of provisions.

In 1550, Adam Wallace was burned on Castle Hill for calling the mass an abomination, but the Reformation was working and in June, 1559, the forces of the Lords of the Congregation took possession of Edinburgh, demolished its altars, seized the coining irons of the Mint and the Regent retired to Dunbar.

After the defeat and flight into England of Queen Mary in 1568, the Castle of Edinburgh was held in her interest by Kirkaldy of Grange. When the Earl of Morton became regent, he obtained aid from England. Early in 1573, fifteen hundred English troops and a train of artillery arrived, and the Castle surrendered in May. The garrison was released, but the governor and his brother were hanged at the Cross of Edinburgh. Mary's party in Scotland was then completely subdued.

In 1645, the city was laid waste by plague. Five years later, it was captured by Cromwell, the Castle also capitulating. On the accession of Charles II. in 1660, Edinburgh saw a bitter persecution of the Covenanters which lasted for a generation.

At the Revolution of 1689, there were serious disturbances in which the students of the University

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were very active; but the Duke of Gordon who held the Castle for James II. surrendered in June, 1689. The Act of Union of 1707 was very unpopular in Edinburgh, where a reaction was felt in favor of the exiled House of Stuart. In 1745, during the second Jacobite rebellion, Charles the Young Pretender was welcomed in Edinburgh and held court in Holyrood Palace as King of Scotland for a short time; but he failed to gain the Castle.

In 1618, the city wall was finally extended. A portion of this is still visible in the Vennel, south of the Grassmarket and west of Heriot's Hospital.

Within the walls the population multiplied, and the houses crowded together and rose high into the air. Until the middle of the Eighteenth Century, the growing population was housed by utilizing every square yard of available space and substituting tall buildings (locally called *lands*) for low ones and projecting from them overhanging timber additions. In this way were developed the narrow alleys and closes that covered the northern and southern slopes of the ridge along which ran the main street of the Old Town.

Confined within her walls, Edinburgh grew not in area but in height and density. Even after the Act of Union of the Parliaments of England and Scotland, the city kept largely within the walls, as if she might still need their shield against the invader. Until the middle of the Eighteenth Century, Edinburgh was content to occupy only the ground included in the Old Town. Of the Mediæval town,

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no buildings remain except parts of the Castle and St. Giles; of the present Holyrood Palace, only two towers date as far back as the reign of James V. (1513–1542).

“In all that concerns cleanliness and comfort and decent living, Old Edinburgh was not so much deficient as according to our notions impossible. Even its best folk had only the life of to-day’s working man. A country gentleman, a successful lawyer, and with a seat on the bench almost within reach, pays £15 a year for his house. It consists of three rooms and a kitchen. One room was for the lawyer’s consultations and study, another was my lady’s parlour, the third was a bedroom, where a whole household slept, save that the housemaid reposed under the kitchen dresser, and the man servant found his nightly lodging elsewhere. And of course things were still worse among the trades-people. An eminent goldsmith had a shop in a booth stuck on a wall of St. Giles Church, the nursery and kitchen however being placed in a cellar under the level of the street, where the children are said to have rotted off like sheep. There was scarce a room in the whole city without a bed; there was very little water, and that was laboriously conveyed by caddies to the tops of the tall houses; pigs were kept under projections towards the street in which during the day they sought their food; as the ground was uneven some of the houses were much taller on one side than the other, there being as many as fifteen stories in them. The closes, as you may see for yourself, are not

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very broad, and at the top the houses almost touched. Too little space, too little water, too little light; how strange were the domesticities of those old citizens! And nearly everybody drank too much, washed too little, swore horribly and lived roughly.

“Nature and history had shut all within a narrow limit. On the north the Nor’ Loch and the Ravine prevented building until in 1767 the North Bridge was thrown across, and the New Town was made. To the west was the Castle Rock, and a wall hemmed in the remainder of the city. Thus the builder, since he could not go abroad, must go high. Even when the Union was an accomplished fact, and the walls were mere obstruction, the antique methods of building and of living but slowly gave way.” *

In 1788, the North Bridge, which had been completed in 1769, connecting the Old Town with the fields on the north, was extended southward forming the South Bridge which spans the Cowgate and thus made a level way to the southern suburbs. A short distance to the westward George the Fourth’s Bridge was erected and later Regent’s Bridge, Waterloo Place, which spans the valley between Princes Street and the Calton Hill and the Dean Bridge over the Water of Leith. The new North Bridge was begun in 1896. Of late years, many old streets have been cut through or widened.

The Castle is situated on a high rock that descends almost perpendicularly on three sides, and slopes gradually on the east to Holyrood.

* Henderson.

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Malcolm Canmore left Queen Margaret here when he and his sons invaded England in 1093; and on hearing the news of his death she fell ill and died. Her body was secretly carried down the west cliffs when the news was received of a new claimant to the throne. Edinburgh Castle surrendered to Henry II. in 1174, and was captured in 1296 by Edward I. and held by the English until, in 1312, Bruce's followers scaled the southern cliff which had until then been deemed inaccessible. Edward Baliol returned it to the English; Edward III. refortified it; and in 1341 Sir William Douglas recovered it by strata-gem. One of the greatest attacks it sustained was the siege of thirty-three days for Mary Queen of Scots against the Regent Morton and his English support under Sir William Drury; but it was forced to capitulate. Cromwell also took the Castle in 1650, after the Battle of Dunbar, and threatened to blow up the historic pile; and in 1745 it refused to open its gates to Prince Charles Edward Stuart.

The outer gateway, built in 1882, leads to a vaulted archway called the Portcullis Gate, over which is the Constable's, or Argyll, Tower, the old State Prison. This tower was built by David II. in 1369; and fell in the siege of 1573. It was restored in 1890. The road winds and passes through another gateway to a platform that commands a magnificent view. On it stands the famous piece of artillery called "Mons Meg," said by some authorities to have been made at Mons in Hainault in 1446, while others say it was made at Castle Douglas in

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Galloway and given to James II. at the siege of Thrieve Castle in 1455. It is repeatedly mentioned in Scottish history.

Mons Meg stands in front of St. Margaret's Chapel, which is the oldest building. It occupies the very summit of the rock. Some authorities believe this was the chapel in which Queen Margaret, the wife of Malcolm Canmore, worshipped. If so, it is the oldest ecclesiastical building in Scotland. It is small—only sixteen feet by ten. The chapel was restored in 1853.

Beyond the platform is situated the Half-Moon Battery, from which royal salutes and the time gun are fired, the signal for which is given by a ball dropped on the top of Nelson's Monument on the Calton Hill.

Beyond the Half-Moon Battery is a quadrangle, called Palace-Yard, on the south side of which is situated the Great Hall, and on the east side the old Palace. The former, also called Parliament Hall, is 84 feet by 33 feet, and has an open timber roof 45 feet high. This splendid room was built in 1424, and was used for state receptions. Here the Earl of Leven entertained Cromwell in 1648. It was restored in 1892; and until then had been used as a sort of store room for the military hospital for two hundred years.

The Palace dates from the Fifteenth Century, with additions of 1566 and 1516. In the south-east corner are the apartments occupied by the regent Mary de Guise and her daughter, Mary Stuart, and

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in the small room on the ground floor, James VI. was born on June 19, 1566. Another interesting apartment is the Crown Room, in which the regalia or the "Honors of Scotland," as these treasures are called, are preserved within an iron cage. They comprise a crown supposed to date from the days of Robert Bruce but ornamented with gold bands by James V. in 1536, and last used at the Coronation of Charles II. at Scone in 1651; a sceptre, made in 1536; and a magnificent sword of state given to James IV. by Pope Julius II. Various jewels, badges, orders, etc., belong also to this collection.

The Arsenal is on the west side of the Castle and contains a fine display of arms and armor of various dates. The Picture Gallery (150 feet long, 27 feet broad and 18 feet high) is hung with some valuable old pictures and a number of fancy portraits of ancient Scottish kings. In this hall, the representative Peers of Scotland are elected.

From the Castle, a straight thoroughfare a mile long, called successively Lawnmarket, High Street and Canongate leads to Holyrood Palace.

Castle Hill of old was occupied by the mansions of the nobility. These have all been destroyed by fire, or by modern improvements.

From this place, the famous West Bow wound down to the Grassmarket. Though now transformed into a flight of steps, it was formerly the principal way by which carriages reached the high ground of the city. It took its name from the bow or arch in the wall that formed the western gateway of the city.

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The Grassmarket was the place of public execution from 1666 to 1784. The hangman's cart conveyed the condemned to the scaffold down the steep West Bow. Among the most famous of these, the Marquis of Montrose and the Earl of Argyle may be mentioned. The Covenanters were burned in the Grassmarket. At the east end of the square a circle enclosing a cross marks the spot where the gibbet stood. The Castle Hill was the scene of many witch burnings.

From the Grassmarket, Candlemakers Row will take us to Greyfriars Church and Burying Ground, formerly a garden belonging to the monastery of the Grey Friars, founded by James I.

"The Friars must have had a pleasant time on summer evenings; for their gardens were situated to a wish, with the tall castle and the tallest of the castle crags in front. Even now, it is one of our famous Edinburgh points of view; and strangers are led thither to see, by yet another instance, how strangely the city lies upon her hills. The inclosure is of an irregular shape; the double church of Old and New Greyfriars stands on the level at the top; a few thorns are dotted here and there, and the ground falls by terrace and steep slope toward the north. The open shows many slabs and table tombstones; and all round the margin, the place is girt by an array of aristocratic mausoleums appallingly adorned." *

Old Greyfriars Church, erected in 1612 and

* Robert Louis Stevenson.

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burned in 1845, was notable as being the place where the Covenant was signed on March 1, 1638, from which the popular party received the name of Covenanters. The paper was signed on the tomb of Boswell of Auchinleck by many nobles and gentry, then by three hundred ministers and a great multitude of the people.

The New Greyfriars Church, built in 1721, contains little of interest.

“In the ancient graveyard of Greyfriars Church, which contains the dust of all the contending factions of Scottish history—where the monument of the Covenanters recounts their praises almost within sight of the Grassmarket where they died; where rest the noblest leaders both of the moderate and of the stricter party—there rises another stately sepulchre, at once the glory and the shame of Scottish liberals. It is the ponderous tomb, bolted and barred, of Sir George Mackenzie, the Lord Advocate under James II. He it is of whom Davie Deans has said that ‘he will be kenned by the name of Bluidy Mackenzie so long as there’s a Scot’s tongue to speak the word.’ ” *

In this churchyard, the 1,200 prisoners taken at Bothwell Brig in 1679 were penned under brutal conditions because there was no prison large enough to hold them.

On the summit of a ridge lying between the Grassmarket and the Meadows and adjoining Greyfriars Churchyard stands Heriot’s Hospital, a charity

* Dean Stanley.

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school founded by George Heriot, the goldsmith and banker to James VI. of Scotland and I. of England, who, dying in 1624, left property to build a hospital for the maintenance and education of poor boys. A fine description is given of this donor in Scott's "Fortunes of Nigel." Heriot's Hospital was begun in 1628 and finished in 1650, and is a noble quadrangular edifice in the transitional style of the Stuarts. There is much elaborate detail upon it and of its two hundred windows no two are alike. It is adorned with towers and turrets, and a fine gateway leads into a quadrangle. A statue of Heriot is placed above the entrance. It was used for a time as a hospital for Cromwell's soldiers.

Entering High Street from the Lawnmarket, St. Giles's Church is on the right. This edifice, which has suffered so many mutilations, was built gradually from the Twelfth to the Fifteenth Century, and originally possessed great architectural beauty. The square central tower, surmounted with flying buttresses that form a kind of open crown, still remains, and is one of the most imposing architectural features of the city. A narrow passage led from the Old Tolbooth to St. Giles; and from 1639 to 1817 a number of small shops called *Krames*, built outside against the walls, existed. Booksellers and jewellers occupied locked shops called *Luckenbooths* that extended halfway across High Street on the north side.

On High Street, we pass the County Buildings, erected in 1902-3, and a bronze statue to the fifth

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Duke of Buccleuch. To the east of this a peculiar memorial of the past is to be seen,—a heart picked out with stones in the pavement—the “Heart of Midlothian,” to mark the site of the old Tolbooth, or Toll House, which was pulled down in 1817. The latter was built about 1466, and was the Parliament House of Scotland till 1640, when the new one, now the Supreme Courts, was built on the south side of Parliament Square. The Old Tolbooth became a prison: heads of offenders were exposed on a platform facing the Lawnmarket, and public executions took place here after 1784. Scott in “The Heart of Midlothian” describes the “ancient prison, which, as is well known to all men, rears its ancient front in the very middle of the High Street, forming, as it were, the termination to a huge pile of buildings called the Luckenbooths, which, for some inconceivable reason, our ancestors had jammed into the midst of the principal street of the town, leaving for passage a narrow street on the north, and on the south, into which the prison opens, a narrow crooked lane, winding betwixt the high and sombre walls of the Tolbooth and the adjacent houses on the one side, and the buttresses and projections of the old Cathedral upon the other. To give some gaiety to this sombre passage, well known by the name of the Krames, a number of little booths or shops, after the fashion of cobblers’ stalls, are plastered, as it were, against the Gothic projections and abutments, so that it seemed as if the traders had occupied with nests, bearing the same propor-

tion to the building, every buttress and coign of vantage, as the martlet did in Macbeth's castle. Of later years these booths have degenerated into mere toy-shops, where the little loiterers chiefly interested in such wares are tempted to linger, enchanted by the rich display of hobby-horses, babies and Dutch toys, arranged in artful and gay confusion; yet half-scared by the cross looks of the withered pantaloon, or spectacled old lady, by whom these tempting stores are watched and superintended. But in the times we write of the hosiers, the glovers, the hatters, the mercers, the milliners, and all who dealt in the miscellaneous wares now termed haberdashers' goods, were to be found in this narrow alley."

St. Giles's has had strange experiences: at different times it has been used as a church, a grammar school, the Courts of Justice, the town-clerk's office, a prison, and the storehouse of the machinery of the the gallows.

In 1466, King James II. made it a Collegiate Church; and at the beginning of the Reformation in Scotland it had thirty-six altars. These, together with the rood-loft, were destroyed by the Reformers; and the statue of St. Giles, the patron saint, was thrown into the Nor' Loch by the mob. The church was then divided into four separate places of worship and the sacred relics and vessels were sold and the money used for the repair and maintenance of the building. Very little respect was paid to the sacred precincts. Parts of it were used for shops and corporate offices; and even criminals were detained

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there. John Knox, who was minister there from 1559 to 1572, conducted divine service in the dilapidated church. Kirkaldy of Grange fortified and defended it against the Regent Morton in 1571.

Before taking his departure to become King of England in 1603, James VI. of Scotland made a farewell address in this church to his loving subjects, promising to uphold Presbyterianism and visit Scotland once every three years at least. However, he did not return for fourteen years, and he endeavored to re-establish Episcopacy in Scotland.

His luckless son, Charles I., tried to force the episcopal form of church government on the Scots, and in 1634, Edinburgh was made a bishopric with St. Giles as the cathedral. When the dean attempted to read the new liturgy, that was drawn up by Archbishop Laud, from the pulpit for the first time, Jenny Geddes flung her cutty-stool at his head, and the service ended in an uproar. The bishop, Lindsay, was saved from the violence of the enraged mob with difficulty (1637).

The church contains the monuments of several eminent men. That of the Regent Murray is a facsimile reproduction of the one destroyed in 1829. There are also memorials of the Marquis of Montrose and Napier of Merchiston, who were buried here.

Outside the church, on the north-east stands the Old City Cross, restored and mounted on a new pedestal at the expense of Mr. Gladstone in 1885. It is a stone shaft about twenty feet high, surmounted

by a unicorn, the original of which was destroyed by Cromwell. It was removed from its conspicuous position in the High Street (now marked by a circle of stones in the causeway) to the park at Drum near Dalkeith; and was brought back in 1866. It was the centre around which scholars, merchants and gossips congregated. On the king's birthday, in the days of the Georges, his health was drunk by the magistrates from a platform in front of it. The scaffold was erected beside it until 1666. From it State proclamations were, and are now again, made by heralds. Here the Young Pretender was proclaimed King of England and Scotland in 1745.

“On the site of the Cross, what terrible memories, what keen emotions those memories bring forth! There is Kirkaldy of Grange swinging from his gibbet in the sun and slowly lifting up his bound hands as Knox had foretold of him; or Montrose, like the gallant gentleman he was, goes proud and fearless to his doom; or again, his opponent Argyll, not less calmly takes his last look on the familiar scene before he lays his head down on the block and all is over; or Claverhouse, at the head of his horse, thunders over the rough stones of the street on his way to the north to Killiecrankie and death and fame; or a young Prince, handsome and debonair, rides along in the front of victorious forces to take possession of the palace of his ancestors.” *

Parliament Square, on the south of St. Giles's, was once part of the churchyard. It contains an

* Henderson.

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equestrian statue of Charles II. that was cast in Holland and set up the year the king died. Close by it a square stone inscribed "I. K. 1572" marks the grave of John Knox. The house where he is said to have lived is on the High Street where it narrows beyond the intersection with the North and South Bridge. It juts into the street with an exterior staircase, and the rooms are small, dark and low. It is probably the only example of a Sixteenth Century dwelling still standing in the Old Town.

Canongate is a continuation of High Street and leads to Holyrood. Originally belonging to the Abbey, it was occupied by the Canons and thus received its name. As it was close to the Palace, naturally enough the nobility built houses here, but their glory has now departed. Moray House, built in 1628 by the Countess of Home, is now a normal school. In 1645, it was owned by the Countess of Moray and from one of the balconies the Marquis of Argyll, enjoying the wedding festivities of his son with the Countess's daughter in 1650, watched Montrose borne in a cart to the Old Tolbooth. Cromwell used this house as headquarters in 1648 and in 1650.

The Canongate Tolbooth stands opposite; it was built in 1591 for a jail and court-house; but is now a register and revenue office. This must not be confused with the Old Tolbooth that stood next to St. Giles's.

An old Cross once stood in the centre of the street. A more modern one, dating from 1688 was placed in front of the Canongate Church.

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A very interesting timber house dating from 1570, called the Speaking House and Queensberry House, a handsome building in the style of a French château, the residence of the Duke of Queensberry and where Gay lived while he was secretary to the Duchess, are on the right side. The latter is now a House of Refuge. Opposite was situated the famous White Horse Inn. Near the Palace is a little turreted building known as Queen Mary's Bath, through which the murderers of Rizzio escaped.

A fountain, copied from one at Linlithgow Palace, and standing in front of Holyrood Palace, was a gift from the Prince Consort.

One day when King David I. was hunting in the forest of Drumsheugh, he was in great danger of being wounded by a stag at bay, but a bright cross suddenly appeared which put the animal to flight. To commemorate his miraculous deliverance, King David founded the Abbey of the Holy Cross, Holyrood Abbey.

Of the old abbey only the nave and some other fragments remain in the existing Royal Chapel on the north side of the Palace. The nave is large, consisting of eight bays and aisles. The rest of the church chiefly belongs to the Twelfth Century, but has suffered greatly from fires. Many royal weddings took place here, including those of James II. and James III., and here Mary Stuart was married to Darnley on July 29, 1565. Holyrood was made the parish church of the Canongate in 1569; was magnificently fitted up by Charles I., who was

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crowned here; and Charles II. made it the Chapel Royal. In 1688 the mob destroyed it because mass had been celebrated here. Holyrood Chapel has been several times restored. In this chapel were buried James V. and his wife; Rizzio, and Lord Darnley.

Queen Mary's apartments, consisting of an audience chamber, a bedroom and two small cabinets, contain some old furniture, and communicate by a private stair in the wall with the rooms occupied by Darnley below. In one of the small cabinets, the murder of Rizzio took place, and his body was thrown down this staircase the top of which enters the bedroom.

Queen Mary was also married to Bothwell in Holyrood, but not in the church.

The Palace of Holyrood was built by James IV. and James V. and was burned twice by the English; once in 1544, and by Cromwell's soldiers in 1650. The only portion that escaped was the apartments occupied by Mary Stuart after her return from France in 1561. The rest of the Palace was rebuilt in 1671-79 after the model of the Château of Chantilly in France.

South of Holyrood is the King's Park in which Arthur's Seat is situated, a lofty eminence, 823 feet high, named for the legendary King of Round Table fame, commanding a superb view. There is a tradition that whoever will walk to Arthur's Seat on May Day and wash his or her face in the dew at sunrise will remain beautiful for a year.

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The best view of the city is to be obtained from Calton Hill.

“The east of new Edinburgh is guarded by a craggy hill, of no great elevation, which the town embraces. The old London road runs on one side of it; while the New Approach, leaving it on the other hand, completes the circuit. You mount by stairs in a cutting of the rock to find yourself in a field of monuments. Dugald Stewart has the honors of situation and architecture; Burns is memorialized lower down upon a spur; Lord Nelson, as befits a sailor, gives his name to the top-gallant of the Calton Hill. But the chief feature is an unfinished range of columns, ‘the Modern Ruin’ as it has been called, an imposing object from far and near, and giving Edinburgh, even from the sea, that false air of a Modern Athens which has earned for her so many slighting speeches. The old Observatory—a quaint brown building on the edge of the steep—and the new Observatory—a classical edifice with a dome—occupy the central portion of the summit. All these are scattered on a green turf, browsed over by some sheep.

“Immediately underneath upon the south, you command the yards of the High School, and the towers and courts of the new Jail—a large place, castellated to the extent of folly, standing by itself on the edge of a steep cliff, and often joyfully hailed by tourists as the Castle.

“From the bottom of the valley, a gigantic chimney rises almost to the level of the eye, a taller and



EDINBURGH FROM CALTON HILL

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a shapelier edifice than Nelson's Monument. Look a little further, and there is Holyrood Palace. By way of an outpost, you can single out the little peak-roofed lodge, over which Rizzio's murderers made their escape and where Queen Mary herself, according to gossip, bathed in white wine to entertain her loveliness. Behind and overhead, lie the Queen's Park, from Muschat's Cairn to Dumbiedykes, St. Margaret's Loch, and the long wall of Salisbury Crags; and thence, by knoll and rocky bulwark and precipitous slope, the eye rises to the top of Arthur's Seat, a hill for magnitude, a mountain in virtue of its bold design. This upon your left. Upon the right, the roofs and spires of the Old Town climb one above another to where the citadel prints its broad bulk and jagged crown of bastions on the western sky. To complete the view, the eye enfilades Princes Street, black with traffic, and has a broad look over the valley between the Old Town and the New: here, full of railway trains and stepped over by the high North Bridge upon its many columns, and there, green with trees and gardens."

On the northwest side of Calton Hill is Greenside, a natural amphitheatre much resorted to in the old days. It was a favorite tilting-ground, and plays were acted here sometimes in the presence of the court. It was also the scene of the death of heretics and witches at the stake.

The New Town has all been built on a plan proposed by James Craig in 1768 and modified in 1774. The new terrace that was to outshine the old High

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Street was called St. Giles's Street after the patron saint of the city; but George III. had it altered to Princes Street in honor of the Prince of Wales. This famous highway of the New Town, which has been called the finest street in Europe, is a mile long and quite straight; and is separated from the Old Town by the extensive and beautiful Princes Street Gardens which occupy the ground formerly covered by the waters of the Nor' Loch. Near the east end of Princes Street, on the south side, is the Scott Monument, an elegant Gothic structure designed by G. M. Kemp, a native architect who died before it was completed in 1844. It is two hundred feet high and two hundred and eighty-seven steps lead to the top gallery. Four arched and pinnacled buttresses support a central tower which rises in diminishing courses and ends in a pinnacle. The niches are filled with sculptural impersonations of the novelist's principal characters. Beneath the canopy of the monument is a statue of Sir Walter seated and attended by his favorite dog Bevis.

THE CITY OF DUBLIN

DUBLIN is beautifully situated on the banks of the Liffey that flows into the Bay of Dublin, which has been compared in picturesque charm to the Bay of Naples. This sheet of water is six miles broad, with a sweep of sixteen miles, and is surrounded by hills that tower about five hundred feet on the north and south. On the north arm of the Bay rises the hill of Howth, with its castle and the Bailey Lighthouse, a landmark for many miles out at sea, standing on a perpendicular rock, 134 feet above the water. Below the waves break upon the outlying rocks of the "Lion's Head" and the "Needles," or "Candlesticks." On the south of the Bay lies the artificial harbor of Kingstown, the principal station for the yacht clubs in Ireland, where the yearly regattas are held. All the way between Kingstown and Dublin, the country is beautifully cultivated, and displays a constant succession of terraces, villas, wooded parks and country-houses, with the Dublin mountains for a background.

"Dublin's attraction must be due partly to its wholesome sea air and its delightful surroundings; for it is planted on one of the most admirable bays and among rising fields behind which olive hills undulate. These first catch your eye when you enter

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the bay; they begin with the long headland of Howth, thence wind inland and come back to the sea at Killiney, and thence wander close to it. No town was ever more fortunately placed, or more constantly dogged by misfortune. You feel this at once: for from the first you are aware of Celtic resignation to sorrow. Dublin was first called (it is said) Ballyath-Cliath, the Castle at the Ford of the Hurdles, and then Dubh-linn, the Black Stream, from its dark river; and it preserved this Celtic title throughout the long control of the Danes, though elsewhere, as in Wexford or Waterford, they named their strong towns. In the same way, despite the longer domination of England, it remains Celtic.

“In the heart of the quiet city you come on a huge solid tower; this is all that is left of the Castle, the fortress that loomed over Ireland. In Queen Elizabeth’s time it shadowed the life of the furthest clans; there was no chief, however remote his country might be, who did not dread it as a probable dungeon, and reflect that his head might blacken above it, spiked on its roof. Shane the Proud’s head rotted there, food for the crows. Within its walls many were tortured, and even its rulers, the Deputies, were acquainted with suffering; Kildare and Perrot and Essex and Strafford saw calamity coming, and from the Castle found their way to the Tower. Now its old strength has departed; the wide moat has vanished, and so has one of the twin strongholds, and the other remains an obsolete hulk.

“If you are concerned with the past, you can find

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many old houses linked with desperate rebels, or with hunted informers; but these remembrances appear quite as unnatural as those of the Castle. Dublin looks as if it was built for pleasure and quietness; indeed it has a curious resemblance to Paris, though you have to imagine that city fallen and resigned to its fall. This look and something friendly and homely in its ways have combined with its surroundings to lend it that peculiar attraction." *

Little is known of Dublin before the Danes established a kingdom here in the Ninth Century. The Danes were defeated in 1014 by Brian Boru, King of Munster, at Clontarf, where the chieftain was mortally wounded and lost 11,000 men.

In 1170, the Anglo-Normans took Dublin and drove away Prince Hasculf, who returned in the following year with a fleet of sixty ships. He was, however, captured and put to death. Two years later, Henry II. of England visited Dublin and received homage from some of the Irish chieftains outside the city walls in the place that is now College Green; gave Dublin to colonists from Bristol by charter; and made it the seat of government in Ireland and the centre of the "English Pale," by which name the small district around Drogheda and Dublin, over which the English Crown had authority, was known.

After the death of Dermot MacMurragh, the deposed king of Leinster, in 1171, the succession to the Kingdom of Leinster was claimed by his son-in-law,

* Frank Mathew.

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Richard FitzGislebert, Earl of Pembroke, surnamed "Strongbow," leader of the Anglo-Normans. Strongbow died in Dublin in 1177 and was buried in Christchurch.

Dublin was now a walled town protected by the fine Castle. The enclosure with its gates and towers ran from Ship Street to Werburgh Street by St. Audoen's Arch to the river, to Parliament Street and to the Castle. Old foundations show that there was a bridge over the Liffey where Whitworth now crosses.

Dublin was frequently attacked by the people from Wicklow. A memorable massacre of the citizens while merry-making took place at Cullenswood, called ever afterwards "Bloody Fields," on Easter, or "Black Monday," 1209. The city also suffered a siege by Edward Bruce in 1316.

In 1394, Richard II. entered Dublin with 30,000 bowmen, 4,000 cavalry, and the Crown jewels. He made a fine display, conferred knighthoods on several natives, and returned to England. Five years later, he paid another visit; but, while he was being entertained by the chief magistrate, he was called home by the rising of Bolingbroke, which cost him his crown and life.

Though Dublin submitted to Henry VII., Thomas Fitzgerald, son of the Earl of Kildare, who was also the Viceroy of Henry VIII., revolted in 1534, and renounced his allegiance to England in St. Mary's Abbey. "Silken Thomas," as he was called on account of the fantastic ribbons he and his followers

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wore in their helmets, was finally captured and executed at Tyburn in London.

Dublin had troubles during the Civil War, and was for some time successfully defended by the Marquis of Ormonde, who was defeated at the Battle of Rathmines in 1649. In 1690, James II. entered Dublin in triumph; held a Parliament at the King's Inns; and established a mint. His conqueror, William III., came to Dublin after the Battle of the Boyne, and gave thanks for the victory in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

In 1798, the United Irishmen, of whom Lord Edward Fitzgerald, a younger son of the Duke of Leinster, was one of the leaders, endeavored to capture the city; but Lord Edward was captured instead, and died in prison of the wounds he had received during the struggle.

In 1800, the separate Irish Parliament came to an end. In 1803, the young lawyer, Robert Emmett, headed an insurrection which was ended with loss of life and several executions. During the outbreak Lord Kildare was pulled out of his carriage in Thomas Street and killed.

In 1867, Dublin was the centre of the Fenian troubles. As many as 960 arrests were made in a few hours. The Castle was fortified, and the people lived in a state of terror for several weeks.

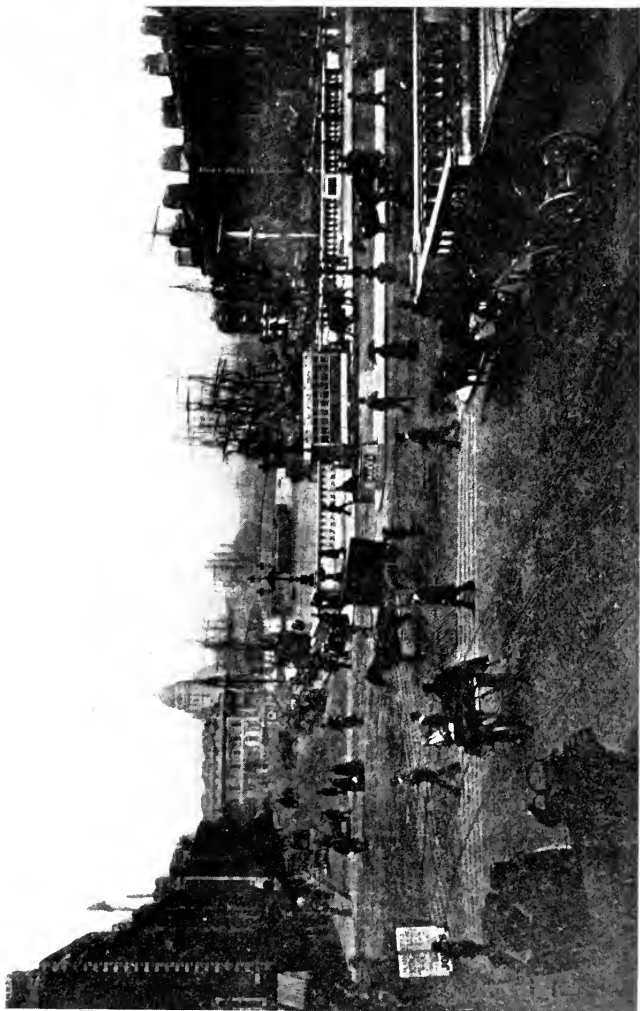
The Liffey runs through Dublin much like the Seine through Paris, dividing the city into two sections. In mediæval days, much of the land on both sides of the river was owned by the Dominican, Au-

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gustine and Cistercian monks, who built fine abbeys here, and whose possessions were seized by the Crown on the suppression of the monasteries. Though most of the ancient churches, including the two cathedrals, were built on the South side, the North side in the Eighteenth Century was the fashionable quarter of the town; and many fine buildings and handsome houses were erected here. In the Nineteenth Century, the South side became the fashionable district; and the city has therefore grown in this direction. On the North, however, lies Sackville Street, one of the handsomest streets in Europe, with its Nelson Pillar, 134 feet high, surmounted by a statue of Nelson, erected in 1808. From this point trams run in all directions, north and south, east and west, to the suburbs, parks, and villages and resorts on the coast.

The harbor is a fine one. The great work of constructing embankments and quays was begun in 1714. Lighthouses stand at the end of both the North Wall and the South Wall,—those long granite quays that extend into the Bay of Dublin for more than three miles. At the end of the South Wall, which begins at Ringsend, near the mouth of the Dodder, stands the Pigeon House, once a custom-house, then a fort, arsenal and barracks, and now a power station for electric light. Beyond the North Wall, the Bull Wall protects the harbor from the Sands of the North Bull.

The Liffey is bordered with docks on both sides as far as the Custom House on the North banks and



O'CONNELL'S BRIDGE, DUBLIN

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the Loop Line Railway and Butt Bridges. Quays, called by different names, continue on both sides as far as Phoenix Park; and at intervals the river is spanned by handsome bridges. Next to Butt, or the Swivel Bridge, built in 1878, comes Dublin's finest bridge, O'Connell, built in 1880 to replace the old Carlisle Bridge of 1794. This connects Westmoreland Street on the south side with Sackville Street on the north, and is of the same width as the latter. Three rows of lamps render it brilliant at night. A beautiful view is to be had from this bridge down the Liffey towards the Custom House, embracing the docks crowded with ships, Sackville Street with Nelson's Pillar and the Post Office, while up the river the glance takes in the Four Courts, the towers of Christchurch and the lofty tower of the modern Augustinian Church in Thomas Street. The next bridge is the Wellington, a light iron bridge of one arch, constructed in 1816 and also called the Metal Bridge. Then comes Grattan, originally the Essex Bridge, built in 1678 and rebuilt in 1874. Richmond is the next, of three arches made of Portland stone and supplied with an iron balustrade. This dates from 1816, as does also the next, Whitworth Bridge, replacing one that perished in the flood of 1812, known variously as the Old, the Ormonde and the Dublin, and made by the Dominicans in 1427. Next comes the Queen's Bridge, of three arches, built in 1768 to replace Arran Bridge which perished in a flood; then the Victoria, or Barracks Bridge, erected in 1859 on the site of Bloody Bridge,

a rude stone structure, the name of which, according to one tradition, was derived from a battle in which the English were defeated by the Irish in 1408. King's Bridge, built in 1821, to commemorate the visit of George IV. to Ireland, crosses near the Great Southern and Western Railway Station near the entrance to Phoenix Park. A railway bridge also crosses the river between King's Bridge and Island Bridge. The latter is also called Sarah Bridge, after Sarah, Countess of Westmoreland, who laid the first stone in 1791.

Running along the steep slopes known as the "Strawberry Beds," the Liffey skirts Phoenix Park and the suburbs on the west.

Phoenix Park takes its name from *Fionn Uisg'* (pronounced *feenisk*, and meaning clear water). It contains 1,752 acres, the greater part of which belonged to the Knights of St. John, Kilmainham, but which went to the Crown on the dissolution of the monasteries. The original grant was given by Charles II. Lord Chesterfield erected the Pillar surmounted by a phoenix near the famous spring of *Fionn Uisg'*, in 1747, and planted the Park with trees. Many of the splendid elms were blown down in the great elm avenue during a storm in 1903. On the left of the chief entrance near King's Bridge stands the Wellington Monument, erected in 1817, an Obelisk, 205 feet high, with bronze panels of the Iron Duke's famous battles. Some distance west, is the Magazine Fort, of which Dean Swift sarcastically wrote:

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“Behold! a proof of Irish sense;
Here Irish wit is seen!
When nothing’s left that’s worth defence
We build a magazine!”

The Park has fine cricket and polo grounds, and reviews are held in the space known as “Fifteen Acres,” which really comprises two hundred.

On the right of the entrance is the People’s Garden, containing a lake; and not far away are the barracks of the Royal Irish Constabulary and the Royal Military Infirmary. Just beyond the People’s Garden are the Zoölogical Gardens, noted for their splendid lions. Further west is situated the Viceregal Lodge, the summer residence of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; the Mountjoy Barracks; and the Hibernian Military School. It was opposite the Viceregal Lodge on the main road that Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke were assassinated on May 6, 1882.

Knockmaroon Gate leads to the Strawberry Beds and the Furry, or Furze Glen, from which a charming view is to be enjoyed.

On the opposite side of the Liffey a road runs to the Kilmainham Hospital, the residence of the Commander of the Forces in Ireland. The building, which is approached by a superb avenue of old trees, was erected in 1680–84 from designs by Sir Christopher Wren at the instance of the Duke of Ormonde, for “ancient, maimed and infirm officers and soldiers.” It is a quadrangular building facing a court. The Great Hall occupies the centre with a Chapel

on one side and the master's apartment on the other. The Hall (100 feet long) contains a fine collection of arms and armor; and the Chapel some splendid carvings by Grinling Gibbons, and a window presented by Queen Victoria to commemorate her visit of 1849.

From this point, James Street leads past Swift's Hospital, founded in 1749 by a bequest from Dean Swift; Steeven's Hospital; and the enormous Guinness Brewery which occupies more than forty acres, extending to the Liffey. On our right lies the old district known as the "Liberties of St. Patrick," once the centre of the silk and poplin factories, a network of narrow, dingy streets, many of which have been opened up of late years.

Continuing our way eastwards along the south side, we come to Dublin Castle on Cork Hill. Little of the original fortress, finished in 1223, remains. With its single curtain wall, surmounted by four towers and surrounded by a moat, it formed a strong defence. Under its courtyard the hidden river Poddle flows to join the Liffey. Since 1565, Dublin Castle has been the official seat of the Irish Government and the winter residence of the Viceroy. The chief entrance is from Cork Hill; and the Viceregal apartments and offices are on the south side of the quadrangle. In the Throne Room is preserved the throne made for George IV. In St. Patrick's Hall, the Knights of St. Patrick are now invested with this Order. On the walls hang the arms and banners of the Knights of St. Patrick.

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The present Chapel was built in 1814 to replace an older one, and contains some fine windows. The Record Tower, also called the Wardrobe Tower, from the fact that the robes were kept there until it became, in 1579, a storehouse for state papers, is the only one of the original four towers that remains. The Birmingham Tower, near the Ship Street entrance, was rebuilt in 1775 and contains a fine supper-room. It was in former days the State prison.

St. Werburgh's Church, near the Castle, was originally the Chapel Royal. The first edifice was built in the days of Henry II. In its vaults Lord Edward Fitzgerald was buried.

Adjoining the Castle on Cork Hill the Guild of Merchants erected the Royal Exchange in 1779, a handsome building of the Corinthian Order with three fronts, porticoes and columns. In 1852, this became the property of Dublin and was converted into the City Hall. All the royal charters, ancient books and the original grant of the city by Henry II. to the men of Bristol are kept here, as well as the old regalia.

Cork Hill was until recently a district of narrow streets crowded with houses. These were cleared away, and Lord Edward Street, named for Lord Edward Fitzgerald, was cut through from Dame Street in 1886. Lord Edward Street will, therefore, take us to Christchurch. This, the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, was founded in 1038 by Sigtryg Silkbeard, King of the Danes in Dublin, and Donatus, a Danish Bishop. Their original plan may be seen in the

Crypt; but the old church disappeared when Strongbow, Fitz-Stephen and Raymond le Gros, with Archbishop O'Toole, erected an English cathedral on the foundations about 1172. St. Patrick's soon became a rival church; but Christchurch kept its place as the mother church and the Chapel Royal. In 1870, Christchurch was made the Cathedral of Dublin and Glendalough while St. Patrick's became the National Cathedral.

In 1486, the imposter Lambert Simnel was crowned in Christchurch with a crown taken from a statue of the Virgin in St. Mary's Abbey; and in this church up to the Sixteenth Century all the high officers of state and city were sworn into office. William III. presented splendid plate to Christchurch after his victories.

Christchurch underwent a complete restoration in 1870. Only the transepts and one bay of the choir of Strongbow's building remain. Strongbow's tomb, with its recumbent effigy in chain-armor, is the most famous relic in the church. The nave, the floor, the baptistry and the chapels are all restorations of the original Gothic work. The Synod House is new. It is entered by a covered bridge, and is built on the site of St. Michael the Archangel, the old tower of which is preserved. Near Christchurch is the Corn Market, the last surviving of the Mediæval parochial churches in Dublin. St. Audoen deserves a visit, though some of it is unroofed and in ruins. The small western doorway is of the Twelfth Century; but the rest is of late Pointed architecture. Sev-

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eral old tombs and monuments are contained in the southeast chapel. A gateway stands near St. Audoen's and fragments of the old city walls can be seen here.

A short walk down Nicholas and Patrick Streets will take us from Christchurch to St. Patrick's Cathedral, the "Westminster Abbey of Ireland." In 1190, the Archbishop of Dublin adopted the old Celtic church of St. Patrick de Insula for a Collegiate church to supersede the more ancient Christchurch. His successor, Henry de Loundes, raised it to the dignity of a cathedral in 1212. St. Patrick's had always been venerated on account of its holy well at which baptisms took place. The site of St. Patrick's Well was determined in 1901 by the discovery of an ancient Celtic cross at the base of the first pillar in the south transept.

Within its walls, or "liberty," and the adjoining "liberty" of St. Sepulchre, the Archbishops of Dublin practically ruled. All the old manses and fortifications have now disappeared.

Though much of St. Patrick's was destroyed by fire, some portions are still very old and date from the Thirteenth Century. St. Patrick's was repaired and restored in 1866-1869 by Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness at a cost of £150,000 (\$750,000); and his sons, Lord Iveagh and Lord Ardilaun, have given great sums of late years for its maintenance.

St. Patrick's is very large—300 feet long—built in the form of a cross with a nave and eight bays, and a Lady Chapel. In the Chapter House, the

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Knights of St. Patrick, which Order was founded in 1783, were installed up to 1869. St. Patrick's contains many fine monuments and brasses; and the tombs of Dean Swift and Stella, who are buried side by side in the south side of the nave. There are two peals of bells: one, of four, dates from 1670; the other, of ten, was presented to the Cathedral by Lord Iveagh in 1897. The latter also had a portion of the slums cleared away to make St. Patrick's Park, and also gave Iveagh House in the vicinity to the people.

Dame Street and Westmoreland Street meet at College Green; and from this point the public buildings make a splendid show. Here we have the Bank of Ireland, and Trinity College with its numerous halls and towers; while down Grafton Street, a fashionable thoroughfare ending at St. Stephen's Green, other buildings appear. Between Grafton Street and Merrion Square are grouped a number of museums, art-galleries and the homes of various artistic, literary and scientific societies.

The Bank of Ireland is a magnificent building. It was originally the Irish House of Parliament, and was begun in 1729. Over the principal portico are the Royal Arms and statues of Hibernia with Fidelity and Commerce on either side. An open colonnade extends on each side to the wings. The east front facing College Street was built by James Gandon in 1785, for the entrance to the House of Lords. The statues over the entrance are Fortitude, Justice and Liberty. The House of Commons was destroyed

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by a fire in 1792 and rebuilt. In the old House of Lords, a statue of George III. occupies the place of the throne, and there are two large pieces of tapestry dating from 1733 and depicting the Battle of the Boyne and the Siege of Derry.

Trinity College, founded in 1591, consists of a noble pile of buildings of granite and limestone in the Greek style of architecture beautifully grouped in a fine park of twenty-eight acres. The principal façade (300 feet long) faces College Green. A splendid hall, called the Regent's House, a beautiful Chapel, a Theatre, and a Dining-hall, situated in the quadrangle, Parliament Square, were erected by the generosity of the Irish Parliament in the Eighteenth Century. In the centre of the square, a Campanile (100 feet high) was built in 1852.

The Library (270 feet long) stands in Library Square and consists of a valuable collection of ancient *MSS.*, among which is the *Book of Kells*, "the most beautiful book in the world." This Library was founded in 1601 to commemorate the Battle of Kinsale, the soldiers subscribing seven hundred pounds "out of the arrears of their pay." Trinity College Library has a free copy of every book published in Great Britain, according to the Library Act of 1801. Among other treasures, the Library contains an old Irish Harp, said to have belonged to Brian Boru.

The Schools, built in 1856, consisting of lecture rooms, halls, museums, etc., is also a fine edifice. College Park and Fellows' Gardens are of great ex-

tent. The latter contains an old well that has been called "St. Patrick's Well" for hundreds of years. All of this land originally belonged to the Augustine Monastery of All Hallows, founded here in 1166.

St. Stephen's Green, of twenty-two acres, beautifully laid out with walks, shrubbery, cascades and lakes, was opened as a public park in 1880 through the generous gift of Lord Ardilaun. An equestrian statue of George II. ornaments the centre. In the Eighteenth Century the Square was chiefly residential; but business has now taken possession of the west and north sides. On the west side, we find the Royal College of Surgeons, erected by the Government in 1806, at a cost of £25,000. Its pediment is surmounted by statues of Minerva, Esculapius and Hygeia. The College comprises schools, a library, hall and a museum.

On the north side of St. Stephen's Green are various Clubs and the Palace of the Archbishop of Dublin; on the east side, the Royal College of Science; and south of St. Stephen's are the Catholic University College and the Royal University.

Passing down Kildare Street that leads from the north side of St. Stephen's Green, we come to Leinster House, built in 1745, the former residence of the Duke of Leinster in grounds that extend to Merrion Square. Since 1815 it has been the home of the Royal Dublin Society.

Here are also situated the Science and Art Museum and National Library—two buildings of similar style dating from 1890. The collection of Irish

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Antiquities and examples of Early Christian Art are among the finest in Europe. Here are the splendid processional cross of Cong made by order of Turloch O'Connor in 1123; the silver chalice of Ardagh, ornamented with gold filigree work and enamelled beads; and St. Patrick's bell, supposed to have belonged to St. Patrick himself.

Adjoining the National Library is the National Gallery, facing a pretty park called Leinster Lawn, in which a few statues are scattered. This was opened in 1864, and contains many fine pictures by old and modern masters.

A few yards north of St. Stephen's Green, we find the Mansion House, the residence of the Lord Mayor since 1715. The Round Room, 90 feet in diameter and lighted by a lantern at the top, was built to entertain George IV. in 1821. The Oak Room is noted for its panelling.

Having now seen the principal sights of the South side, we will cross O'Connell Bridge to the North side.

The Custom House on Eden Quay not far from O'Connell Bridge is the finest building in Dublin, as far as the exterior is concerned. The south side facing the river is the handsomest of the four decorated façades. This has a central Doric portico of four columns supporting an entablature on which England and Ireland are seated on a shell drawn by sea horses, while Neptune is vanquishing Famine and Despair. On either side of the portico extend wings with open arcades. The interior consists of

two courts and an impressive mass of buildings surmounted by a dome on which stands a figure of Hope resting on an anchor. The Custom House is surrounded by an open space. Since all the customs were concentrated in London, this building has been used for various Government offices.

Sackville Street, a hundred and twenty feet broad and about seven hundred feet long, is one of the handsomest streets in Europe. In the centre stands the Nelson Pillar; and on the west side the large Post Office, a granite building completed in 1818 with a portico 80 feet wide ornamented with six fluted columns and a pediment with the Royal Arms and statue of Hibernia, Mercury and Fidelity. At the top of the street the Rotunda stands facing Rutland Square. This building takes its name from a round room 80 feet in diameter, and contains other rooms that are used for public entertainments. Near it, on Great Britain Street, stands the handsome Rotunda Hospital, the chapel of which is ornamented with a most elaborate ceiling of Italian stucco-work of the Eighteenth Century.

Westwards from the Rotunda and across Dominick Street stands the King's Inn on Henrietta Street facing Constitution Hill. This handsome building, with a central edifice surmounted by a cupola and flanked by wings of two stories each, was designed by Gandon and erected in 1765. The Dining Hall and Library are beautifully ornamented rooms. The title of King's Inn was bestowed on Preston's Inn (the only inn of court in Dublin) when Henry VIII.

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received the title "King of Ireland" in 1541; and the confiscated Dominican Monastery of St. Saviour, founded in 1224 on the north bank of the Liffey where the Four Courts now stands, was bestowed upon the society. The Four Courts now occupies the whole of King's Inn Quay between the Richmond and Whitworth bridges, consists of a main building, built in 1786-1800 by Thomas Cooley and James Gandon, and several minor courts and offices in the rear. It is a very handsome structure with a frontage of 450 feet, and having a central portico of six Corinthian Columns surmounted by a statue of Moses accompanied by Justice and Mercy. The dome that surmounts the central division is 64 feet in diameter.

There are a few interesting churches on this side of the river. Behind the Four Courts stands St. Michan's, the foundation of which dates from 1095. The present church is a restoration of a Seventeenth Century building; but the handsome tower is earlier. A much handsomer church is that of St. George, near Montjoy Square in the northernmost part of the city, erected in 1802, which has a lofty tower and steeple of 200 feet, and a portico with four fluted columns.

The Church of St. Saviours in Dominick Street, built in 1858, is a good example of modern Gothic architecture.

On the north bank there remains a fragment of St. Mary's Abbey, where "Silken Thomas" renounced his allegiance to England in 1534, a vaulted build-

ing of four bays now occupied as a store. It was originally a Benedictine monastery, and then became the great Cistercian Abbey. It occupied a large tract of land on the Liffey.

In comparison with most European capitals, Dublin shows little life or brilliancy.

"The first thing you notice is its depopulated look; its wide streets are so empty and so many of its big houses seem quite deserted that one could imagine that one was visiting a city abandoned by most of its inmates. Nor is this notion transitory; for when you explore outlying streets tenanted by the poorest, you find in them houses that must once have been splendid. Here you might think is a city that was affluent once and has for some reason declined. You are not told of a tragical past, but of a former wealth.

"Beyond doubt, Dublin was more prosperous once and more animated; but it never was rich. What about the merry old times when it boasted a Parliament? Tradition has glorified these, and it must be allowed that contemporary letters and newspapers tell of rejoicings then held in those desolate homes; but if you enquire closer, you find how unsubstantial those pageants were. Many of them were the insensate displays of a bankrupt magnificence: there were hours when the grey city was lit by the brief splendour of prodigals; but around that illusive light there was poverty, within sound of those irrational feasts there was starvation." *

* Frank Mathew.

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From Nelson's Pillar, trams run every few minutes to the suburbs on the south and north. The southern environs are very delightful. Harold's Cross, an old village, is the nearest; Rathmines, another village, two miles away, is famous for the "Bloody Fields," where the early English colonists of Dublin were slaughtered by the Irish of Wicklow on Easter Monday, 1209. Here also the Royalist troops under the Duke of Ormonde were defeated in 1649 by Cromwell's forces. Further south lies Rathfarnham, where there is an old castle built in Queen Elizabeth's time; and still further we find the fashionable suburb of Dundrum. Everybody has heard of the boisterous Donnybrook Fair at which the pugnacious Irishman was ready to hit any head on general principles. The old town of Donnybrook lies about two miles and a half away on the bank of the river Dodder that flows into the Liffey from the south. The Fair that was licensed in 1204 was not abolished until 1855.

Sandymount is also reached by tram and lies on the coast. A pretty walk can be taken south to Merrion along the Rock Road, or north to Irishtown and thence back to Dublin by way of the South Wall and the Pigeon House.

Turning now to the northern suburbs Clontarf (meadow of the bulls) is a charming spot, to which trams run every few minutes from Nelson's Pillar, where the battle was fought between the Danes and the Irish under Brian Boru. A beautiful mansion, built in 1835, stands on the site of Clontarf Castle,

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one of the oldest castles within the English Pale, and which belonged originally to the Knights Templars.

Beyond, Dollymount, with its noted Golf Links, is situated near the Bull Wall and Pier which protects the harbor of Dublin from the sands of the North Bull.

Two miles north from Nelson's Pillar lies Glasnevin (Naeidhen's Brook), and between it and Finglas (clear stream), two miles farther to the west, are situated the Botanic Gardens, established in 1790 and consisting of about forty acres. The palms, orchids and ferns are particularly remarkable. This was the home of the poet Tickell; and in the vicinity also resided Swift, Addison, Steele, Delaney and Parnell. The avenue of yew trees is still called "Addison's Walk." At Finglas there is an old Cross and an old church. William III. and his army rested here after the Battle of the Boyne. In early times, Finglas was the place for the May games, which were ended in 1843.

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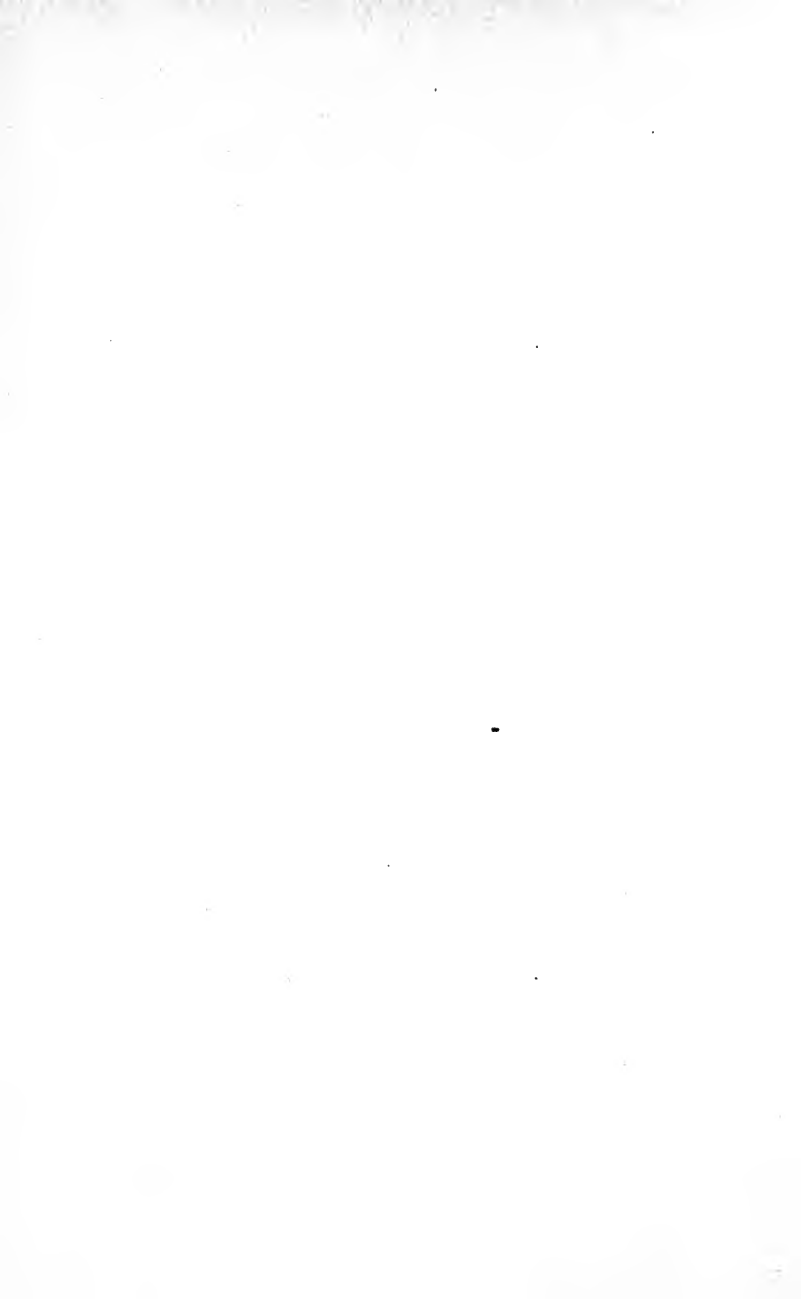
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